Mahmut The Turkiſh Spy Ætais suæ 7

F. H. van. Hove. sculp:

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THE

Sixth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1659, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Translated into* Italian, *and from thence into* English, *by the Translator of the* First Volume.

LONDON,
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TO THE READER.

AS ſuperfluous as *Prefaces* ſeem, yet there is one thing which makes it in a manner Neceſſary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*; in regard there is an Occaſion given by the Objections ſome Gentlemen have been lately pleas'd to make againſt the Style of the *Engliſh* Tranſlation. Theſe Perſons having by a very coſtly Inquiſitiveneſs, found and procur'd the *Italian* Copy of theſe *Letters*, and compar'd them with the *Engliſh*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they would fain improve to the leſſening the Reputation of the *Turkiſh Spy*, or at leaſt

to the heightening their own Characters as *Wits* and *Criticks*, *Maſters* of *Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees* of *Humane Sence*.

In the Firſt Place they ſay, the *Italian* Tranſlation keeps cloſe to the Original *Arabick*; whereas the *Engliſh* abounds too much with *Anglicisms*, which are not ſufficient to expreſs the *Author*'s Primitive Sence.

How Impoſſible a Thing it is, to pleaſe all People in Undertakings of this Nature! Formerly they were offended, that ſo many *Turkiſh* and *Arabick* Words were left untranſlated. And that being anſwered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now form'd New Arguments out of that very Anſwer, to aſſault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. 'Tis true, the *Letters* they have ſent to the *Bookſeller* on this Account, are not ſubſcrib'd at Length. Yet by Accident, one of the Gentlemen's

men's Hand-Writing is known. And tho' we acknowledge him to be an Ingenious Perſon, and a Man of Learning; yet I believe he would be unwilling his *Letter* ſhould here be expos'd in Print (or the *Original* ſhew'd to ſome that know him, and perhaps may claim an Equal Rank among the *Criticks.)*

But to come to the purpoſe; I have often heard *Tranſlations* blamed for keeping too cloſe to the *Original* Phraſe, but never any before this, for a Negligence that is abſolutely neceſſary to retain the Sence of a *Foreign Author.* All the World knows, there is a vaſt Diſtance between *Arabick* and the *Languages* of *Europe*; and if the *Italian Tranſlator* was more Exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eaſtern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but Impartial Men will rather Cenſure it as a Fault, than cry it up for an Excellency; ſince no-

thing ſounds well in any *Language*, which is not deliver'd in the *Natural Idiom*. Every thing ought to be writ in as Familiar a Style as we Diſcourſe; eſpecially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of Converſing at a Diſtance. And he that Tranſlates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim Chiefly at this, That he be ſure to retain the *Original* Sence, and render it ſmooth and eaſy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once Tranſplanted to our barren *Engliſh* Soil, loſe their Ver tue and Beauty, till they are Naturaliz'd: What then muſt we expect from their Weeds? Doubtleſs, there are ſome Peculiarities in all *Languages*; and to Tranſlate *Verbatim* from ſo Remote a *Tongue*, would ſound as harſh as *French* does in an *Engliſhman's* Mouth, when he pronounces it as 'tis writ.

What I have more to ſay is, that as this *Volume* contains a *Hiſtory*

ſtory of things tranſacted within the Memory of moſt Men now living; ſo the Two ſucceeding *Tomes* fall down lower and nearer to the Preſent Times: Giving an Account of Events whereof many have been Eye-Witneſſes, and wherein not a few have had a Perſonal Share either by Way of Action or Suffering, Profit or Damage; which muſt needs afford Delight to thinking Men, ſince there is nothing more Agreeable to Mortals, than to reflect on the former Paſſages of their Lives, according to that of the *Poet*:

Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

Beſides, for the farther Encouragement of the Candid Reader, he may aſſure himſelf, that toward the Concluſion of the Laſt *Volume*, he will meet with ſeveral *Secrets* between the *French* and *Turkiſh* Courts, which will diſcover the true Source of the *Preſent War* between the *Emperor* of *Germany* and

the *Grand Signior*; and give a Glimpſe of the Private Machinations and Springs which have put all *Europe* into the *Hurly-Burly* 'tis now in.

I have but this more to ſay, That we hope to be more Speedy in publiſhing the Remainder of theſe *Letters*, than we have hitherto been in the Former *Volumes*. Reader, Adieu.

A TA-

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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Dgnet Oglou, *his Friend at* Conſtantinople.

IT makes me ſmile ſometimes, when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Addreſs ſuitable to the *Manners* of the *Nazarenes*, and the Particular *Mode* of *Paris*, when I firſt arriv'd at this City: For, thou know'ſt, we had other Employments, than to learn Faſhions and *Conge's* at *Palermo*.

The Mind of a *Slave*, is dejected under the Circumſtances of his *Captivity*; ſo that he has not Leiſure to regard any Thing, but how to accompliſh his daily Task, and to pleaſe his *Patron*. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there's no Room left for Generous Thoughts; Neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the Preſent Occurrences in Order to his Future Happineſs: Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being Happy again. This was my Caſe, and I believe 'twas not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithſtanding all the Rigorous Uſage I had, the *Baſtinado's*, Kicks, Bruiſes, Cuts and Wounds, I receiv'd from the Hands of that Barbarous *Giafer*, my *Maſter*, which made me ſometimes Incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Reſt my ſelf by Night, I was reſolv'd to find ſome ſpare Time for *Books*. I roſe Early, and went Late to Sleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I cou'd apply my ſelf to Study. The Acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of Singular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou may'ſt remember, he was well ſtock'd with many Ancient and Learned *Treatiſes*. He furniſhed me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Hiſtories*. All which, and many more, I devour'd with Greedineſs; for I had a ſtrong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my *Redemption*, I paſſed away ſome Time in the *Academies*, where I learn'd the Knotty Tricks

Tricks of *Logick*, how to ſplit *Moods* and *Figures*, and chain one Impertinent *Syllogiſm* to the Tail of another to Eternity. I alſo ran through a Courſe of *Philoſophy* and other *Sciences*. Neither was I altogether Ignorant of *Men*: For the Reading of *Hiſtories*, fits a Man the better to make Practical Experiments in the Affairs of the *World*. To which alſo, *Philoſophy* is not a little helpful, in directing our Obſervations on the Various Tempers of *People*, Mens Perſonal Diſpoſitions and Singularities, with the Humours and Cuſtoms Peculiar to this or that *Nation*. For theſe Things depend many Times on the Difference of the *Climate*, the *Nature* of the *Soyl*, the *Qualities* of the *Air*, and the *Manner* of their *Diet*.

But neither *Hiſtory*, *Logick* or *Philoſophy*, were able to efface the Impreſſions of my Early Years, or unteach me the *Manners* in which I had been Educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Conſtantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And becauſe I had not been uſed to diſſemble the Profeſſion and Carriage of a *Muſſulman*, during my Thraldom in *Sicily*; I was at a Loſs in my Deportment, when I came Firſt hither.

How often have I been like to diſcover my ſelf by Pronouncing the Sacred *Biſmillah*, either when I ſat down to Eat, or put a Glaſs of Water to my Lips; or, when I begun any other Action of Importance? So likewiſe in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repaſt, or when any Thing happen'd which prompted me to praiſe *God*

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And inſtead of putting off that, according to the Faſhion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breaſt, and ſometimes bowed ſo low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was ſenſible of my Error.

If I had Occaſion to addreſs my ſelf to a *Perſon* of *Quality*, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown or Robe, and to Kiſs it in Token of Reverence, as the Cuſtom is in the *Eaſt*, when we ſalute the *Grandees*. Nay, ſometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or proſtrate on the Ground before *Cardinal Richlieu*, and thoſe of his High *Dignity*. All which, nevertheleſs, paſſed only for Clowniſhneſs, and want of *Courtly* Education, which teaches the Nice *Punctilio's* of Addreſs. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Ruſtick, without any farther Jealouſy. Or perhaps, they ſmil'd at all this, as ſome Singular Caprice or Humour, like that of the *Philoſopher Paſicles*, who coming to Salute a Great *Captain*, and the Ceremony of thoſe Times requiring him to touch the *Captain*'s Knee, he laid his Hand on his *Genitals*. At which the *Captain* being affronted, and thruſting his Hand away with Scornful Words; *What!* ſays the *Philoſopher*, *does not that Part belong to you, as well as your Knees?* It often diverts my Melancholy, to conſider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Overſight, and Forgetfulneſs.

It

It was a long Time ere I could frame my Fingers to handle a *Knife* and *Fork* at *Meals*, as is the Univerſal Cuſtom in theſe *Weſtern Parts*; Whereas thou knoweſt, we make uſe of no other *Inſtruments* in Eating, but our *Fingers* and *Teeth*. Whence it was, that I could not ſometimes forbear thruſting my Hand into a whole Diſh of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to thoſe Nicer Inſtruments of Voluptuouſneſs, ſo as to Carve my Meat *à la Mode*; yet when I once had it on my own *Plate*, I laid aſide thoſe Tools as Uſeleſs, and tore it aſunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *à la Turceſque*, as the *French* call it; that is, like a *Muſſulman*.

Nevertheleſs, no Body ſuſpected me; but all theſe Miſcarriages paſs'd for *Moldavian Barbariſms*, the ſalvage *Cuſtoms* of that my ſuppoſed *Country*. I tell thee, that tho' the Manner of Eating among the *French*, ſeem to have ſomething more of Neatneſs and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Softneſs and Luxury, and I cannot in Reaſon prefer it to the more Natural and Simple Method of *Diet*, us'd in the *Eaſt*. Neither wou'd the *Franks* themſelves condemn us for Salvages in this Point, as they commonly do, did they but conſider, that this Negligence very well becomes *Men* of the *Sword*; and that in their *Campagnes*, their own *Generals* are ambitious to appear Careleſs in every Thing relating to their Body.

Doubtleſs, the Ancient *Romans*, who brought

the Greateſt Part of the *World* under their Power, ſhunn'd all Fineneſſes in *Diet* and *Apparel*, till ſuch Time as their *Manners* were debauched, and their *Empire* in its *Decline*. Our *Annals* record, That when *Sultan Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the *Governour* of the *Town* ſent *Commiſſioners* to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which conſiſted only of Two or Three *Onions*, a little *Salt* and *Bread*.

Hiſtories alſo relate of the Faithful *Omar*, *Succeſſor* of the *Prophet*, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jeruſalem*, the *Nazarene Prince* who govern'd that City, ſent a *Spy* into the *Hoſt* of the *Muſſulmans*, to obſerve their Diſcipline, and bring him a Lively Character of their *General*. The *Spy* went according to his *Maſter*'s Order. And having tarried ſome Time in the *Arabian* Camp, returned again, and thus ſpoke to the *Governour*.

"It will be Needleſs to recount every "Thing I obſerved among theſe Souldiers; "ſince by what I ſhall ſay of their *Leader*, "thou mayeſt comprehend the *Manners* of "them all: For they obey him, and follow "his Example in every Thing, with Exqui-"ſite Silence and Modeſty. I ſaw *Omar* their "*Prince*, at the Head of his Army, ſitting "on a *Camel*, his Face Tawny and Scorch'd "by the *Sun*, in a *Veſt* of *Perſian* Cotton, "girded about with a Belt of Leather, at "which hung a Cymetar and Dagger, with a

"Knapſack

" Knapſack tied behind him like the Meaneſt " Souldier. I ſaw him take out from thence " hard Cruſts of Bread, ſhaking off the Husks " of Millet which ſtuck to them; and ſaying, " *In the Name of God*, he Eat heartily of the " ſame. Then he drank Water out of a Lea- " thern Bottle hanging by his Side; And when " he had done, he ſaid, *Praiſe be to God.* All " his Army made their Repaſt at the ſame " Time, and in the ſame Manner with Ad- " mirable Temperance, and ſuch an Order " and Modeſty, as I never ſaw before, neither " can I expreſs.

When the *Prince* heard this, he ſtood ſtill a Conſiderable Time, muſing as one Aſtoniſh- ed. Then turning to the *Seniors* and *Chief* of the People who were preſent, he ſaid, " It is Neceſſary that we ſurrender our City " to theſe People; for they have the Smiles " of *Heaven.* Their *Prophet* and their *Law*, " oblige 'em to Temperance, Frugality, Obe- " dience and a Modeſt Deportment. Theſe " Virtues are certain Steps to *Victory* and *Em- " pire.* Beſides, I have received a *Tradition* " from my *Anceſtors*, That a *People* ſhall " come out of *Arabia*, with a New *Law* and " *Religion*, which ſhall aboliſh all that went " before it. They ſhall ſubdue *Paleſtine* and " *Egypt*, and ſhall build *Moſques*, wherein " their *Prayers* ſhall ſound like the *Humming* " of *Bees.* Their *Empire* ſhall extend from " *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and to the *Extremities* of the " *Earth.* This is what I have learned from " my *Fore-Fathers*, and which I believe is

" now coming to paſs. Therefore it will be in " vain to reſiſt theſe Men; for they are Invin- " cible by a *Decree* from *Above*.

Thoſe that were about him, did not approve the Counſel of this Wiſe *Nazarene*. However, he ſent to *Omar*, and obtained Favour for himſelf and his *Family*.

Thou wilt ſay, I'm got wide of the Mark of my Firſt Diſcourſe, which related to my ſelf, and not to any of the Primitive *Cailiphs*: But 'tis Impoſſible to reſtrain our Thoughts from roving. Some ſay, they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and that one *Idea* being faſtened to another in our Memory, we muſter them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we Think, or make Reflections. *God* knows how 'tis. This I'm ſure of, That when I write to my Friends, I ſtudy not to make an Elaborate Speech on't, as if I were penning an *Oration*; but purſuing my Firſt Intention at Random, I run on, letting One Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at firſt in all the *Ceremonies* and *Manners* of the *Franks*, which differ from thoſe of the *Eaſt*. I was as much to ſeek in my Addreſs, as an *Aſs* would be to play on a *Lute*, according to the *Roman Proverb*: Yet Time and Practice render'd all theſe Things Familiar and Eaſy. Now, methinks, I'm a thorow-pac'd *Nazarene* as to my Exteriour. I go to the *Court*, and the *Temples* with as much ſeeming Formality as the *Chriſtians* whilſt

whilſt, *God* knows, my Heart is ſomewhere elſe. All my Actions are out of their Natural Byaſs, ſo long as I am Abſent from the Society of *True Believers*.

In a word, I'm forc'd to imitate the *Fox*, which Creature, when it is environ'd with *Huntſmen* and *Dogs*, counterfeits a Barking like the Latter, and ſo paſſes undiſcover'd for one of their Company.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER II.

To the Réis Effendi, *or* Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Am at this Time poſſeſs'd with more Apprehenſions and Jealouſies, than an Old *Infidel* Uſurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Priſon. And my Uneaſineſs is the ſame when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me, looks either as my *Accuſer* or my *Judge*: And ſome appear as terrible as *Executioners*. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a *Fury*; and by Night, I am affrighted with Melancholy *Viſions*. I dream of Nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and ſuch like Inſtruments of Humane Cruelty. Or that I am

in ſome dark Dungeon, condemn'd to more Unſufferable Tortures, by Order of the *State*; with *Cardinal Mazarini*, ſitting by me like a *Spaniſh Inquiſitor*, and in the moſt Tyrannical Manner, threatning me with Pains, to which the *Damn'd* themſelves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confeſs what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entruſted.

The Occaſion of theſe Terrors which haraſs me Night and Day, is this: I have for Four or Five Days together, found my ſelf dogg'd up and down *Paris*, by a Man whoſe Face I never ſaw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he's always at ſome Diſtance from me. If I ſtand ſtill, ſo does he: Or if I turn back, he's quickly at my Heels. I have endeavour'd by all the Prudent Methods I could take, to drop him in the Crowd of People, or in the *Churches:* But all in vain; for ſtill I encounter with the ſame Face. He purſues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land or Water, Houſe or Alley, can reſcue me from this Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-ſighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very Cunning alſo in this Buſineſs, and as dextrous as a Jugler, conveying himſelf when he pleaſes out of my Sight; yet preſently after, he's in View again. And if I chance to loſe him in the Dark, I am ſure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me ſo much Diſturbance, and pierces me with a Thouſand Anxieties:

ties: For I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Deſign. Sometimes I think he is employ'd by *Cardinal Mazarini* to watch my Motions, obſerve what Houſes and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirm'd in this Suſpicion, when I reflect on my Former Impriſonment in this City, and the Occaſion of it. Beſides, when I went Yeſterday to ſee *Eliachim* the *Jew*, this Spark followed me near to the Door: And tho' I tarried there Two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walk'd a Hundred Paces, before I ſaw him again, footing it after me in a Careleſs manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, as if he knew Nothing of the Matter. Theſe are convincing Circumſtances, that he is ſet at Work by the *Cardinal*, or ſome Body elſe, to diſcover my Buſineſs.

But when on the other Side, I conſider, that if the *Cardinal* ſuſpected me, he might go a nearer Way to work, and ſeize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me; this Thought vaniſhes, and I am at a Loſs what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the Encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Maſter, who ſtrove to ſet the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*, but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their Hands, whilſt, for ought I know, he drew upon himſelf the Miſchief he deſign'd for me. However, when I reflect on that Paſſage, I am apt to think he may

may be now in *Paris*, and having by ſome Accident ſeen me go in or out at my Lodging, contrives how to revenge himſelf on me, and uſes this Fellow's Aſſiſtance in compaſſing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cauſe me to be ſtabb'd or piſtoll'd at ſome convenient Seaſon; Or, he will find out ſome other Way, leſs noiſy and more malicious to diſpatch me. It may be he ſeeks to entrap me, and render me Obnoxious to the *State*. I have a Thouſand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not my ſelf, nor am I careful to prolong a Miſerable Life for my own Sake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World, would come far ſhort of tempting me to skreen my ſelf from the Stroke of Death, by any Action Unworthy of a *Philoſopher*, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the *Grand Signior*'s Service, makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted my ſelf of my *Province* with perfect Succeſs, that ſo I may return to *Conſtantinople* with Honor. And then I care not how ſoon I poſt to that Unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their Eternal Reſt: For in this there's Nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean Time, I know not what Conduct to uſe in this Emergency; Whether I'd beſt to ſpeak to this Fellow, or diſſemble my Suſpicion; Whether it will be ſafe to truſt this Event to the General *Providence*, or to ſacrifice him that gives me ſo much Diſquiet, and ſo ſecure my Peace. I could eaſily have him

him dispatch'd, without any farther Noise. But then my Conscience would trouble me with After-Claps, lest I should have Murder'd a Man without Reason, which is expresly forbid by the *Alcoran*. Besides, I should always stand in Fear of some Discovery. I protest, I am at a Loss for want of Ample Instructions in such Cases as these. And I am weary of mentioning what I have so often intimated already to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, without any Direct Answer. However, I will do what my Reason suggests, and leave the Event to *Destiny*.

Happy *Minister*, the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and *Meanders*; and we have all need of a Guide or a Clew to conduct us through 'em. May that *Omnipresent* assist us, whenever we are catch'd in a Knot, or lost in a *Labyrinth* of Difficulties.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *President of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THY Venerable *Diſpatch* I received with Kiſſes, and a Tranſport of Joy. I Thrice touch'd my Eye-lids with the Paper of High Eſteem, and as oft I laid it to my Breaſt. I broke up the Seals with Modeſty and Reverence, and my Greedy Eyes devour'd the Lines of Profound Wiſdom; the *Sentences* and *Aphoriſms* worthy to be written in *Letters* of *Gold*. Then 'twas I bleſs'd the Hour of my Nativity, and the more Happy Moment wherein I Firſt had the Honor of thy Familiarity and Friendſhip: O thou Sincere and Eximious *Patron* of ſuch as love the *Sciences!* Renown'd for thy Learning and Probity of Manners! *Prince* of the *Alfaqui's* and *Doctors! Crown* of the Sage *Aſſembly* of *Philoſophers! Oracle* of the *Age!*

Glory be to *God*, who has neither Beginning nor End; Who alone poſſeſſes the Infinite Expanſe and Life Eternal; Who is Ador'd by the *Inhabitants* of *Heaven*, of *Earth* and of *Hell*. Benedictions on *Michael*, *Gabriel*, *Iſraphiel*, *Ithuriel*, *Jeremiel*, *Haſmariel*, and on all the Happy *Miniſters* of his *Divine Majeſty*; as alſo on the *Angel* of *Death*. *Peace* to the *True Believers* on *Earth*, and *Salvation* to the *Devils* and *Damn'd*, after they have accompliſh'd

compliſh'd their *Penance* in *Hell*, and the *Term* of *Wrath* ſhall be Expir'd.

An Univerſal Charity dilates my Heart; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of *God*. This is owing to the Seaſonable Arrival of thy Letter: For at the Moment when that came, I was plung'd in ſo deep a Melancholy, that I cou'd hardly afford a Kind Thought for any Thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated my ſelf. I have theſe Fits of Sadneſs often, it being an Effect of my *Conſtitution*.

At thoſe Seaſons Life appears an Inſupportable Burden, and all the Buſtle and Noiſe of Mortals a Vain Fatigue. My Senſes, which at other Times adminiſter Delight and Pleaſure, are now the Inſtruments of Anguiſh and Pain. Every Thing I ſee and hear, diſguſts me. I abhor my Neceſſary Food. Neither can the Sweeteſt Odors, or Softeſt Strains of *Muſick* bring me into a better Temper; Till Sleep Eclipſes the Light of my buſy Imagination, and puts out every glaring Thought. Then my *Soul* takes her Repoſe: And ſtealing from my *Body*, enters into the Shady Vale of *Viſions*, and ſports with Innocent *Idea's*. Thus having diverted my ſelf with jumbling Monſtrous *Eſſences* together, and hurling one *Chimæra* at another, I return again to my *Body*, and Sighing awake, griev'd that I cou'd not longer ſtay in that *Mock-World*, where I cou'd have wiſh'd my Reſidence for Ever, rather than in *this*, which gives me ſo much Real Pain. Thus is my Anguiſh renew'd with the Morning. Light is more Irkſom to

me

me than Darkneſs, and the Day which brings Joy to other Mortals, is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the *Elements*, but they will not hear or regard me. All *Nature* ſeems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beaſts of the Field triumph o'er me. As for Men, here are none but *Infidels*, my profeſs'd Enemies to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I'm aſham'd to make a Woman my *Confeſſor*, tho' 'twere my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily ſees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare my ſelf with the accuſtom'd *Purifications* of the *Law*, and addreſs to the *Omnipotent*, I know not where to find him: His *Eſſence* is Unſearchable, and flies from Human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety Nine Adorable Names, but receive no Anſwer. I repeat his Incomprehenſible Attributes, but all to no Purpoſe. In a Word, I ſay and do all that the *Law* enjoyns, the *Prophet* counſels, Holy Perſons recommend, or my own Reaſon ſuggeſts, as proper Means to obtain the Favor of *Heaven*, and a Redreſs of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as ſoon be heard, who being Ignorant what *Form* of *Prayer* to uſe, rehears'd the Four and Twenty Letters of the *Alphabet*, deſiring *God* to form ſuch Words out of 'em, as beſt expreſs'd the *Petitioner's* Neceſſities.

I tell thee, Illuſtrious *Prelate*, after I'm tyr'd with Vocal Devotions, I have Recourſe

to

to Contemplation. I examine my Paſt Life, and find that I my ſelf am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not ſtrictly obeying the *Law* of the *Prophet*, the *Precepts* of the *Seniors*, and the Dictates of my Conſcience: And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the *Grand Signior*, and in Confidence of the *Mufti*'s Diſpenſation. Now I ask of thee, Whether it be Lawful to commit a Thouſand Vices, that I may only acquit my ſelf fairly in One Virtue? Or, to think, that in ſuch Caſes, the *Mufti* has Power to diſannul the Expreſs, Poſitive Injunctions of our *Holy Law-giver*? Is the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to be ſerv'd by the Infidelity and Prophaneneſs of *Muſſulmans*? Or the Truth to be ſupported by Lyes and Perjuries?

I tremble to think what a Confuſion I ſhall be in, when the *Prophet* ſhall reproach me, That I have preferr'd the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of *Heaven*. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the Parching *Deſarts* of *Libya*, or any the moſt Unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt*! A Companion of Dragons, and other Horrid Monſters of *Africk*! rather than in this *Station*, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with Half the Diſquiets of the *Damn'd*.

But if this appears too Extravagant and Deſperate a Thought, let me at leaſt wiſh my ſelf at *Fez*, the meaneſt of thy Slaves, or of the Incomparable *Muſu Abul Yahyan*, of whom thy laſt Letter gave ſo high a Character. I have addreſs'd a *Diſpatch* to him, hoping

hoping for the Honour of his Friendſhip and Correſpondence.

Let not the Liberty I've taken to tell thee of my Sadneſs, diſcourage thee from writing: But reſt aſſur'd, that whenever thou ſhalt vouchſafe me a Letter, tho' I were in the Agonies of Death, 'twould call me back again.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THeſe *Nazarenes* are very Fertile in New *Religions*. *Europe* is a Wilderneſs overrun with Monſtrous *Sects* and *Hereſies*. Every *Age* produces freſh Pretenders to *Prophecy* and *Divine Revelation*. Error is Prolifick and multiplies Infinitely, whilſt Truth remains the ſame for Ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People ſprung up in *England*, *Holland*, *Germany*, and other Parts of the *North*, boaſting of a New *Commiſſion* given them from *Heaven*, to Preach the Everlaſting Truth, reform the Errors and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only Infallible Way to Happineſs. Their

Their Addreſs is Plain and Simple, Bold and Uniform, uſing no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Diſcourſe or Carriage to Perſons of the Greateſt *Quality*, than to the *Vulgar*, and thoſe of the moſt Inferiour Rank.

They ſtile themſelves, *The True Seed*, the *Offspring of* Jacob, *Jews of the Promiſe*, *Iſraelites without Fraud*, with ſuch like vain Titles; but by others they are Generally call'd *Quakers*.

They ſay the *Ring-Leader* of this People, profeſſes himſelf to be the *Meſſias*, being in all Parts of his Body and Features of his Face like *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*: Or at leaſt 'tis obſery'd, That he exactly reſembles that Pourtraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* ſent to the *Senate* of *Rome* out of *Judæa*, when he was *Governor* of that *Province*. Hence his *Followers* ſcruple not to call him *Jeſus*, *The Beauty of Ten Thouſand*, *The Only begotten Son of God*, *The Prophet who is to Seal up all Things*, *the Prince of Peace*, *King of Iſrael*, *Judge*, *Conſolation and Hope of the World*.

When he travels, his *Diſciples* attend him bare-headed (which, thou know'ſt, is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks*) yet they never uncover to any other Mortal. He rides on Horſeback, whilſt they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each Side of him, ſpreading their Garments in the Way through which he paſſes. The Hoofs of his Beaſt tread

tread only on Silks, or other Coſtly Stuffs. And as they enter any Town or City, they Chaunt aloud his Praiſes, proclaiming him the *Son* of *David*, and *Heir* of the *Divine Promiſes*.

All his *Followers* pretend to be *Prophets*, boaſting of ſtrange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of *Governors* and the Greateſt *Princes*, with a Boldneſs which has but few Precedents. In a word, they every where preach, That *God* is laying the Foundation of a *New Monarchy*, which ſhall deſtroy all the Reſt in the World, and ſhall never have an End it ſelf.

This gives a Jealouſy to the *States* where they live, and therefore they are perſecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very conſtant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the *Doctrines* they preach.

They ſeem, in my Opinion, to reſemble one of our *Muſſulman Sects*, who aſſert, That *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary* ſhall return again upon Earth: That he ſhall Marry and beget Children, be Anointed *King* of the *Nations* who believe in *One God*, and in this Glorious State ſhall reign Forty Years. After which he ſhall ſubdue *Antichriſt*, and then ſhall follow the Diſſolution of all Things. Yet the *Orthodox Believers* reject this *Tenet* as Fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that *Verſicle* of the *Alcoran*, where it is ſaid, *Thou* Mahomet *ſhalt ſee thy Lord return in the Clouds*: Since that only

ly intimates the Glorious Deſcent which *Moſes*, *Jeſus* and *Mahomet* ſhall make from *Paradiſe*, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the One Hundred Twenty Four Thouſand *Prophets*, to aſſemble the Elect at the *Day* of *Judgment*.

If thou woud'ſt have my Opinion of theſe New *Religioniſts* in *Europe*, and their *Leader*; I take him to be an *Impoſtor*, and his *Followers* to be either Fools or Mad-Men. Even juſt ſuch another Crew, as thoſe who follow'd *Moſeileima*, in the Days of our Holy *Law-Giver*. This was an *Arabian Impoſtor*, who pretended to ſet up for a *Prophet*, and attempted to compoſe a *Book* like the *Alcoran*. But he was Infatuated with a Vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his *Writings*, no Juſtice on his Side, nor Underſtanding in him or his Party. To be ſhort, both he and they were all cut to pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu-Bacroſſadic*, the Firſt *Cailiph*.

As to theſe Modern *Seducers*, they are not Men of *Arms*, but a Herd of Silly, Inſignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obſcurity, than to acquire a Fame by any Heroick Undertaking. They are Generally *Merchants* or *Mechanicks*, and are obſerv'd to be very Punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, Modeſt and Compos'd in their Deportment, Temperate in their Lives, and uſing great Frugality in all Things. In a word, They are ſingularly Induſtrious, ſparing no Labour or Pains to encreaſe

encreaſe their Wealth; and ſo Subtle and Inventive, that they wou'd, if poſſible, extract Gold out of Aſhes. I know none that excel them in theſe Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians*. The Former being the Craftieſt of all Men, and the Latter ſo ſuperlatively Cunning, that they will over-reach the *Devil*.

But theſe are no Signs of a Pure *Religion*; For that only preſcribes the Methods of withdrawing and ſeparating the Soul from the Contagion of Earthly Things, and of uniting it to the *Deity*, which is its *Source*.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee Adieu, praying that thou and I may at laſt meet in that Center of all Things, after our Various *Epicycles* and Excurſions in this Lower World.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Same.

I Sent a *Diſpatch* ſome *Moons* paſt to the *Cadileſquer* of *Romeli*, *Guardian* of the *Imperial Canons*, *Interpreter* of the *Laws* of *Equity*; wherein I inform'd him of the Advances that were made in Order to a *Peace* between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can aſſure thee, that *Peace* is concluded, and the *Articles* Sign'd on both Sides by the Two *Plenipotentiaries*.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that *Grandee*. My Letters are all publiſh'd in the *Divan*, and Regiſter'd. Yet it will not be unwelcom perhaps to thee, to hear with what Niceneſs of *Punctilio*, theſe *Infidel Miniſters* met to accompliſh an Affair, whereon depends the Intereſt and Honor of their Reſpective *Maſters*, the Happineſs of the Two *Kingdoms*, and the General Byaſs of all the *Weſt*.

There is a little *Iſland* form'd by the River *Bidaſſoa*, call'd the Iſle of *Pheaſants*, through the Middle of which, a Line is drawn which exactly ſeparates the *Territories* of both *Monarchs*. This Place was agreed on for the Interview of the Two *Miniſters*. Each had his Bridge to enter the *Iſland* in that Part which belong'd to his *Maſter*. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large *Divan*

or

or *Council-Room*, to be enter'd only by Two Private Doors, one out of *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Lodgings, rais'd on the *French* Side of the *Council-Room*, the other out of *Don Louis D' Aro*'s Apartment, built on the *Spaniſh* Side.

Each of theſe *Miniſters* was accompany'd by ſeveral *Princes*, and *Grandees* of the *Court*, and above Sixty other Perſons of *Quality*, with a Guard of Four Hundred Horſe and Foot, to ſecure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a word, Things were manag'd with ſo much Moderation and good Succeſs, that the *Mareſchal de Gramont* was ſent *Embaſſador Extraordinary* into *Spain*, and receiv'd at that *Court* with Infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his *Negotiation*, was to treat of a *Match* between the *King* his *Maſter*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*. His Conduct and Addreſs were ſuch, as ſoon procur'd the *Catholick King*'s Conſent: And from that Time the *Marſhal* approach'd the *Infanta* with more than ordinary Submiſſions, eſteeming her now as the *Queen* of *France*. Soon after this, the *Nuptial Contract*, and the *Peace* was mutually Sign'd, to the Immenſe Joy of the *Subjects* of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of *War*, for the Sweets and Profit of *Peace*.

It will be needleſs to inſert here all the *Articles* on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the Supreme *Divan*. And thoſe are, the Releaſe of *Charles Duke* of *Lorrain*,

Lorrain, on the *Spaniſh King*'s Side; And on the Part of the *King* of *France*, the Reſtauration of the *Prince* of *Conde* to the Free Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of all his Eſtates, Honours, Dignities and Privileges, as the *Firſt Prince* of the *Royal Blood*, with the *Government* of the *Provinces* of *Bourgoigne* and *Breſſe*.

A little before theſe *Articles* were Sign'd, the Young *Prince* of *Spain* dy'd ſuddainly, not having ſeen Twelve *Moons*. I mention'd the Birth of this *Royal* Infant in one of my Letters, and the Extraordinary Solemnities that were made thereupon by the *King* of *Spain*, and his *Embaſſadors* at *Foreign Courts*. Theſe *Infidels* appear in all Things too paſſionately affected with the Glories of our Mortal State, which at the Height are but Tranſient Shadows, or ſomething leſs Conſiderable.

I'm amaz'd at the bold Rebellion of the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and that he ſhou'd endeavour to cheat the *Empire* with ſo ſtale an Impoſture, as a Sham-Son of *Amurat*. Yet it ſeems he made a Conſiderable Progreſs under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frightned out of their Allegiance: Whilſt only a few ſerv'd his Intereſt in pure Diſcontent and Hopes to mend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppreſs'd by their *Governours*, and 'tis no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promiſes to deliver 'em from their Calamities. This is the Uſual Pretext of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers alſo are defrauded of their

due Pay; and then they're ready to Fight under the next *General* that brings most Money with him. Neither are there wanting Male contents among the *Grandees* at such Times, to foment and abett an *Insurrection*.

All these Events proceed from the Ill Conduct of the *Supreme Ministers*, who alone are Responsible for the Miscarriages of the *State*.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the *Ottoman* Government is out of Order; I wish *Fate* does not pull it in Pieces, as a Necessary Step to its Amendment. Adieu.

Paris, 2d. *of the last Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Wish thee all Imaginable Joy of thy New *Dignity*; yet question, whether thou or thy *Predecessor* be the Happier Man. 'Tis a vast *Honour* indeed, and attended with Immense Profit, to serve in this *Station* the most High, most Potent and most Invincible *Monarch* on Earth. But at the same Time, there's Infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with Abundance of Perils. From all which the Fortu-

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nate *Muzlu* is now deliver'd, and they are become thy Portion,

As for him, I cannot but eſteem him Happy, in that he has got Permiſſion to retire to his *Country-Seat*, out of the Crowd and Noiſe of the City, and from the Stifling Buſineſſes of *State*, which choak the more Innocent and Natural Delights of the *Soul*. Now he is fully reſtor'd to the *Elements*, and to himſelf; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the *Court*, made him in Part a Stranger to Both: For there a Man inſenſibly loſes Acquaintance with his own moſt Intimate Affections: His Spirit is alienated amidſt the Multiplicity of his Concerns; 'tis ſtretch'd on the Rack of Ten Thouſand Cares and Inquietudes; 'tis divided, ſhatter'd and rent in Pieces.

Beſides, were he as free from theſe diſtracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Neceſſity of living always in a City, was enough to render him Miſerable. For I eſteem ſuch a Confinement, no better than a Priſon at Large; and not far from being buried Alive.

'Tis true, *Conſtantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulneſs of its Situation; the Houſes being ſo pleaſantly intermix'd with fair Gardens, and the Streets refreſh'd with cool Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Diſtance like a Town in a Wood; or one may term it, a Foreſt compos'd of Minarets and Cypreſſes. The Terraſſes afford agreeable Proſpects of the

Neighbouring Fields and Mountains: And 'tis pleaſant to ſtand on the Water-Side, and view the Innumerable Variety of Boats and Veſſels Sailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertiſements on the Sea, and the Beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioſcs and Gardens, *Seraglio's* and Villages which grace the Oppoſite Shores. O *Queen* of *Cities*, *Miſtreſs* of *Kingdoms*, *Glory* of *Nations*, *Commandreſs* and *Sanctuary* of the *Whole Earth!* Thrice Happy ſhou'd I count my ſelf, if I might have the Favour to reſide within thy Venerable Walls, and exchange the polluted Society of *Infidels*, for that of *True Believers*.

How often do I languiſh to ſee the Glittering *Creſcents*, the Triumphant Enſigns of the *Ottomans*, on the Tops of the Minarets in the *Imperial* City? How oft do I wiſh my ſelf proſtrate on the Carpets of the *Sacred Moſques*, in the devout Aſſemblies of the *Faithful*, Adoring the *Eternal* in Perfection of *Sanctity?* Whereas, now I'm forc'd to go into the *Temples* of *Idolaters*, to kneel and bow down before *Stocks* and *Statues*, to joyn ſeemingly with *Unbelievers*, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Sence, nor Power.

How do I envy the Bleſſed State of the meaneſt Artizan in *Conſtantinople*, who daily feeds on the wholeſom *Pillaw* of the *Eaſt*, and drinks the delectable *Sherbets*, or Waters tinctur'd with the Rich Fruits of *Greece*? Whereas, I am compell'd to eat *Meats* forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*, and to render my

Soul

Soul Execrable by an Impure and Prophane Diet, or I muſt Starve. For, theſe *Uncircumcis'd* are more Abominable than Ravens and Vultures, to whom the moſt filthy *Carrion* is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs, they corrupt their own *Goſpel*, and forge a Toleration from the *Meſſias* himſelf. As if that *Holy Prophet*, who in every the leaſt Tittle obey'd the *Law* of *Moſes*, and ſet himſelf as an Example for his *Followers* to imitate, cou'd be guilty of Contradicting thoſe *Divine Precepts*, and running Counter to his own Practice, in recommending *Uncleanneſs* and *Libertiniſm*. No: the Admirable *Son* of *Mary*, was the moſt Temperate and Abſtemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preach'd up thoſe Vertues to others; having often expreſly declar'd to his *Diſciples*, *That he came not to aboliſh the Law, but to refine and perfect it.*

He was *Circumcis'd* on the Eighth Day after his *Nativity*, according to the Injunction of *Moſes*, and the conſtant Practice of the *Sons* of *Iſrael*. In a Word, through the whole Courſe of his Life, he never deviated from the *Traditions* of his *Fathers*, the *Seniors* of the *Houſe* of *Jacob*.

'Tis true, he frequently argued againſt the many Trivial *Superſtitions* of the *Phariſees*, who evacuated the more *Eſſential* Points of the *Law*, by ſuperinducing a Number of Inſignificant *Ceremonies*: But he never open'd his Mouth againſt any Poſitive *Precept*;

ſuch as were thoſe which limited the Choice they were to make of *Meats*, diſtinguiſhing the *Impure* from the *Clean*. Yet, the *Chriſtians* delude themſelves with a Falſe Belief, that he gave 'em a *Diſpenſation* to eat any Thing without Caution or Reſerve.

Hence it is, that they defile themſelves with *Swines-Fleſh* and *Creeping Things*, and *Blood* is in all their Diſhes. They ſcruple not to eat of that which died of it ſelf, and banquet as freely with what was knock'd down or ſtrangl'd, as we wou'd do with the *Fleſh* of a *Beaſt* that was kill'd in Pronouncing the *Name* of *God*. The *Shambles* here afford no other Proviſion but ſuch as this; and he that will not Eat that which is an Abomination to a *Muſſulman*, muſt be contented with *Herbs*. This I reckon as one of the Greateſt of my Misfortunes, and it makes me burn with Deſire to return to *Conſtantinople*.

Yet, after all, I ſhou'd think my ſelf far more Happy, if I might have the Liberty to ſpend the Reſt of my Days in my *Native* Country: So great an Admirer I am of a Rural Life, and Solitude. And 'tis for this Reaſon, I count thy *Predeceſſor* a Happy Man, in having the Privilege of a ſweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Buſtle of Mortals.

In the mean Time, there is a *Species* of Felicity in thy *Employment*: And thou can'ſt not be call'd Miſerable, ſo long as thou acquitteſt thy ſelf fairly, and enjoyeſt the Favour of thy *Sovereign*.

I perceive

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the *Characters* of *Foreign States*, with the various *Intereſts* of *Nazarene Princes*; The *Intrigues* of theſe *Weſtern Courts*; Their *Overtures* of *Peace* and *War*; And the different *Laws*, *Maxims* and *Cuſtoms* by which the *People* are Govern'd. Thy Converſation with *Embaſſadors* at the *Port*, will furniſh thee with Abundance of Uſeful Remarks in this Kind: But, ſince thou requireſt me to ſend my Obſervations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in Succeſſive Letters. For, this is too large a Theme for one *Diſpatch*.

At preſent, thou mayſt receive and Regiſter for true News, That the *Peace* between *France* and *Spain* has been Sign'd by both *Kings*, and Solemnly publiſh'd throughout their *Territories*, with Inexpreſſible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain alſo, that the *King* of *Sueden* is dead, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*, Uncle to the *French King*: Which has in ſome meaſure qualify'd the Mirth of the *French* on this Occaſion. Aſſuredly, Humane Affairs are Equally checquer'd with Good and Evil. Bliſs comes not to us in Pure Unmix'd Streams. *Death* keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the *Gates* of *Kings*, as at the *Cottages* of the *Meaneſt Slaves*.

It is the Part of a Wiſe Man to be always reſign'd to *Heaven*, and prepar'd for the worſt Events: As for the Beſt, they never come amiſs.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I converſe with thee, as *Horace* us'd to do with his Friends over a Glaſs of Generous Wine? Let us lay aſide Maſques for a while, and diſcourſe with open Souls. I believe thou haſt as equal a Veneration for our *Holy Prophet*, as I: and haſt been Educated in all the Tenderneſſes of Piety, the *Niceties* of *Divine Love*, as our *Mollahs* are pleas'd to call it. We have been both of us Careful to riſe before the *Sun*, and ſay our *Oraiſons* every Morning in a Demy-Trance, that is, Half a ſleep, and Half a-wake. This, no doubt, is a neceſſary Point of Piety. And we have been no leſs ſollicitous in obſerving the other *Four* Hours of *Prayer*. Either of us wou'd have counted it an Irreligious Negligence, if we had ſeen a Piece of Paper on the Ground, and had not ſtoop'd to take it up, with Reverence wiping off the Dirt, and kiſſing the *Tabula Raſa*, on which Men uſe to write the *Name of God*. As if 'twere not an Equal Argument of Reſpect, to ſecure from Prophanation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any Thing whereon 'twere poſſible to Engrave or Print the *All-Myſterious Characters*; Nay, or the very *Sands* themſelves, which, as ſome ſay, were the *Firſt Books* on Earth. However, if they were not the Firſt, we are ſure

ſure that in very Early Ages, Men us'd to ſtamp their *Memoirs*, or draw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witneſs the Old Ship-wreck'd *Philoſopher*, who being caſt aſhore in an *Unknown Land*, ſoon trac'd out the Manners of the People, by certain *Mathematical* Impreſſions which he found in the *Sands:* For, he concluded theſe to be the very Foot-ſteps of Humanity and Vertue. But, to return to the Buſineſs of *Religion:* We have been Obedient to the Inſtructions of our *Fathers* and *Tutors*; Zealous in obſerving every *Punctilio* of *Traditional* Piety. We have Faſted, Pray'd, Waſh'd, and given Alms, at the Appointed Seaſons, and in the Manner preſcrib'd by the *Law*. All theſe, I own, are Commendable Exerciſes. But, methinks, they are not the Solid and Subſtantial Parts of *True Religion*. I hate Hypocriſy, and the devout Wantonneſs of thoſe, who think to mock *God* with *Ceremonies* and *Empty Forms*. It were much better to mix with the *Idolatrous Rites* of *Bacchus* (if they deſerve that *Epithet*) and rant in Honour of Eternal Wine, talk Reputed Blaſphemy, and reform the Model of the *Univerſe*; I ſay, I'd chuſe to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my ſelf with Empty Hopes of gaining *Paradiſe*, for acting to the Life, the Shams of Pious Mimickry.

I would not have thee think, that what I have now ſaid, proceeds from any Contempt of the *Eternal Majeſty*.

By thoſe fair *Heavens* above, and all the *Immortal Spangles* of the *Sky*, I ſwear, there's not a Faculty in *Mahmut*'s *Soul*, which is not fill'd with Gratitude and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of Sacred Love to the Adorable Fountain of All Things. In a word, I only ſtrive to reſcue my Friend from the Attempts of *Pious Frauds*, the *Religious Burleſques* of our *Mollah's* and *Muftï's*.

Believe, my Dear *Dgnet*, That there is a *God*, a *Firſt Cauſe*, a *Juſt Judge* preſiding over the *World*: Believe alſo his *Prophet*, the Holy, the Beloved, *Mahomet*, the *Minion*, as I may ſay, of the *Omnipotent*. But, have ſome *Faith* alſo for the Reſt of his *Meſſengers*, and *Favourites*. Let not *Hali* be thought of, without ſome Inward Flurry's of *Devotion*. He was a *Muſſulman*, and the Fourth *Caliph*, tho' his *Followers* be damn'd *Hereticks* in our *Divinity*. Had Right taken Place, perhaps he had been the *Firſt* of the *Vicars*, but his Cauſe was ſuperſeded by his Abſence. Let him, and that, reſt till the *Final Inquiſition*: And acknowledge, that I have ſaid too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Sunni*.

I know no Reaſon alſo, why we ſhou'd not reverence the *Memories* of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Meliſſus*, *Faunus*, and the Reſt of the Ancient *Sages* and *Lawgivers*, who Inſtructed the *Nations* of the Earth in the *Myſteries* of *Religion*, taught them to Adore One *Supreme God*, to believe the *Immortality*

tality of the *Soul*, and to practiſe *Good Works*.

What, tho' the *Ceremonies* of their *Worſhip* were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an Unjuſtifiable Adoration of *Images*? What tho' their *Altars* reek'd with the *Blood* of ſlain *Beaſts*, and ſometimes ſmoak'd even with *Humane Sacrifices*? Theſe *Barbarous Rites* were not Inſtituted by the *Firſt Oracles* of *Religion*, Illuminated *Souls*, *Nuntio's* from *God* to this *Lower World*: But, they were afterwards ſuper-induc'd through the *Corruption* of *Times*, the *Avarice* of *Prieſts*, and the *Superſtition* of the *People*. And for ought we know, our own *Hiſtorians* have not been Impartial in relating the Truth.

There is an Innate Envy between People of different *Families* and *Nations*. Both *We* and our *Fathers* that deſcend from *Abraham* by *Iſmael*, and the *Jews* who are his *Poſterity* by *Iſaac*, have been too favourable to the *Offspring* of that *Beloved* of *God*. We generally entertain and cheriſh a Specifick Pride on the Score of our *Illuſtrious Pedigree*: Eſpecially the *Jews*, who will not allow any *People* on Earth to be their Equals, either in Point of *Antiquity*, the *Nobility* of their *Race*, or the *Innumerable Multitude* of their *Brethren*. Whereas they conſider not, that they are diſpers'd up and down over the whole Earth, like *Sheep* without a *Shepherd*, not permitted to poſſeſs a Cubit of Land which they can call their own: Contemn'd, hated, and made a *Proverbial* Scoff among all *Nations*: Infa-

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mous Vagabonds, Uſurers, Slaves, and Pimps to other Men's Pleaſures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their preſent Circumſtances, the moſt Spurious and Ignoble of all the *Sons* of *Adam*, except the *Kafars* of *Ethiopia*, who feed on the *Guts* and *Dung* of *Beaſts*.

'Tis true indeed, their *Anceſtors* made a Conſiderable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon* and other Victorious *Kings*, during their Poſſeſſion of *Paleſtine*. And yet in thoſe very Times, they were often humbled and led away into *Captivity*, by the more Fortunate *Kings* of *Babylon*, *Perſia* and *Aſſyria*, and afterwards ſubdu'd by the *Grecians*; till at laſt they were totally Ruined, their *Cities* laid Waſte, their *Temple* burnt to Aſhes, and their *Country* quite diſpeopled by the *Romans*.

If we aſcend yet higher to their Celebrated *Migration* out of *Egypt*, of which their own *Hiſtorians* make ſuch a Noiſe, and tell ſo many *Fabulous* Wonders. We ſhall find a very Mean and Contemptible Character given of 'em by *Egyptian Writers*, and thoſe of other *Nations*, Men of as Great Authority, as *Joſephus*, or any other *Jewiſh Hiſtorian*. *Manethos* a *Prieſt* of *Egypt*, calls 'em a Crew of *Leprous* and *Naſty People*, and ſays, they were expell'd the *Country* by *Amenophis* then Reigning, and driven into *Syria*; their *Captain* being *Moſes*, an *Egyptian Prieſt*. A like Relation we have from *Chæremon*, an *Author* of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells

tells us, That in the *Reign* of *Amenophis*, Two Hundred and Fifty Thouſand *Lepers* were forcibly baniſh'd out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct of *Tiſithen* and *Peteſeth* (i. e.) *Moſes* and *Aaron*. And tho' other *Writers* differ in the *Name* of the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*, yet all agree in aſſerting the *Iſraelites* to be a Naſty Sort of *People*, over-run with *Scabs* and *Infectious Boils*, and that they were eſteem'd the *Scum* and *Filth* of the *Nation*. *Tacitus*, a *Roman Writer*, of Unqueſtionable Authority; adds, That *Moſes*, one of the *Exil'd Lepers*, being a Man of Wit and Reputation among them, when he ſaw the Grief and Confuſion of his Brethren, bid them be of good Cheer, and neither truſt the *Gods* or *Men* of *Egypt*, but only confide in him, and obey his Counſel: For that he was ſent from *Heaven* to be their *Conductor* out of this Calamity, and to Protect them from all their Enemies. Upon which the *People* not knowing what Courſe to take, ſurrendred themſelves wholly to his Diſpoſal, from which Time he became their *Captain* and *Lawgiver*, leading them through the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where they committed great Rapine and Spoil, putting Man, Woman and Child to the Sword, burning their Cities, and laying all Things deſolate. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be ſaid worſe of a Company of *Robbers* and *Banditi*?

Moſes is gone to *Paradiſe*, and when I mention his Name, it is with a profound Reverence; for, he was the Greateſt of the *Ancient*

cient Prophets. Yet give me Leave to have ſome Regard for my own Reaſon. He was but a *Mortal* as well as I; and without doubt, was not exempt from *Humane* Frailties. He had the Advantage to be Educated in the *College* of the *Royal Prieſts* at *Memphis*, which none of his *Nation* could boaſt of beſides himſelf. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts frankly, and without Diſguiſe. *Magick* and *Aſtrology* were the only *Sciences* then in Vogue: And he being perfectly vers'd in all the *Myſteries* and Secrets of *Egyptian* Wiſdom, 'twas no hard Task for him to poſſeſs the Rude and Ignorant *Sons* of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Perſon: And in that diſtreſs'd Condition, to mold their flexible Spirits to what Diſcipline he pleas'd.

Suſpect me not for an *Infidel* or an *Atheiſt*, becauſe I diſcourſe with this Freedom. I have heard ſome of our *Mollahs*, ſay a great deal more in their Private Converſation. And 'tis a ſuperſtitious Timorouſneſs, not to be bold in the Exerciſe of our Reaſon, which taught even the Prophet *Moſes* himſelf, the Methods of *Conqueſt*, and getting a Fame which ſhould know no End.

I am not Ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aſpire at an undue Grandeur: But let us not be leſs than our ſelves, that is, Men. There is no reaſon we ſhould be impos'd upon by *Fabulous* Reports of Intereſs'd and Deſigning *Writers:* Or that we ſhould give Faith to every Credulous Fool. Doubtleſs, there

there were many *Nations* eſtabliſh'd on Earth before the *Iſraelites*; and *Great Prophets*, who were not of the *Lineage* of *Abrahim*. The *Date* of the *Olympiads* is much more certain to a Day, nay, to an Hour, than the *Hejira* of the *Iſraelites*: ſince the Former is Demonſtrated by the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, interwoven by the *Gentile Hiſtorians*, in the Body of their *Hiſtory*; whereas the Latter is defective in this Material Point, and is expos'd to a Thouſand Diſputes among *Writers*.

My Friend, let not thou and I trouble our ſelves with Needleſs Controverſies, or be Zealous for Things of no Moment; but Adoring One *God*, and believing what is Rational, we may poſſeſs our *Souls* in Tranquility, and Peace.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the *Prince* of *Conde* is reſtor'd to the *King*'s Favour: For which, he is oblig'd to the *King* of *Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agreed on in the *Treaty* of *Peace* between theſe Two *Crowns*, as an *Article* Equivalent to that of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Releaſe, ſollicited by the *King* of *France*. Now 'tis put in Execution, and the *Rebel-Prince* is receiv'd with Abundance of Careſſes, by the *King*, *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*.

He is counted the Valianteſt Man of this Age; and was ſo pronounc'd long ago by the *Mareſchal Turenne*, who is a Souldier of no mean Character, both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely belov'd by all the *French*. But his Wildneſs and Inconſtancy, with the Deſtructive Effects of the *Civil Wars* which he rais'd, chang'd their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldneſs, and Ill-Will. But now all's well again.

He and his Brother the *Prince* of *Conti*, ſeldom agree'd, being often the Heads of Contrary Parties, during the *Minority* of this *King*. And the Younger being crump-Shoulder'd,

der'd, *Conde* us'd to be a little Sarcaſtick upon him, threatning to ſhave his uncourtly Back into the Faſhion with his Sword.

It is certain, the *Prince* of *Conde* was very wild and profuſe when Young, but now he begins to take ſoberer Meaſures. During his Father's Life, he was call'd the *Duke* of *Enguien*. And to reflect on the Parſimony of the Old Prince, he us'd to take ſeveral Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a Purſe, ſaying, *This is my Father's Practice.* Then he would turn the Purſe up-ſide down with t'other Hand, and ſcattering the Gold among his *Favourites*, would add, *This is my Humour.*

Once as he was paſſing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government; the Chief *Magiſtrate* of the Place, who was an Old Man, met him and begun to make an *Oration* with the beſt *Rhetorick* he could. But the *Prince* being in a Frolickſom Humor, took Advantage of a very low *Conge* the Old Gentleman made him, and leap'd over his Head, and ſtood ſtill behind him. The *Magiſtrate* not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turned very gravely about, and addreſs'd himſelf with a new Obeiſance, but not ſo low as the Former. However, the Nimble *Prince* catch'd him upon the Half-Bent, and ſetting his Hands on the Old *Monſieur*'s Shoulders, whipt over again the ſecond Time; Which quite ſpoil'd his intended *Speech*, to the great Diverſion of all the Spectators.

In

In his Youth, he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching *Nuns*: Which occasion'd the *Queen-Mother* to reflect on him something Satyrically once, when he inform'd her that the *Suisse* Souldiers were guilty of great Disorders, some of them getting into the *Nunneries*, and violating the Chastity of those Consecrated Females. For the *Queen* replied, *If you had told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you; for the Suisses are all known Drunkards. But as for Amours with Nuns, none is so likely to make 'em as the Duke of* Enguien.

However, all that I have said, hinders not but that he is now a Prudent Man, a good *General*, and Fortunate in recovering his *Sovereign*'s Favour.

In a Word, this *Court* is so overjoyed at the Marriage of their *King* with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, that they have no Room left for peevish Resentments. All Crimes are forgiven, And the *Devil* himself would be welcome at the *Wedding*, provided he would be debonair, and good Company.

The *Nuptials* are only Celebrated by *Proxy* as yet. But here are vast Preparations making for the compleating the *Ceremony*.

What the Issue of this *Marriage* and *Peace* will be, 'tis not easy to divine: But I doubt, the *Christians* are hatching Evil against the *Ottoman Port*, in Regard all the *Princes* in *Europe*, are coming to an Agreement.

Illustrious

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, Let not this Intimation paſs away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, theſe *Infidels* are plotting of Miſchief.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earlieſt News of a Mighty Change, a Surprizing Revolution in the *Engliſh* Goverment. Know then, that he whom I have ſo often mention'd under the Title of *King* of the *Scots* in my Former Letters, the Eldeſt Son and Rightful Heir of the *Britiſh Kingdoms*, *Charles* II. is reſtor'd to the *Throne* of his *Father's*, without Violence or Blood-ſhed, by the Unanimous Conſent, and Earneſt Deſire of his *Subjects*.

This Young *Prince* has been an Exile for Twelve Years in Foreign *Courts*, and has heard of as many ſeveral Alterations in the State of his *Dominions*, during his Abſence; every Change producing a New *Form* of *Government*. The *Rebels* had run over all *Ariſtotle's Politicks*, and the Various *Models* of *Plato* and other *Philoſophers*, who treated of *Common-*

Common-Wealths, to find out ſuch *Patterns* as beſt ſuited with the Neceſſities and *Genius* of that *Nation*. There is not a *Species* of *Ariſtocracy*, *Democracy* and *Oligarchy*, which they did not put in Practice to ſupport the *Frame* of that *Government*, whoſe *Baſis* they had remov'd; for it was founded on a *Monarchy* of a long and Hereditary Deſcent. And therefore all their moſt Artificial Contrivances were Ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavoured to make Buttreſſes for a Caſtle in the Air. In a Word, the *Engliſh* found themſelves ſo disjointed and weaken'd by *Civil Wars*, Taxes, and the other Uſual Effects of Uſurpation and Tyranny, that they had no other Way left to ſave their *Nation* from utter Ruine, but by bringing their Lawful *King* back again, who is the Angular Stone whereon all their Welfare and Intereſt is built.

There is one Thing Remarkable in this Turn of *Engliſh* Affairs, That their *Sovereign* landed and made his Triumphant Entry into that *Iſland*, on the *Anniverſary Day* of his Birth. Which puts me in Mind of what is Generally diſcourſed here at *Paris*; That on the Day of his *Nativity*, there was ſeen a Bright *Star* in the *Heavens*, when the *Sun* was juſt above the *Meridian*. From hence the *Aſtrologers* of thoſe Times predicted great Things concerning him. And thoſe of the Preſent Age, who have ſeen his Fortunate Return to his *Kingdoms*, preſage yet greater Events to come.

God

God only knows what *Embryo's* are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Muſſulmans* have no Reaſon to rejoyce at the Grandeur of any of theſe *Infidel Princes*. Yet ſuch a Sign as that of a *Star* appearing at Noon-Day, juſt over the Place where a Mighty *Queen* was in Labour with a *Prince*, has Something in it Extraordinary, and full of Promiſing Circumſtances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which render'd the Birth of the *Meſſias* ſo Illuſtrious, tho' otherwiſe obſcure enough; when the *Eaſtern Magi*, directed by ſuch a *Star*, came and found *Mary* the Mother of *Jeſus* in a *Stable*, and the *Infant-Prophet* lying in a *Manger*, inſtead of a *Cradle*. So we are told, That *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* portend the Misfortune or Death of *Great Perſonages*; and that all other *Prodigies*, whether in *Heaven* or *Earth*, have their proper Signification.

But whether theſe Obſervations be true or no, 'tis certain this late baniſhed *Prince*, is return'd with Abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his Native Royal Poſſeſſions. And I thought it would be a Grand Neglect in me, to let one Poſt-Day paſs, before I gave thee an Account of a *Revolution* ſo aſtoniſhing to all *Europe*, and which is like to give a New Turn to the Affairs of moſt *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*.

Beſides, I know there is an *Ambaſſador* from *England*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Port*, which determines the Quarrels of all the *Nations* on Earth. There are alſo Abundance of

of *English Merchants* in the *Imperial* City. They may have Feuds among one another. The Intereſt of ſome of them is join'd with that of the *Engliſh Rebels*; others are for their *King*. Therefore knowing of his *Reſtauration*, thou wilt be the better able to adjuſt all Matters of this Nature, according to Reaſon, Equity, and the Honour of the Majeſtick *Port*. For this *King* makes already a greater Figure than any of his *Progenitors*, and therefore his Friendſhip is not to be contemn'd.

The Care of theſe Things reſts on thee, who art the *Vicars Vicar* of the *Vicegerent* of *God*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 7th. *Moon.*
of the Year 1660.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the *Pyramids* near the City where thou reſideſt, ſhut up in Tremendous Darkneſs, in the moſt Obſcure and Horrible Vault of the *Royal* Pile! That I might converſe with the *Ghoſts* of *Egyptian* Kings, hugg *Dæmons* in my Arms, and run the *Gerit* with *Hobgoblins* and all the *Spirits* of the Night round the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, or up and down the diſmal Galleries, or in the Neſt of *Bats*, *Screech-Owls*, *Harpies*, and the reſt of the Winged *Monſters*, the Excrementitious Spawn of Humane Souls, or at leaſt the Superfetation of pickled Carcaſſes, repoſited there for Eternal *Mummies*, ſome of them before *Noah*'s *Flood*, and the Reſt after, if the Story be true. *God* knows whether it be or no: That's Nothing to me: But I have a ſtrong Inclination to try what I can find in thoſe Antique *Monuments*, after all the Search of ſo many *Travellers*. I have a Specifick Sort of Melancholy upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the *Dead*, or having Ten Hundred Thouſand ugly rampant *Spirits* dancing their *Infernal* Meaſures about me, and grinning like *Babboons* of *Hell*. Oh, *God!* how 'twould

'twould ſet me a Laughing? An Entertainment of this Nature would eaſe my Spleen, and reſtore me to a Good Humour.

Are there no *Beings* extant, but thoſe which are every Day expos'd to our Sences? Or, is *Nature* Poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the *Idea's* of an Infinity of *Creatures* that he never ſaw? I am cloy'd with the *Crambe* of Objects and Joys which theſe Narrow *Elements* afford, and therefore would fain grope out ſome New and Untry'd World, to find Refreſhment in.

But oh, my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the *Heavens*, and behold the *Moon* and *Stars*; when my Eye is loſt in the Boundleſs Firmament, and my *Soul* can find no Limits to the *Univerſe*; then I ſink into my ſelf, full of Humility and Confuſion, becauſe I have injuriouſly reproach'd the *Omnipotent*, and caſt Obloquies on his *Works*. For all Things appear admirably Beautiful and Perfect, and the leaſt Atome is large enough to afford Apartments for a Thouſand *Souls*. Every Thing in *Nature* is pregnant and full of pleaſing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from theſe Hypochondriack Fits at certain Seaſons. I am ſometimes the ſaddeſt and moſt Melancholy Man in the World. I take all things by the wrong Handle, look on them through falſe Opticks, and yet perſuade my ſelf I am in the Right, and ſee them in their true Complexion. Such is the Fatal Sophiſtry of this black and ſullen Paſſion: It takes away the Guſt and Reliſh

Reliſh of the ſweeteſt Enjoyments. And if this Contagion could poſſibly find Admittance among the *Bleſs'd* Above, ſurely 'twould render their *Paradiſe* a *Hell*, and would afford ſome Ground for the Fiction of the Ancient *Poets*, who brought up the Uſe of *Nepenthe* among the *Gods*, to appeaſe their Choler, and put 'em in a good Humour.

I know not what that *Drink* was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glaſs of good *Languedoc* Wine, which is as Rich, and far more Delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mitylene*. I once could boaſt of another Method to ſubdue my Melancholy, by giving Battle to my Thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have Recourſe to Stratagems and Ambuſcades, trepanning the ugly, hideous *Monſters* out of their ſtrong Retrenchments and Faſtneſſes in the Spleen, by Generous Frolicks with Wine, Women and Muſick. I bury all Care in profound Sleep, the Effect of brisk and free Drinking. And then I awake as Merry as a *Larke*; as young as if I'd been in *Medea*'s Cauldron.

What ſignifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and Exteriour Carriage, whilſt at the ſame Time we are ready to burſt with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a Thouſand more Vices? Whereas Wine ſeaſonably drank, cures all theſe Diſtempers of the *Soul*, makes a Miſer Liberal, a Cruel Man Tender, a Spightfull Fellow Kind, melts Stiff and Haughty Spirits into a Wonderful Softneſs and Complaiſance. In fine, it makes a *Lamb* of a

Lion, and changes a *Vultur* to a *Dove*, purifying and transforming *Souls* into a Temper wholly *Divine*.

Why then ſhould we be ty'd to *Laws* of *Morality*, never practis'd by thoſe who made them? All the *Philoſophers* were boon Companions, and our *Holy Prophet* himſelf privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our *Emperours* and *Grandees* do the ſame. The only Reaſon why they forbid it to their *Subjects*, is, leſt they ſhould grow too Wiſe, and ſtrive to ſhake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a *Slave* to a *Lord* in his own Conceit. For want of this Liquor, all *Nations* where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chineſe* make Wine of Rice. In my Country they have another Intoxicating Drink, compounded with certain Roots. The ſame is uſed in ſome Parts of *Perſia*. In theſe *Weſtern Provinces*, they brew divers Sorts of ſtrong Liquors of Wheat, Barley, Honey, Moloſſa's and other Ingredients. And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currans, and moſt Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there's no living, unleſs we ſometimes give *Nature* a New Ferment, to rouze her from her Lees.

Yet Let us practiſe a due Mediocrity, remembring that *God* gave us theſe Things for our Health and Refreſhment, and not for our Bane.

Bane. In a Word, *Mehemet*, let us be Merry and Wise.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Have taken ſome Pains; turn'd over a great many *Memoirs* of Old *Courtiers*, and convers'd with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry* IV. that ſo I may comply with thy Order, and oblige thee with ſome Remarks on the Life of that *Prince*, who tho' he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had ſo vaſt a Soul, and perform'd ſuch Illuſtrious Actions, as deſervedly faſten'd on him the *Title* of *Great*, and made him be eſteem'd the *Arbiter* of all *Europe*.

It is obſerv'd of him, that he was always Unfortunate in his Wives; Yet they relate a pretty Paſſage of his Firſt Wife, *Margaret* of *Valois*, which ſeems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a *Proteſtant*, and only *King* of *Navarre*, when the Famous *Maſſacre* of

Paris was committed, with Design to Murder him among the Reſt of his *Religion*. But being aware of this, when he heard the *Aſſaſſins* making toward his Chamber, where he ſate with his Queen, he hid himſelf under her Garments as ſhe ſate in a Chair. The *Villains* ruſhing in, ask'd for the *King*. She with a great Aſſurance of Spirit, told 'em, *He went out from her in a Paſſion*. They ſeeming ſatisfy'd, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occaſion'd a Common Jeſt, *That Queen* Margaret's *Smock, ſav'd King* Henry's *Life*.

This Woman was call'd the *Minerva* and *Venus* of *France*, on the Score of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being ſeldom without Men of *Science* in her Company. In a Word, King *Henry* look'd on himſelf as a Noted *Cuckold*, and ſo gave her a Bill of *Divorce*. Her own Mother *Katharine de Medicis*, was call'd the *Fourth Fury of Hell*.

It is Recorded of this Lady, that ſhe practis'd much with *Wizards* and *Magicians*, who in an *Enchanted Glaſs*, ſhew'd her who ſhou'd Reign in *France* for the Time to come. Firſt appear'd this *Henry* IV. then *Lewis* XIII. next *Lewis* XIV. and after him a Pack of *Jeſuites*, who ſhould aboliſh the *Monarchy*, and govern the *Nation* themſelves. This *Glaſs* is to be ſeen in the *King's Palace* to this Day.

As for *Henry* IV's Second Wife, 'tis ſaid he never enjoy'd a Peaceable Hour with her, but when

when she was asleep. They often fought together, and she spar'd not sometimes to Beat and Scratch him even in his Bed; so that he has been forc'd to quit the Field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This *Prince* was tax'd with Ingratitude towards his most Faithful Servants, and want of Liberality to all. It was a Common Saying of his *Predecessor Henry* III. *That he shar'd his Kingdom with his Loyal Servants and Friends.* But *Henry* IV. lov'd not to part with any Thing which he could handsomly keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Mistresses, and his Passion for them carried him into many Irregularities. He was so deeply enamour'd of one, that to enjoy her he sign'd a Promise of *Marriage* to her with his own *Blood*; which, one of his *Favourites* seeing, tore the Paper in Pieces. The *King* being Incens'd at that, swore by the *Belly* of St. *Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Person was mad. *Yes*, reply'd he, *but I wish I were the only Madman in the Kingdom.* Thereby reflecting on the *King*'s Extravagancy. Another Time he gave Fifty Thousand Crowns, for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago spoke of the *Death* of this *Prince*, in my Letters to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumstance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happen'd, that the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, was walking with several *Nobles* in the *Meadows* of *Bearn*, a Town under his Jurisdiction,

waſh'd by the River *Pau*. When on a ſudden all the *Cows*, (of which there was a great Number in thoſe Fields) ran violently into the River, and were there drown'd. The *Vice-Roy* being aſtoniſh'd at this, as at a *Prodigy*, writ down the Day and Hour when it happen'd, which prov'd exactly the very ſame Time to a Minute, when *Henry* IV. was ſtabb'd in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the *Vice-Roy* was ſoon certify'd by *Diſpatches* which he receiv'd from the *Court*, containing Intelligence of that *Tragedy*.

All this may be pure *Chance*, for ought I know; but there are Abundance of *Symptoms* of ſomething elſe. As for *Man*, he is wholly a Stranger to himſelf, and the Secret Operations of his own *Soul* are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the Occult Diſpoſitions of *Beaſts*? The leaſt *Worm* or *Inſect*, baffles our ſevereſt Scrutiny, and we are loſt in the Speculation of their *Embryo's*. The moſt Silent and Inanimate Beings, proclaim aloud the Folly of our boaſted Science: Every *Atom* in *Nature*, ridicules our beſt *Philoſophy*. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more Uncommon *Myſteries* of *Providence*, or trace the Footſteps of *Eternal Deſtiny*? *Hiſtorians* ſpeak variouſly of this *Parricide*. Some ſay, the *Villain* was approv'd of at the *Court* of *Rome*, and that he was there rank'd in the Number of *Martyrs*. 'Tis certain, he underwent as horrible a Death, as the Wit of Man could invent,

invent, to puniſh his matchleſs *Treaſon*. And it ſeems, the *Judges* that examin'd him, were either afraid, or aſham'd to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themſelves by an Oath to Eternal Secrecy. *Ravaillac* himſelf own'd, that he had Twice before attempted to kill the *King*, but was thruſt back by one of his *Nobles*, who ſuſpected ſome ill Deſigns in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may *God* preſerve our Glorious *Sultan* from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewiſh* Phyſician, and from the Common Diſaſters of Humane Life. And the Care of his Attendants, will prevent the ſudden Strokes of a deſperate *Aſſaſſin*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XII.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THis City is now as full of Noiſe and Lights, as ſome Cities of *Aſia* are at an *Eclipſe* of the *Moon*, or as *Conſtantinople* is during the *Faſt* of *Ramezan*. 'Tis near Midnight, and yet here's ſuch a Medley of Noiſes compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Muſical Inſtruments,

ments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns, and other Fire-Works, that a Body would think ones self in a Battel or a Siege.

The Occasion of all this, is the Publick Entry of the New-Married *King* and *Queen*, it being the First Time they have seen *Paris* since the *Nuptials*. Neither my Tongue or Pen are able to express to the Life, the Inimitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appear'd to Day in the *Royal* Train, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Lustre of Silver, Gold and Precious Stones, dazl'd ones Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wish'd for a *Mussulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of such Immense Riches. Yet there were Forty Thousand of the Citizens, and the *King*'s Guards in Arms, to augment the Glory of the Day.

The *Monarch* with his *Royal Spouse*, appeared seated on a Majestick *Throne*, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was rais'd on High, and there were several Steps or Degrees to ascend up to it. On these were placed the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Dukes* and *Peers* of the *Realm*, with other *Grandees* and *Nobles*, as also *Princesses*, *Dutchesses* and *Ladies* of the *First Quality*.

'Twas at the Foot of this *Throne*, there were made Innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory Addresses by the *Priests* and *Monks* of all *Orders*, by the *Students* in the *Academy*, and by the several *Companies* of *Tradesmen*. But, that which was most surprizing, a certain strange *Maid* utter'd several

Orations

Orations in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French* and *Spaniſh*, wherein ſhe magnify'd the *King*'s Heroic Undertakings, his wonderful Succeſſes, great Wiſdom and Courage, with other Vertues, which ſhe made the Subjects of her *Panegyrick*. She alſo no leſs extoll'd the *Queen*'s Matchleſs Beauty, the Greatneſs of her Birth, the Royal Endowments of her Mind; And concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, for this Illuſtrious *Match*, and Alliance of Two the moſt Potent *Crowns* in *Chriſtendom*.

She delivered herſelf with ſuch an Incomparable Grace and Modeſty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were preſent. And 'tis ſaid, the *King* was extremely pleaſed with her; much more the *Queen*, who had never before encountered ſo Learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies, have for many Years applyed themſelves to the Study of *Languages* and *Philoſophy*. But 'tis not ſo in *Spain*, where the Men are too Rigorous to the Fair Sex, to allow 'em that Liberty. They are as moroſe to Women, as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that *Nation* are ſaid to deſcend. Every *Country* in *Europe*, has ſuffer'd mighty Changes, by the Incurſions and Conqueſts of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns* and *Vandals*. So that 'tis difficult to trace the *Original* of any *People* in ſuch a *Hotch-Potch* of *Foreign Blood*. Neither have they any Care of their *Genealogies*, as we *Arabians* have in the *Eaſt*.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, tho' it ſignifies Nothing to ſpring of a *Noble Stock*, unleſs we inherit the

Vertues of our *Anceſtors*, as well as their Splendid *Titles* and *Eſtates*: Yet 'tis both profitable and pleaſant, to have by us a *Regiſter* of our *Families*, that reading their Characters and Heroick Actions, we may imitate their Examples, and add to the Glory of the *Tribe* from which we deſcend.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I ſhall finiſh the Letter I begin; or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my Dear Friend, tho' both the Paper and I, with the Houſe wherein I lodge, and all this Beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be tranſported to another *Region* before Morning. Nay, 'tis poſſible this very Hour may People *Elyzium* with a New *Colony* from *France*, and *Paris* may deſcend with all her Magnificent *Palaces* to the *Shades* below, changing the Banks of the River *Seyne*, for thoſe of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the Refreſhing *Airs* of *Champagne*, for the Choaking *Sulphurs* of *Hell*. In a Word, we have felt the Menaces of a Terrible *Earthquake* this Evening, but as yet have ſuffered no Damage.

When

When I liv'd in *Aſia*, an *Earthquake* was almoſt as Common as the Yearly Revolutions of *Summer* and *Winter*: And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail or Rain. Beſides, one *Muſſulman* encouraged another, and the General *Faith* of *True Believers* confirm'd us all, That we ought to be reſign'd to *God*, and to the Appointments of *Eternal Deſtiny*, whether it were for Pleaſure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been ſo long diſus'd to theſe Convulſions of the *Globe*, (for I have not felt one above theſe Two and Twenty Years) and am alſo ſeparated from the Society of the *Faithful*; that I am become like the reſt of the World, and even like theſe *Infidels*, Timorous, Aſtoniſhed, void of Reaſon, and of little or no Faith.

My Mind at firſt, ſtagger'd as much as my Body, when I was walking croſs my Chamber, and felt the Floor rock under me, with that Singular Kind of Motion, which no Humane Art or Force can imitate. I ſoon concluded 'twas an *Earthquake*, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. Death is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being ſo ſurprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to ſink on a ſudden into an Unknown Grave, I knew not whither: Perhaps I might fall into ſome Dark Lake of Water; or it may be, I might be drench'd in a River of Fire, or be daſh'd on a Rock: For, who can tell the Diſpoſition of the Caverns below, or what Sort of Apartments he ſhall find

find under the Surface of the Earth? We walk on the Battlements of a Marvellous Structure, a *Globe* full of Tremendous Secrets. And whether *Nature* or *Deſtiny*, *Providence* or *Chance*, occaſion the Ruptures that we find are made in divers Parts of the Earth, it matters not much, ſo long as we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall, would put the beſt *Philoſopher* in the World out of Humour, and Spoil all his Reaſoning. I'm ſure, 'twould vex me thus in a Trice to be plundered of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himſelf into the flaming Chaſm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the Sake of being eſteemed a *God*, (as the common Report is); or, gives me Reaſon to conclude, he had ſome other End in his Venturous Leap: Since 'tis not probable, that empty Fame could be eſteemed by that Great *Sage*, as his Final Happineſs. A much eaſier way had *Ariſtotle*, who, diſguſted at his Ignorance of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, threw himſelf in, to put an End to his Diſquiſitions, if the Story be true. But, I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was ſuch a Fool. I gueſs of other Men, according to the Experience I have of my ſelf. I am as little ſollicitous about Death as any Man; yet I ſhould be unwilling to hurle my ſelf out of the World headlong, without a *Firm* or a *Teſta*. I love New Experiments, but am not very fond of ſuch as take from us irrecoverably the means of trying any more.

We

We had News here of an *Earthquake* which has overthrown Part of the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, ſome Days before this happened at *Paris*; but few regarded it. Calamities at a Diſtance frighten No-body. Yet, thoſe which we feel, put us all in Tears. For my Part, it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Careleſſneſs, and become fearful of Nothing. And, I think, there is Reaſon on my Side, ſince all my Care, Apprehenſion, and Forecaſt, can never defend me from the Underminings of the *Omnipotent*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

LET not the Diſtance of Time between my Letters, prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; or that I am careleſs to oblige ſo Illuſtrious a Friend. I have many Obligations to diſcharge; and therefore endeavour to husband my Hours to the beſt Advantage, and ſo to divide my *Diſpatches*, That the *Grand Signior* may be ſerved, the *Divan* inform'd of all Material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each *Miniſter* gratified. As

As to the *Reign* of *Lewis* XIII. It was ſhar'd ſucceſſively between the *Marſhal D' Ancre*, the *Duke* of *Luines*, and *Cardinal Richlieu*. The Firſt was the *Queen-Mother*'s Favourite; the Second was the *King*'s; As for the Third, he was Abſolute Maſter both of *King*, *Queen* and *Kingdom*.

During the *King*'s *Minority* indeed, *Queen Mary de Medicis*, the *Relict* of *Henry* IV. took the *Regency* into her own Hands, and managed Things in an Arbitrary Manner. But the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with other *Grandees*, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conſpir'd againſt her. Among theſe were the *Prince* of *Conde*, Father to the preſent *Prince*, and the *Duke* of *Bovillon*. The Former was a Bold Man, and durſt do any Thing that was Brave: The Latter was a Cunning Stateſman.

They Caball'd not ſo privately, but the *Queen-Mother* was acquainted with their Meetings, and the *Duke* of *Bovillon* was the Firſt who knew his *Party* was betrayed. This Intelligence was brought him from aſſured Hands, whilſt he was ſitting with the *Prince* of *Conde*, and other *Nobles* at the *Place* of their Private Rendezvous. Whereupon, he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abſcond immediately, leſt they ſhould be ſeized on the Spot. But they retorting, That the *Queen* would not venture on an Action of ſuch dubious Conſequences; He ſtarted up and took his Leave of 'em with theſe Words: "My Lords, You may follow your own "Counſel.

" Counſel. I'll immediately to Horſe, and " eſcape to *Sedan* in my *Stockings*: Where, if " they make me wear out a Pair, as an *Exile*; " by *Heavens*, I'll make them wear a Thou- " ſand Pair of *Boots*.

His Words came to paſs, and the Effect was a diminutive *Civil War*; when the *Queen* was forced to raiſe an Army, to reduce this *Prince* to Obedience, the Reſt of his Party being Impriſoned, as ſoon as ſhe heard of his Flight.

Whilſt theſe Diſturbances laſted, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain*, to the Number of Six Hundred Thouſand. Part of thoſe who liv'd toward the *Maritime* Coaſts, went by *Sea* into *Africk*. The Reſt, whoſe Reſidence was farther within Land, ſought a Paſſage over the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, and ſo through the *Southern Provinces* of *France*; offering a *Ducat* a Head to the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, for their ſafe Conduct. He, out of Curioſity coming to ſee theſe Travellers, and beholding 'em ragged and almoſt naked, with Viſages like *Ghoſts*; took Pity on them, and gave 'em Liberty of Paſſage *gratis*: Saying, " God for- " bid I ſhould extort ſo much Money from " theſe miſerable Wretches, who are abandon- " ed to the wide World.

But, it ſeems, his Compaſſion was needleſs. For theſe *Muſſulmans* were too cunning for him, having their Squalid, torn Garments, quilted all over with Gold and Precious Stones. Which occaſioned all People to ridicule the *Vice-Roy*'s Eaſineſs, and to call him the Friend of the *Gibeonites*.

I ſhould

I ſhould appear too Partial in reflecting Satyrically on this *Prince*, whoſe Generoſity deſerves Praiſe: Yet I cannot but ſmile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only eſcaped paying the accuſtomed Tribute of Paſſengers, but alſo blinded theſe *Infidels*, and took from 'em the Suſpicion of greater Riches; which if they had once known, perhaps not a *Moor* ſhould have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This Paſſage, ſeem'd worthy of thy Knowledge, ſince it in Part reſembles the Famous Departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*, tho' it comes ſhort of the Robbery and Plunder which they committed on the Inhabitants, the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee ſome Divertiſement.

As to the *Marſhal D' Ancre*, the *Queen*'s Favourite; In his Life and Death, he was compared to *Sejanus*, being qualified with the like Vertues and Vices, and having much the ſame Fortune; his Body after having been dragg'd about the Streets by the Rabble, was at laſt torn in Pieces.

If thou would'ſt know, how the *Duke* of *Luines* obtain'd the *King*'s Favour, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were firſt brought to *Court*, they were both ſo poor, that they had but one Cloak between 'em; and for that Reaſon could not go abroad together. Yet being recommended to the *King* by a certain *Nobleman* for excellent *Falkners*, they were received into Favour. But they

abus'd

abus'd the Kindneſs of their Patron; and inſinuating malicious Things into the *King*'s Ear, againſt the *Nobleman* and his *Family*, cauſed him to be baniſh'd from the *Court*. After which they managed all Things.

Then ſucceeded *Cardinal Richlieu* in the Chief *Miniſtry*; of whom I have ſaid a great Deal in my Former Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, and thou wilt find them in the *Regiſter*. I will now add, what I never mentioned before; That he was very Ambitious to be thought a good Judge of *Verſe*. He gave to one *Poet*, for a Witty Conceit on his *Coat* of *Arms*, Two Thouſand *Sequins*, tho' 'twas but a *Verſe* of *Seven Words*. Another he promoted to an *Eccleſiaſtick Dignity*, worth a Thouſand a Year, for comparing him to the *Primum Mobile*. But he cauſed a Third to be kick'd out of Doors, for his Obſtinacy in denying to alter a Word of his *Poem*, which the *Cardinal* diſliked.

This *Miniſter* was very Revengeful, and amongſt other Effects of his Temper, none was more taken Notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monſieur de Thou*, whom the *Cardinal* cut off for no other Reaſon, but becauſe his Father in a *General Hiſtory* which he wrote, had repreſented one of *Richlieu*'s *Anceſtors*, under a very Ignominious and Abominable Figure. That *Hiſtorian* was the Renowned *Thuanus*, of whom, I ſuppoſe, thou haſt heard.

As to King *Lewis* XIII. himſelf, he was eſteemed a great Diſſembler; accuſtomed to careſs

careſs thoſe with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he deſigned ſuddenly to ruine: Whence it grew to a *Proverb* in his Time at the *French Court*, when they ſaw any *Nobleman* ſmil'd on, to ſay, *His Buſineſs is done.* It cannot be denied that this *Prince* had a Great Spirit, and ſome Wiſdom; yet he was obſerved to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming *Royal Majeſty.* He would ſpend much of his Time in *Painting*, and ſend for the moſt Famous *Maſters* in that *Art*, to view his *Works.* An equal Inclination he ſhewed to *Muſick.* And ſometimes he was Ambitious to be thought a good *Cook.* Once he made a Great *Paſty* with his own Hands, filling it with *Veniſon* only fit for the Mouths of *Infidels*, *viz.* the Fleſh of *Dogs*, *Wolves* and *Foxes*, with other Abominable Animals, of which it is not lawful for a *True Believer* to taſte. This he cauſed to be ſerved up to Table at a *Feaſt* which he made to ſome of his *Courtiers*, who to Honour the *King*'s Handy-work, eat greedily of the Horrid Diſh, and highly praiſed his Skill; whilſt he diverted himſelf with laughing at them. He had many other ſuch Freaks as theſe, which render'd him Contemptible and Ridiculous to the *Grandees* of his *Kingdom.* In a Word, he was more reverenced Abroad, than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of *Cardinal Richlieu*; who was juſtly eſteemed the very *Genius* of *France.*

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, all that I have ſaid of this *Monarch*, ſpeaks him but a Man: And no

no body is Wiſe at all Times. But the Follies of *Princes* are more Conſpicuous, than thoſe of meaner Perſons.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed *in the* Deſart.

MAY the *Angel* of *Peace* pitch his *Pavilion* at the Entrance of that Bleſſed Cave where thou reſideſt. May thy *Soul* feel Calm and Undiſturbed Joys, and for ever repoſe in Divine Tranquility; Whilſt the Reſt of the World are moleſted with Perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities, Paſſions within, and *Furies* without: In a word, whilſt they are always in Danger of one another, of themſelves, and of the *Elements* which compound their Nature.

O Man highly beloved of *God*, Favourite of the *Angels*, Care of *Heaven*, and the ſingular Darling of *Providence*. The Palm of an Almighty Hand is extended under thee when thou ſitteſt down or walkeſt, always ready to ſnatch thee up from the Calamities which threaten this Lower World, and lift thee to *Paradiſe*, where the Aſſembly of the *Juſt* wait for thy Preſence.

There

There has been an *Earthquake* lately in these *Parts*, which has put all *France* into a great Consternation, astonished every Body, and encreased the Thoughtfulness of the Wise. The First Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great Mischief, overwhelming some *Medicinal* Baths, many Houses, and destroying Hundreds of People. Only one *Mosque* or *Church*, which sunk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and stands very Firm, but in another Place. This is look'd upon as a great Miracle, especially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may censure Partially, favouring their own Interest; in regard this *Church* has been disputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each *Nation* claiming Right to it, as standing before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is uncontestably decided: For 'tis removed by this Convulsion of the *Globe*, near half a League from its Former Situation, which is so far within the acknowledg'd Limits of *France*. This the *French Priests* magnify, as an apparent Proof of the Justice of their Pretensions, and the People seem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of *Earthquakes*, and am persuaded, that they are as Natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unless we believe the Stories of the *Lapland Witches*. I am persuaded, that this *Globe* is

is much more Ancient, than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be: That it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire or Water: And that it is now haſtening towards another Revolution. I believe the *Central* Fire has eaten its Way almoſt to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other Inflammable Matter, which it meets with in its Circular Aſcent. Theſe corroding and daily conſuming their own Vaults, approaching alſo ſometimes too near the vaſt Receptacles of Subterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, over-heat thoſe Lakes; which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollow of the *Globe*, ſtrive to break forth with Immenſe Violence, which cauſes that Heaving and Rocking of the *Superficies*, that ſo terrifies Mortals. But then the Cauſe is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is ſhallow, in ſuch Paſſions of the *Globe*, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatſoever is upon it. Nay, whole Cities ſometimes have been thus ſwallowed up. And the Danger is eaſily fore-known by a ſhort Snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houſes, Trees, Men, and every Thing within its Reach; for then the Convulſion is Generally Fatal. But where the Motion is Heavy, Grave and Regular, 'tis a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this is ſo much the more Evident, by how much farther the *Earthquake* is felt above Ground. For the nearer any ſuch Paſſion happens

happens to the Center, it muſt be granted, that its Force is extended the wider on the Circumference. This depends on a *Mathematical* Demonſtration, and there needs no more be ſaid to thee who art Conſummate in the *Sciences*.

What I eſteem a due Reflection on this is, That tho' there be no Peril in theſe Remote *Earthquakes*, yet we know not how ſoon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be aſſured, where or when they will happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a Natural Conſequence, That ſince theſe Things are Unavoidable, and all the VVit of Man cannot invent a Means to eſcape ſinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in; we ought to be Careleſs and Indifferent what Death we die, and only be ſolicitous to live like Men, that is, according to Reaſon. For whether our Souls ſurvive or no, 'twill be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LET.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti.

HERE is now like to be a great Change at this *Court*. *Cardinal Mazarini* is dead. He died at the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vincienes*, on the *9th.* of this *Moon*, having been ſick a long Time. There happened a great Fire at the *Louvre* (ſo they call the *King's Palace* in this City) about Five VVeeks ago, which

which obliged the *Cardinal*, who lodg'd there at that Time, to remove to his own Houſe. From whence, for the Sake of Air, he was adviſed by his *Phyſicians* to go to the aforeſaid *Caſtle*. But all in vain: For *Death*, which finds Acceſs into the ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes, purſued him thither, and led him in Triumph to the *Region* of *Silence* and *Forgetfulneſs*, who had made ſo great a Noiſe and Buſtle in this our *World*.

It is reported, That a certain *Aſtrologer* foretold him, he ſhould die in this *Moon*. But the *Cardinal* gave no Credit to him: Tho' one would think he had ſome Reaſon to believe him in this, for the Sake of a Former Prediction of his, concerning the *Duke* of *Beaufort*. I have mentioned this *Prince*, and the Enmity that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occaſioned the *Duke*'s Impriſonment in the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*. During his Reſtraint, the fore-mentioned *Aſtrologer* gave it out in *Paris*, That the *Duke* ſhould eſcape out of Priſon preciſely on ſuch a Day. The *Cardinal* being informed of this, waited till the Day came, deſigning to puniſh the *Aſtrologer* as a Cheat, or at leaſt to expoſe him for an Ignorant Perſon. To which End he ſent for him, and upbraiding him with Preſumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the *Duke* of *Beaufort* was ſtill a Priſoner, without any Hopes, or ſcarce a Poſſibility of eſcaping, order'd him to be ſent to the *Baſtile*. But the *Aſtrologer* addreſſing himſelf with much Submiſſion and Earneſtneſs,

neſs, ſpoke to this Effect: *May it pleaſe your Eminence only to reſpite my Sentence till to Morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have ſpoke Truth. The Day which I foretold, is come indeed, but it is not paſt. A Courier will ſoon convince you, that I have not ſtudied this Science in vain.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with theſe Words, only confin'd the *Aſtrologer* in a Chamber of his own *Palace*. And the next Day he receiv'd an *Expreſs*, which gave him an Account of the *Duke*'s Eſcape, and the Manner of it, *viz.* That on the Day before, he had let himſelf down by a Ladder of Ropes into the *Caſtle*-Ditch, and was no more to be ſeen or heard of. Thus the *Aſtrologer* eſcap'd the *Cardinal*'s Revenge, and got much Fame at the *Court*, which was encreas'd by the *Cardinal*'s Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This *Miniſter* was a very ſubtle Man; and *Cardinal Richlieu* us'd to ſay of him, *That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only ſet* Mazarini *to Work.* Therefore he made him his Confident, inſtructed him in all the Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-Bed recommended him to the *King*, as the fitteſt Man to ſucceed him in the Management of the *Publick*. He was after the Death of *Lewis* XIII. at firſt oppoſed by ſeveral *Grandees*; but the *Queen*'s Authority, and that of the *Prince* of *Conde* ſupported him: Whence aroſe a Common *Proverb* in thoſe Days, *The*

Queen permits All, the Cardinal Commands All, and the Prince puts All in Execution: For this laſt had then the *Office* of *General.*

This *Miniſter* was not eſteem'd ſo Covetous as his *Predeceſſor*, yet he heap'd up Vaſt Treaſures; Part of which he beſtow'd in Magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the Reſt he ſent into *Italy* to his Father; who aſtoniſh'd at the Prodigious Quantities of Gold he receiv'd, us'd to ſay, *Sure it rains Money in* France. However, he made himſelf Odious to the *Subjects* of this *Nation* by his Continual Oppreſſions; and they are glad he is gone.

'Tis a By-Word at *Rome*, when any *Pope* dies, to ſay, *Now the Dog is dead, all his Malice is buried with him.* But I doubt, it will not prove true in the *Court* of *France* at this Juncture. For the *King* will either find a *Miniſter* Equal in Subtlety to the Deceas'd *Cardinal*, who ſhall ſupply his Place; or he will take the Adminiſtration of Affairs into his own Hands. Be it which Way it will, we are like to ſee the ſame *Maxims* purſu'd, ſo long as *Cardinal Richlieu*'s *Memoirs* are in Being, who firſt taught this *Crown* to underſtand its own Strength.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1661.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Vizir Azem *at the* Port.

I Have ſent a *Diſpatch* to the *Mufti* acquainting him with the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*, *Firſt Miniſter* of *State*, and the Greateſt *Favourite* that ever liv'd. Now I will inform thee of ſome Paſſages, which I omitted in my Letter to that Venerable *Prelate*. It is Neceſſary for me thus to diſtribute my Intelligence, with a due Reſpect to the different *Quality* of my *Superiours*.

Thou, I ſuppoſe, wilt require ſome Account of his Diſpoſition and Morals, with ſuch a Character as may render this Great *Genius* familiar to thy Knowledge.

He ſeemed to place his Chief Happineſs in aggrandizing his *Maſter*, whom he ſerv'd with a Zeal ſo pure and diſintereſs'd; a Loyalty ſo Incorruptible, and by ſuch regular Methods of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days, nothing were to be counted Vertue or Vice, but what either favour'd or oppos'd the *King* of *France*'s Intereſt. He was of a Happy Conſtitution for a *Courtier*, being by Nature Debonaire, Complaiſant, Affable, and of a Sweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art, taught him to improve theſe Advantages, to the Height of Diſſimulation. You ſhould ſee Courteſie and extraordinary Goodneſs flowing into every Feature of his Face; You

ſhould hear Words breathing from his Mouth, like the ſoft Benedictions of an *Angel*: Yet at the ſame Time, his Heart gave the Lye to Both. He meant Nothing leſs, than that a Man ſhould find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promiſe any Thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance, ſlow and full of Excuſes. Frugal of his *Prince*'s Money, and Liberal of his own. Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them: Aiming in *all* Things to exceed other Men, his *Equals*; and in *ſome*, to ſurpaſs even Mighty *Princes*, his Superiours. In a word, he was accompliſh'd with all Qualifications requiſite in a Fortunate *Courtier*, and a good *Stateſman*.

Yet after all, this Sublime *Genius* yielded to *Death*: but not like *Common Mortals*. He died altogether like *himſelf*, without ſo much as changing that ſettled Gravity, and Serene Air of his Face, as had been Remarkable during his Life. He made the *King* Heir of his Eſtate, and bequeathed abundance of Legacies.

To ſay all in Brief: If he was Great in his *Life*, he was much more ſo in his *Death*; mingling his laſt Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the *King*, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a *Son* for a *Father*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

YEſterday a *Diſpatch* came to my Hand from a very Remote Part of the Earth. Our Couſin *Iſouf* ſent it from *Aſtracan*, a Famous City for Traffick, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tartars*, but now in the Poſſeſſion of the *Moſcovites*. He has been there a Conſiderable Time, finding Profit by Merchandiſe: For, there is a vaſt Reſort to that City from *China*, *Indoſtan*, *Perſia*, *Moſcovy*, and other *Provinces* of *Europe* and *Aſia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the *Caravans* of Trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly ſuſtain the Innumerable Multitude of Veſſels, that Tranſport Paſſengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Aſtracan*, and the *Regions* round about the *Caſpian Sea*, into which that Mighty River diſcharges it ſelf.

Iſouf is Ingenious, and has pitch'd upon ſome Advantageous Way of enriching himſelf, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or at leaſt, he will repoſe himſelf there, till Fortune preſents him with a fairer Opportunity of encreaſing his Wealth.

In the mean Time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himſelf free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embaraſs'd him ſo much formerly. He ſoon put that troubleſome Wife out of his Mind, after he had Divorc'd her; and he never fail'd to gratify himſelf with new Amours, where ever he came in his Travels. He writes very Comically; and I can't forbear ſmiling, when he tells me, He has had as many *Concubines* as the *Grand Signior*. By which thou wilt perceive, That *Iſouf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confeſſes, That he firſt learned this Mode of loving at large in *Perſia*, eſpecially at *Iſpahan*; where he ſays, 'tis a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at Intriguing with the Ladies: And he is call'd a *Turk* by way of Diſgrace, who frequents not every Evening the *Gardens* and *Houſes* of *Pleaſure* in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater. And that the very Nature of that *Climate*, diſpoſes a Man to this ſoft Paſſion. In a word, our Amorous Kinſman retains the ſame Humour ſtill.

Yet this does not hinder him from proſecuting his neceſſary Affairs with Diligence, and Alacrity. He diſpatch'd a Buſineſs for me at *Archangel* in *Ruſſia*, and another at *Moſco*, very dextrouſly. Which convinces me, that he is not leſs Sedulous and Careful in Things which concern himſelf. He ſays, the *Moſcovites* are the greateſt *Drunkards* in the World.

World. Their Chief and moſt beloved Liquor, is what the *French* call, *The Water of Life*. 'Tis a Chymical Drink, extracted from the Lees of Wine, or other Strong Beverages: Such as thou know'ſt is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and *Franks* in the *Levant*. When the *Moſcovites* are once got into a Houſe where this *Nectar* is Sold, and are a little warm'd and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their Money's gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Doſe of this Inebriating Stuff, and go out ſtark Naked in the Coldeſt Weather that is, fall aſleep in the open Streets, and yet are ne'er the worſe for it when they wake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For, 'tis only the Common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the Gentry and Nobility, they are more cloſe and reſerv'd in their drunken Debauches.

The *Moſcovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpoliſh'd People; Surly to one another, and extremely rugged to Strangers. They deſpiſe all other *Nations* in the World, and ſay, 'tis impoſſible for any Man to go to *Heaven*, who has not a *Moſcovite* Soul in him. They profeſs the *Chriſtian Religion*, and were formerly of the *Greek Church*; but now they have ſeparated themſelves, and ſet up a *Patriarch* of their own, to whom ſo great a Veneration is paid, that the *Emperour* himſelf

ſelf holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horſe back.

Brother, I deſire thee to ſpeak advantageouſly of *Iſouf* to the Illuſtrious *Kerker Haſſan*, and to the other *Baſſa's* of the Bench. He will be a ſerviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encourag'd by ſome Place of *Honour* and *Profit*. I wiſh I could ſay the ſame of our *Couſin Solyman*. But he is too Wiſe in his own Conceit.

Dear *Peſteli*, excuſe my Abruptneſs; For my Hours are divided between the Service I owe the *Sultan*, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Cabet, *Student in the Sciences, and Penſioner to the* Sultan.

I Have heard of thy *Fame*, and the Manner of thy *Converſion* to the *Law* brought down from *Heaven:* How that from a *Chriſtian Prieſt*, thou art become a *Muſſulman Abdalla*, that is, a *Believer* and *Servant* of the *True God*. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of *Faith* and *Religion:* For *Hypocrites* are

are neither Acceptable to *God* nor Man. Yet moſt Men are Proſelyted for Intereſt, Fear, or other Humane Regards. And in the Sence of the *Chriſtians*, thou knoweſt, a *Renegado* and a Villain are Reciprocal Terms.

The Inſupportable Miſeries of *Servitude*, tempt many to embrace *Circumciſion*, which at once ſets 'em free, and often puts 'em in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more Happily than they did, even before they were Captives: Whilſt Ambition and Avarice, are prevailing Motives with others in more Proſperous Circumſtances to be of the *Grand Signior's Religion*, that ſo they may riſe in his Favour, and obtain ſome Conſiderable *Preferment* at the *Court*, or *Office* in the *Army*; like the Ancient *Melchites* among the *Chriſtians*, who were ſo call'd, becauſe they always profeſs'd the Faith of the *Grecian Emperours*, without examining whether it was *Orthodox* or no. A Sort of Religious *Paraſites*, who would be any Thing to ſerve their own Intereſt, and Adore the *Devil* himſelf, provided their *Sovereign* ſhew'd 'em an Example.

Yet after all, there are ſome who change their *Religion* in pure Sincerity, only compell'd thereto by the Dint of Exalted Reaſon, and Motives of Vertue. Such as theſe are Thinking Men, Perſons of Bold Spirits, who dare call in Queſtion the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*, examine the *Principles* in which they were Educated, diſpute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of Natural Truth.

I rejoyce to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterfeits or Bigots: For ſuch bring no Credit to the *Religion* they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of the Munificent *Port* are open to receive all who proteſs that *God* is *One*, and that *Mahomet* is his *Apoſtle*; leaving the Scrutiny of their Intention, to him who ſearches the Heart.

Thy *Learning* gives thee Fair Opportunities of doing Good. Put it to a Right Uſe. Convince the *Infidels* whom thou haſt forſaken, of their Errors; confirm the *True Believers*, in the *Faith* without Blemiſh.

Do this by Diſcourſe, by Writing, and by thine own Exemplary Life, which laſt will prevail above Ten Thouſand Eloquent *Sermons*.

In a word, ſhew thy ſelf a True and Faithful *Follower* of the *Prophet* on Earth, and *God* will tranſlate thee to his Company in *Paradiſe*; where *Moſes* will Introduce thee, *Jeſus* will Entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 *Prophets* will welcome thee to the Pleaſures which know no End.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

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LETTER V.

To the Mufti.

WE are apt to admire ſome Strange Paſſages which we find Recorded in *Ancient Hiſtory*, and whoſe Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we ſlight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, Evident Matters of Fact, which no body can contradict. Whence this ſhould proceed, I know not, unleſs it be from a Natural Kind of Drowſineſs in the *Soul*, Common to the greateſt Part of Men; like the Sleep of thoſe, who cannot ſo ſoon be awaken'd by the loudeſt Noiſes they are accuſtom'd to, as by the ſoft and ſtill *Idea's* of a ſtrange *Dream*; So we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, tho' in themſelves never ſo prodigious: Whilſt we ſtart and are amaz'd at the moſt Ordinary Relations of *Antiquity*, only becauſe they are Novel to us, and we were not Eye-Witneſſes of the Things themſelves.

I formerly ſent a Letter to *Cara Hali*, the *Sultan's Phyſician*, wherein I mentioned ſeveral *Phyſicians* of *Arabia*, who in paſt Ages, were Eminent for ſome Remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the *King* of *France's* Succeſs in Curing an *Epidemical* Diſtemper, which they call the *KING's*-

KING's-EVIL. The General *Symptoms* of this *Malady*, are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; ſometimes accompanied with Blindneſs, Deafneſs, Lameneſs, and other Imperfections. Thoſe who are troubled with this *Diſeaſe*, flock to the *King's Court* at certain Seaſons of the Year, and being introduced into his Preſence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand, and an Infallible Cure follows.

They ſay, this Gift has been Inherent in the *Kings* of *France* for many Generations: And the *Prieſts* magnify it as a Great *Miracle*. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the People's Imagination, which thou knoweſt works half the Cure in many Diſtempers. The *Prieſts* ſtand by the *King*, whilſt he touches the Sick: They repeat their *Goſpel*, and uſe certain *Prayers* and *Exorciſms*, being veſted all in White like *Magicians*. Theſe *Ceremonies* are perform'd with abundance of Gravity, which ſtrikes an Awe into the Credulous Patients. And to render the Buſineſs yet more Myſterious; whereas other *Phyſicians* take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æſculapius* beſtows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are obliged to wear about their Necks as long as they live. Now whether the *Charm* lies in the *Gold*, or the *King's* Touch, or the *Prayers* and *Ceremonies* of the *Prieſts*, or finally in the Patient's *Fancy*, it matters not much. This is certain, That Thouſands who come to the *King's* Feet, very much diſorder'd by this *Evil*,

Evil, find a ſenſible Alteration in their Bodies, before they depart from his Preſence; and in a few Hours or Days at moſt, are perfectly recovered.

Perhaps, the *Kings* of *France* have ſome *Magical* or *Phyſical* Tincture in their *Blood*. Or, it may be, they have found out the *Philoſopher's Stone*, ſo much talk'd of; and delivered it down to their *Poſterity*, as a Part of the *Royal Inheritance*. Which enables the preſent *King*, to do ſo many Prodigious Things both at *Home* and *Abroad*, in *Peace* and in *War*, beſides his Part in Curing this Sickneſs. I am no *Roſicrucian*, nor very fond or credulous of *Miracles*; yet I often wonder at the *Treaſures* of this *Monarch*, which appear Inexhauſtible. But the Ways of *Kings* are ſecret, and he of *France* is ſingular in his Myſterious Methods of growing Rich and Great. Neither do all his Magnificent Expences, ſeem to diminiſh his Wealth. The *King* of *Sueden* has been his *Penſioner* ever ſince he began to Reign: And Millions of *French* Gold, are diſperſed among the *German Princes*.

Theſe Things cauſe his *Subjects* to deſcant variouſly. But I referr 'em to thy *Oraculous* Judgment, whoſe Single *Teſta* is of Ten Thouſand Times more Worth, than the *Decrees* of a *French Parliament*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

NOW I will vent *Holy* Things, and what the *Divinity* ſhall Inſpire. The *World* was in Weeds when *Hoſain* the *Prophet* was ſlain, and the *Moon* put on her *Mourning* Dreſs. The *Tymbrels* of *Perſia*, *Arabia* and *Babylon* were heard in the Dead of Night: Their Sound reach'd to the *Third Heaven:* The Shepherds ran to the Heights of the Earth, to diſcover the Occaſion of ſo much Noiſe. The *Sentinels* of Forts and Caſtles gave the Alarm, and the *Men* of *War* took hold of the Sword, the Bow and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflowed its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A Dark Body of Clouds overcaſt the Sky, and poured forth Thunder, Lightning and Hail. Fire ran along on the Sands of the *Deſart*, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horror poſſeſs'd the Minds of Mortals, and the *Angels* themſelves were Uneaſy. The Beaſts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touch'd with Remorſe. Only the more Venomous *Kyſilbaſchi* ſwell'd with Pride: The Poyſon of Murder and Hereſy had puff'd up their *Souls:* They and their Poſterity are accurs'd to this Day, and to the Hour of the Irrevocable *Sentence*.

O *Santone*,

O *Santone*, Great is thy *Faith*, in that thou haſt abandoned the Shadow of this World, and ſeparated thy ſelf from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majeſty of thy Sublime *Soul*, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gathereſt Flowers from the *Garden* of *Eden*, and being in the Body, enjoyeſt the Sweets of *Paradiſe*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taſte of thy Pleaſures, did they but know them, and exchange all the Glory of *Empires*, for one Moment of thy Unſpeakable Bliſs. Thou Companion and Care of *Angels*, Darling of the *Monarch Omnipotent!*

Where-ever thou lieſt down, whether by Day or by Night, the *Watchers* Above ſtand ready with *Umbrella's* to skreen thee from the Scorching Beams of the *Sun*, the Chilling Darts of the *Moon* and *Stars*, and from all Injuries of Weather. The *Elements* go out of their Courſes to ſerve thee, and all *Nature* eſpouſes thy Intereſt.

The *Merchant* hires a Thouſand Camels, and loads them with the Choiceſt Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, through *Syria*, *Arabia* and *Perſia*; runs the Riſque of Robbers, Diſeaſes, and Ten Thouſand Methods of Death: And after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half ſo Happy nor ſo Rich as thou, who aboundeſt in Every Thing, becauſe thou deſireſt Nothing which thou haſt not, or that is Unneceſſary. The *Plough-men* labour for thee in the *Field*, and ſo do the *Artificers* in the *City*. The Noble and the Vulgar

gar are thy Purveyors, and the Greateſt *Sovereigns* pay Tribute to thee. Every Houſe is thy Home, and they count themſelves Happy, under whoſe Roof thou vouchſafeſt to ſleep. They are really ſo; for Benediction accompanies the Perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of *Heaven* over-take them that ſhew Kindneſs to him. Thou art *Lord* of other Men's Eſtates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyeſt the Riches of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend 'em, and receiveſt Immortal Aſſurances and Seals of the Future Glory, in the Life which is to come. Oh! Happy Eſtate of the Righteous! Oh! Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I'm like a *Galley-Slave*, chain'd down to his Oar, and forc'd to Row Inceſſantly whither the *Maſter* of the Veſſel Commands. So am I oblig'd to obey the Dictates of my *Superiours*, whether there be Sin in the Caſe or no. I am faſten'd in the Cares of this Vain World, and the more Particular Anxieties of *State*. From all which thou art Happily free.

Oh that it were Lawful for me to ſhake off the Fretting Yoke, and diſintangle my ſelf from the Snares of Humane Policy! That I might live like the Men of the *Firſt Ages*, who honour'd the *Earth* as their *Common Mother*, and made no Envious Encloſures! They ſported Innocently on her Fragrant Boſom, and never moleſted their Kind *Parent*, by Cruelty to any of her *Off-Spring*. They ſuck'd

the

the Milk of her Breaſts: Her Veins ſtream'd with Wine and Honey. They banquetted on Variety of Excellent Fruits, and no Body thought of Killing and Eating his *Fellow-Animal*. The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the *Fowler*; neither did any Yawling Huntſman rowze the Timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could ſcamper at Pleaſure o'er the Plain, without being hatter'd to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary; neither did any ſly Angler trepan the Fiſh of the Rivers. As for the Sea, 'twas then Unknown; No Man as yet, had ventur'd on that Perfidious *Element*, or found out the Uſe of Ships. There was in thoſe Days no Foreign Commerce or Traffick, nor any Need of it. Every *Region* ſupply'd its Inhabitants with what was Uſeful and Neceſſary: And thoſe Temperate Mortals deſir'd no more. They lived without Irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud and Blood.

This is the Life ſo much deſir'd by me, and which thou actually enjoyeſt. *God* augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayeſt paſs from one Viſion and Ecſtaſy to another, till *Gabriel* ſnatch thy *Soul* away in a *Divine* Tranſport, beyond the Poſſibility of a Relapſe.

Holy *Santone*, whilſt thou art on *Earth*, pray for me; and when thou art among the *Immortals*, do me ſome Favours which may laſt for ever.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon. of the Year* 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Buſineſs in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all Sorts of People. Hence I indifferently aſſociate my ſelf with Stateſmen, Souldiers, Courtiers, Prieſts, Fidlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Perſons of any Profeſſion, from whom I can hope for any Improvement: For, there is hardly ſo deſpicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an Inquiſitive Mind ſomething, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converſe with *Painters*, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Sence, but very lewd and diſſolute: However, they ſerve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou knoweſt I am much inclin'd. For they are the merrieſt Sparks in the World, abounding with ſmart Repartees, Jeſts and Comical Stories, beſides a Hundred Mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh; that it is almoſt Impoſſible to be ſad in their Company.

They are moſt of them bred in the *Academy*, or in *Colleges* and *Schools* where the *Sciences* are profeſs'd: It being in a Manner neceſſary, That Men of this *Trade* ſhould have a Smack of all Sorts of *Learning*, and eſpecially, that they ſhou'd be indifferent good *Hiſto-*

Hiſtorians; they being many Times deſir'd to repreſent Pieces of *Antique* and *Modern Hiſtory*, without a *Pattern*. They have a very Facetious Way alſo of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it ſo in Picture. They wou'd diſſolve the moſt ſtiff and moroſe *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the moſt ſerious Matters, and turn every Thing into *Burleſque*: For they are Admirable *Satyriſts* by Nature.

Yet theſe are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are Proud and Stately, others Fawning and Abject: And all of them great *Humoriſts*.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a Famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the ſame Name. He died in the Year of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, 1574. This Man had amaſs'd together in his Life Time a Vaſt Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was reſolv'd to do ſomething, for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*: But thou wilt ſay this of *Martin*'s was Singular. For, on his Death-bed he bequeath'd all his Wealth to be diſtributed into Equal *Dowries* or *Portions*, wherewith to marry a certain Number of *Maids* of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-place, Yearly, on this Condition, That the New-married Couple, with all the Wedding-Gueſts, ſhou'd dance on his *Grave*. It

It is neceſſary for thee to know, that ſince his Death, there has been a great Alteration of *Religion* in thoſe *Parts:* The Inhabitants, which in his Time were *Roman Catholicks*, are now all *Proteſtants*. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they call it, it was the General Practice of the *Proteſtants*, to demoliſh all *Images* and *Croſſes* where-ever they found 'em. Now it was the Cuſtom of the *Roman Catholicks*, to ſet up a *Croſs* at the End of every *Sepulchre* of the *Dead*. Yet, ſo great a Veneration have the *Heemskirkers* for the Memory of this *Painter*, that whereas there is not a *Croſs* to be ſeen ſtanding in all the Country beſides; yet his, being of Braſs, remains untouch'd, as the onely *Title* their *Daughters* can ſhew to his *Legacy*.

'Twas a more Cruel and Inhumane Caprice of an *Italian Painter* (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who deſigning to draw a *Crucifix* to the Life, wheadl'd a poor Man to ſuffer himſelf to be bound to a *Croſs* for an Hour, at the End of which he ſhou'd be releas'd again, and receive a Conſiderable Gratuity for his Pains. But, inſtead of this, as ſoon as he had him faſt on the *Croſs*, he ſtabb'd him Dead, and then fell to drawing. He was eſteem'd the Greateſt *Maſter* in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage, of a Dead Man hanging on a *Croſs* before him, there's no Queſtion, but he made a Matchleſs Piece of Work on't.

As ſoon as he had finiſh'd his *Picture*, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was aſtoniſh'd, as at

at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquiſiteneſs of the Features and Limbs, the Languiſhing, Pale Deadneſs of the Face, the Unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not onely that Privation of Senſe, and Motion which we call Death; but alſo the very Want of the leaſt Vital Symptom.

This is better underſtood, than expreſs'd. Every Body knows that it is a Maſter-piece to repreſent a Paſſion, or a Thought well and naturally. Much greater is it to deſcribe the total Abſence of theſe Interiour Faculties, ſo as to diſtinguiſh the Figure of a Dead Man, from one that is onely Aſleep.

Yet all this and much more, cou'd the *Pope* diſcern in the Admirable *Draught* which *Giotto* preſented him. And he lik'd it ſo well, that he reſolv'd to place it over the *Altar* of his own *Chappel:* For, thou know'ſt, this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to Adore *Pictures* and *Images*. *Giotto* told him, Since he lik'd the *Copy* ſo well, he wou'd ſhew him the *Original*, if he pleas'd.

What doſt thou mean by the *Original*, ſaid the *Pope?* Wilt thou ſhew me *Chriſt Jeſus* on the *Croſs* in his own Perſon? No, reply'd *Giotto*, but I'll ſhew your *Holineſs* the *Original* from whence I drew this, if you will abſolve me from all Puniſhment.

The good old *Father* ſuſpecting ſomething extraordinary by the *Painter*'s thus Capitulating with him, promis'd on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately

ately told him where it was: And attending him to the Place, as ſoon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the Dead Man on the *Croſs*, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The *Holy Father* extremely troubl'd at ſo Inhumane and Barbarous an Action, repeal'd his Promiſe, and told the *Painter*, he ſhould ſurely be put to an Exemplary Death.

Giotto ſeeming reſigned to the *Sentence* pronounc'd upon him, onely begg'd leave to finiſh the *Picture* before he dy'd; which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was ſet upon him to prevent his Eſcape. As ſoon as the *Pope* had caus'd the *Picture* to be deliver'd into his Hands, he takes a Bruſh; and dipping it in a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpoſe, daubs the *Picture* all over with it, ſo that nothing cou'd now be ſeen of the *Crucifix:* But it was quite effac'd in all outward Appearance.

This made the *Pope* ſtark mad: He ſtamp'd, foam'd and rav'd like one in a Phrenſy. He ſwore the *Painter* ſhould ſuffer the moſt Cruel Death that cou'd be invented, unleſs he drew another full as good as the former: For if but the leaſt Grace was miſſing, he wou'd not pardon him. But if he cou'd produce an exact Parallel, he wou'd not onely give him his Life, but an Ample Reward in Money.

The *Painter*, as he had Reaſon, deſir'd this under the *Pope*'s *Signet*, that he might not be in Danger of a Second Repeal: Which was

was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wip'd off all the *Varniſh* he had daub'd on the *Picture*. And the *Crucifix* appeared the ſame in all Reſpects, as it was before.

The *Pope*, who looked on this as a great Secret, being Ignorant of the Arts which *Painters* uſe, was raviſhed at the ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*. And to reward the *Painter*'s treble Ingenuity, he abſolv'd him from all his Sins, and the Puniſhments due to them; ordering moreover his *Steward*, to cover the *Picture* all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the *Painter*. And, they ſay, this *Crucifix* is the Original by which the moſt famous *Crucifixes* in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflection on this, Than that as the Suppos'd Murder of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, is the Source of all the *Chriſtians Devotion*; ſo the real *Homicide* which this *Painter* committed, has made it more intenſe and fervent, by how much the *Crucifixes* drawn after his *Pattern*, excel all that were ſeen before them, in the *Tragical* Portraiture of the *Martyr'd Meſſias*.

And, from this Reaſon it is, that *Painters* are in ſo great Eſteem among the *Italians*, becauſe they form the *Gods* which thoſe *Infidels* Adore. It is no wonder therefore, that the *Chief Head* of their *Church*, ſhould ſo eaſily Abſolve *Murder* in a *Painter*, as a *Venial* Sin, eſpecially when it is done *in Ordine ad Deum*, as the *Jeſuites* ſay, that is, to promote *God*'s Glory, as the *Pope* eaſily perſuaded

ſuaded himſelf this was: Since *Idolatry* is the main Engine which ſupports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a *Type* of *Heaven*; or at leaſt, the Crafty *Prieſts* would fain repreſent it ſo.

My Friend, thou and I have ſeen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praiſe be to *God*, they had not Power to pervert us. Our *Faith* remains Inviolate: We ſtill poſſeſs the Integrity of *Muſſulmans*, the Native Attach we owe to the *Prophet*, who was ſent to Exterminate *Idols*. In a word, we Adore none but One *God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds*. May that *Incomprehenſible* for ever keep us in the ſame *Faith* and Practice, till the Releaſe of our *Souls*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, *an* Egyptian Knight.

THis *Court* is now at *Fountainbleau*, and all ſeem to be diſſolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a *Dauphin*. The *Queen* was delivered of this Young *Prince*, on the Firſt Day of this *Moon*. There's Nothing but Feaſting, Dancing and Revelling on this Account, with Boneſires and Congratulatory Addreſſes. Only the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *King*'s Brother, has little Reaſon to be over-merry; ſince he was the next Preſumptive *Heir* of the *Crown*, in Caſe the *King* died without Iſſue-Male: For the *Laws* of *France* exclude a *Female* from Reigning. Yet, this *Duke* diſſembles his Inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hopes, and appears as Joyful, as the *Father* himſelf. He huggs and admires the *Royal* Babe, wiſhing him Health and long Life in Compliment, whom he really could rather wiſh out of the World; or at leaſt, that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a *Crown*, ſo ſtrong the Deſire of *Empire*, That the Nearneſs of *Relation*, which endears the Reſt of Mortals one to another, eſtranges the Hearts of *Princes* from thoſe of their own *Blood*, if they ſtand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can aſſure thee, the *French* do

not ſpare to ſay, the *Duke* of *Orleans* has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things, were not his *Genius* over-aw'd, by the Matchleſs Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the *King* himſelf Inſenſible of this; remembring with what Warmth the *Duke* received the Flattering Addreſſes of ſome *Courtiers*, during his Brother's dangerous Sickneſs, when the *Phyſicians* had well-nigh given him over for a Dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Paſſage but lately by *Oſmin* the *Dwarf*, who watches all the Motions of this *Court*. He tells me, that the *King* being inform'd, a Rumour was whiſpered among the *Grandees* of his Death, cauſed them all to be ſent for, and to paſs through his Chamber, whilſt the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might ſee their *Sovereign* alive, tho' in a bad State of Health. He ſays moreover, That the true Reaſon, why ſeveral *Lords* of late have been removed from their *Offices* about the *King*, is becauſe he reſented ill the too early and paſſionate Court they made to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, on the Report of his Brother's Death. 'Tis natural to all Men, to love themſelves, and to deſire the Diſpoſal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his *Eſtate* given away by his Servants, at their own Diſcretion. And *Sovereign Monarchs* are the moſt Jealous of all Men in ſuch Caſes: Particularly, the *King* of *France* is known to be a *Prince* very ſenſible of his Honour, and ſoon touched in that Point, by the leaſt Appearance

pearance of Dis-respect in his *Subjects*, and of Encroachment in his Neighbours.

As for the *Duke* of *Orleans*, he is a *Prince* of no Great Character, either as a Souldier, or a Statesman. Neither has he been much talked of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he Married an *English Princess*, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter to the late Murder'd *King* of that *Nation*.

We have had another *Match* here also, between the late *Duke* of *Orleans*'s Daughter, and the *Prince* of *Toscany*. These things occasion various Discourse among those who pretend to weigh exactly the different Interests of *Christian Courts*, especially of such as are concerned in the New *Alliances*. For, the Greatest *Monarchs* here in the *West*, marry only for Profit and Advantage, to Fortify themselves by a closer Union with the *House* to which they are Ally'd. Whereas our *Eastern Princes* only indulge their Passions in the Choice of their Wives; admitting none to their Embraces, but the most Exquisite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Phancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation, save what their Love suggests; being themselves Inexhaustible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility and good Fortune to all who have the Happiness to be in their Favour.

They scorn to sell themselves, and prostitute the Glory of their *Diadems* to a *Foreign Prince*, for the Sake of a little Gold, and

much Trouble, with a proud Female, whom perhaps they never ſaw. Yet this is the common Practice among the *Princes* of the *Nazarene Belief*; Who conſider not, that inſtead of a Wife, a Partner of their *Empire*, and a Friend, they often entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy: Eſpecially if ſhe be a Woman of Wit and Intrigue, as moſt of them are. This made the now *Queen-Mother*, the *Relict* of *Lewis* XIII, ſuſpected by her Huſband; and the preſent *Queen* of *France* is under the like Circumſtances: And it will always be ſo, where *Princes* Match themſelves after this manner, and cannot debarr their Wives from holding a ſecret Correſpondence with the *Family* from which they Deſcend.

Aſſuredly, the *Ottoman Politicks* are the moſt refined and ſecure of any in the World; our *Religion* moſt *Holy*, and our *Morals* moſt *Sound*. Which Three are evident Signs, That *God* has raiſed up this *Sacred Empire*, to ſubdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring 'em to the *Faith* of his *Divine Unity*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the* Grand Signior.

I Am now in my Chamber by a Glowing Fire, wanting Nothing that can comfort a Reaſonable Man: Whilſt I hear the Winds whiſtling, the Snow driving upon my Windows, and the Hollow Voices of the *Watch* proclaiming a Night little leſs Cold, than that *laſting one* they feel in the *Arctick Circle* once a Year. Yet I wiſh my ſelf in a Plain, or on the Top of ſome High Mountain, where I might feel *Nature* in the moſt Rigid of all her Humours. I love Variety, and 'tis a Pain to be confined to pleaſure it ſelf, when 'tis all of one Kind, or what I'm us'd to.

'Tis to thee, my Dear *Hali*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the *Cemetery* of *Sultan Solyman*'s *Moſque*, *That Man is made for all Things.*

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reaſon with which you explained your Sentiments, upon a Loſs which I had then ſuſtained by *Shipwrack*; comforting me with this Reflection, That all the Gains on Earth are only Burdens; all the Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, and whatſoever is deſired by Mortals, are but ſo many Clogs to tie us faſter to this,

Little, Narrow *Globe*, whereon we're born to trample as our *Foot-Stool.*

All this is true; but I conſider farther, That the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we ſhould be as Chearful in a *Priſon*, as in a *Palace*; becauſe Nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by *Fate.* Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a Juſt Cauſe, as to a Sumptuous Banquet. I could ſmile at the Malice of my Perſecutors, and triumph o'er the Vain *Executioners*, when I ſee them ſweat at their Inhumane Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a *Soul* caſt in ſuch a Mold as mine. Whatever they may do with my Body, tho' they excruciate me with a Thouſand Inventions of Cruelty, tho' they reduce me to Aſhes, yet they cannot rob me of my *Reaſon.* Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Inſtrument of Barbarous Rage, can hurt my Thoughts. I ſhall ſtill have the Power of Meditating, in Spight of 'em all: And I eſteem that the Specifick Happineſs of a *Rational* Creature. There's no ſuch Thing as Pleaſure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes ſo. I have try'd to handle Fire; I've graſped hot burning Coals in the Palm of my Hand, with which I now write. The devouring *Element* ſoon faſtned on my Skin, and eat its way through into my Fleſh, whilſt I was buſy in Contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concern'd in any Sence of Pain. I kept a tite Rein, and curb'd my *Soul.* I held it within Compaſs, and would not

not ſuffer it to winch, or laſh, or flounce out of its ſelf, or deſcend into my Body, to reſcue the Part Affected, or be concern'd at its Grievance. But when I reflected on the Inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from ſerving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well ſatisfied that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reaſon, or falling into any Paſſion Unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleaſure in Faſting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour, as in Reſt; in Watching, as in Sleep. There's no Exceſs or Contrariety in *Nature*, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the *Golden Mean* it ſelf. I find Guſt in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the Proper Part of a *Muſſulman*, or of one *Reſigned* to *God*.

Yet this hinders me not from buſtling in the World, and proſecuting my Buſineſs with Alacrity and ſome Eagerneſs. We are born for Action, and not wholly for Thought. 'Tis a mix'd Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End, or deſired Succeſs in any Undertaking, I am not troubl'd, conſidering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this Mortal State.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not pretend to the Celebrated *Apathy* of the *Stoicks*. I feel Pleaſure and Pain from the ſame Objects which thus affect other Men: But I feel 'em with Indifference, not ſuffering my Underſtanding and Judgment to participate with my Paſſion and Sence.

I have perceived my ſelf ſometimes in *Agonies* which I thought exactly anſwered the Character of thoſe which dying Perſons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very ſame: Yet I found no Panick Fears upon me, no Dread of that Amazing Change: But rather certain Blooming Hopes, Young, Tender Springing Joys, ariſing from the Thoughts of a New Life, the Unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promiſed my ſelf the Pleaſure of Freſh Enjoyments and Diverſions, to which I was wholly then a Stranger.

If thou thinkeſt this too Extravagant, and that Death is not a Proper Object of our Wiſhes, yet thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge, That it may furniſh us with ſufficient Arguments of Content and Acquieſcence, ſince no Man can avoid it, and it is ſure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very deſirable Figure, becauſe Humane Nature perpetually covets New Things.

I have ſeen Perſons Condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offer'd Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour; yet have refuſed it, and rather choſe Death which they knew would free 'em at once from all their Preſent Troubles. And thou know'ſt with what Reſignation our Greateſt *Baſſa's* ſubmit their Necks to the *Executioner's*, when the *Grand Signior* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the *Fatal Mandate*, is, *The Will of my Sovereign*

vereign Lord be done. They at once gather up all the Strength of their ſcattered Reaſon, and ſhrink their dilated *Souls* to a Point. Then with a Re-doubled Force, they ſhake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleaſures of this Life, as a Man rowzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles and a profound Submiſſion they kiſs the *Royal Firme*, being awaken'd to the Thoughts of more Illuſtrious and Serene Joys, than this groſs Earth affoards, even to the Ineffable Pleaſures of *Eden*, the ſure Reward of thoſe that die in Obedience and Peace: Since they are to be eſteemed *Martyrs*, as well as thoſe who meet Death in the Field of the *Sacred Combat*, in the *War* for our *Holy Faith.*

Oh! that it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour, to have my laſt Breath mixed with the Devout Aſpirations and Suffrages of *True Believers*, that ſo my Example might edify others, and the Publick Character of an Untainted Loyalty might benefit my ſelf: Whilſt Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the Inviſible *Regions*, to prepare the *Ghoſts* of Juſt Men to bid me welcome, and give me a kind Reception, who am yet wholly a Stranger in thoſe Parts of the World: For Death it ſelf cannot baniſh me out of the Univerſe. And there's my laſt Comfort.

Thou, my dear *Phyſician*, wilt conclude, I'm Melancholy by this Kind of Diſcourſe. But I tell thee, 'tis only another way of Expreſſing the Secret Pleaſure and Tranquility of my *Soul*, which is more to be valued by him

that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and Extravagant Mirth in the World. These only ruffle our Passions, and raise a Dust in our Eyes: Whereas the other compose and purify our Reason, giving us a Constant Prospect of Things Past, Present, and to Come. So that we can never be at a Loss, but always ready equipp'd for the worst Contingencies. *Hali*, Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1661.

LETTER X.

To the same.

THE *Court* of *France* in all Things endeavours to imitate the Ancient Grandeur of the *Roman Emperours*, and their Policy. As they had their *Amphitheatres*, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of *Shows* and *Spectacles* to divert the People in Time of *Peace*; so have these their *Theatres* whereon according to the more Acceptable Mode of the present Age, are represented the Various Kinds of Vertue and Vice; Men's Follies, and Perfection; Modern Humours, and the Ancient Morality; Intrigues of Love, and of State; Surprizing Actions of *War*, and the Subtle Overtures of *Peace*; The *Tyranny* of

of *Sovereigns*, and *Rebellion* of *Subjects*. In fine, Whatſoever is treated of in Books, is here Acted to the Life on the *Stage*, and with ſo much Advantage of Scenes, Interludes, Muſick, Dances, Language, Wit, Humour, and the like Charming Circumſtances, That a Man at ſome Hours cannot better paſs away his Time, than in being preſent at theſe Entertainments. Where all that he has read, either in Ancient or Modern *Hiſtory*, deſerving Remark, ſhall be ſucceſſively preſented to his View, as efficaciouſly as if the Perſons were now living, and in preſence, whoſe Actions each *Play* deſcribes.

There you ſhall be introduced as it were, into the *Court* and *Camp* of the *Grand Cyrus*: You ſhall accompany *Alexander* the *Great* in his *Expeditions* through *Aſia*: You ſhall ſee him die of *Poyſon* at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian Empire* Cantoniz'd among his *Officers*: You ſhall behold all the *Roman Cæſars* in their *Riſe* and *Fall*: With whatſoever Particularities were obſervable in this or any other Renown'd *Monarchy* on Earth; not excluding the laſt and moſt Univerſal *Empire* of the *Ottomans*. For theſe *Infidels* preſume to act o'er again, the Part of *Timerlen*, and lead about in a *Dramatick* Triumph, the Encag'd, yet ſtill Invincible *Bajazet*. In Habits, which only become the deſtin'd *Conquerours* of the *World*, theſe Slaves dare perſonate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet* the *Great*, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himſelf, the Stouteſt *Emperour* that ever Reigned: I mean, the *Uncle* of our preſent *Sovereign*. Be-

Beſides *True Hiſtory* thus repreſented, the Spectators are ſometimes diverted with *Fabulous Entries* of *Gods*, *Nymphs*, *Faunes*, *Satyrs*, *Muſes*, *Graces*, *Monſters*, and whatſoever we find in the Ancient *Poets*.

There you ſhall ſee *Prometheus* fetching *Fire* from *Heaven*, to give *Life* to his *Men* of *Clay*; *Lycaon* transformed into a *Wolf*, for his Inhoſpitable Carriage to *Jupiter*; *Ganymede*, ſnatched up into *Heaven* by an *Eagle*, and made *Jupiter*'s Cup-bearer, for his ſingular Beauty. It is pleaſant alſo to ſee *Phryxus* with his Siſter *Helle*, Swimming o'er the *Helleſpont* on the Back of a *Ram*, with a *Golden Fleece*; whilſt ſhe for Fear, falls off, and is drowned: And from her Name [*Helle*] that *Sea* is ſuppos'd to be ſo called. In the mean while, *Phryxus* ſwims forward, and arrives at *Colchis*, where he ſacrifices the *Ram*, and hangs the *Golden Fleece* up in the *Temple*; which was afterwards ſtole away by *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*. It is equally diverting, to ſee the Artifice of the *Scenes* and *Machines*, which repreſent *Jupiter* transforming himſelf into a *Show'r* of *Gold*, and ſo deſcending into *Danae*'s Lap, when he begets *Perſeus* on her, who ſubdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Meduſa*'s Head, turned the *Cephen Nobles* into *Statues*. In a word, all the Ingenious *Fictions* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Ovid* and the reſt of the *Greek* and *Roman Poets*, are here tranſlated, not ſo much from one *Language* to another, as from Words to Actions, and from Dead, Inanimate Characters, to Living Figures of the Things

Things themſelves. For theſe Sort of *Plays* are acted by Men, Women and Children culled out, and Educated for that Purpoſe. And the Managers are at a vaſt Charge, for Variety of Proper *Scenes* and *Dreſſes* for every Occaſion; each *Actor* being exactly Apparell'd according to the different *Quality* of the Perſons repreſented, and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

Theſe Sort of Divertiſements, are very agreeable both to the *Court* and the *City*. The *King* takes great Delight in them, eſpecially in *Ballets* and *Paſtorals*, which conſiſt chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of *Antiques*, repreſenting *Monſters* and *Devils*, as the *Chriſtians* uſually deſcribe 'em.

But there was lately a check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has ſurpriz'd all People that hear of it, and has puzzl'd the moſt Intelligent Heads, to give an Account of ſo ſtrange an Occurrence.

On the 19*th*. of this *Moon*, the *King* and the whole *Court* were preſent at a *Ballet*, repreſenting the Grandeur of the *French Monarchy*. About the middle of the Entertainment, there was an *Antique* Dance performed by Twelve *Maſqueraders*, in the ſuppos'd *Forms* of *Dæmons*. But before they had advanced far in their *Dance*, they found an *Interloper* among 'em, who by encreaſing the Number to Thirteen, put 'em quite out of their Meaſures: For they practiſe every Step and Motion before-hand, till they are perfect. Being

ing abaſh'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth *Antique* made 'em commit, they ſtood ſtill like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmask, or ſpeak a word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Diſorder and Confuſion. *Cardinal Mazarini* (who was the chief Contriver of theſe Entertainments, to divert the *King* from more ſerious Thoughts) ſtood cloſe by the Young *Monarch*, with a Scheme of the *Ballet* in his Hand. Knowing therefore, that this *Dance* was to conſiſt but of Twelve *Antiques*, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at Firſt imputed it to ſome Miſtake. But afterwards when he perceived the Confuſion of the *Dancers*, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cauſe of this Diſorder. To be brief, they convinc'd the *Cardinal*, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a kind of Demonſtration, in that they had but Twelve *Antique* Dreſſes of that Sort, which were made on Purpoſe for this particular *Ballet*; whereas the Thirteenth *Dancer* was diſguiz'd after the ſame manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the *Devil* or ſome body elſe, had put a Trick upon 'em. That which made it ſeem the greater Myſtery was, that when they came behind the *Scenes* to uncaſe, and examine the Matter, they found but Twelve *Antiques*, whereas on the *Stage* there were Thirteen.

The preciſer Sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the *Devil* was amongſt 'em:

Whilſt

Whilſt others more probably ſay, 'Twas only ſome Envious or Ambitious *Dancing-Maſter*, who was either reſolv'd to be reveng'd for not being one of the Twelve, or deſign'd to ſhew his Parts *Incognito*, againſt another Opportunity, and in the *Interim*, ſet the *Court* a wondring at his Singular Skill and Dexterity: For it was obſerv'd, That one of the Thirteen far ſurpaſs'd all the Reſt, and did Things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Paſſage that happen'd on the like Occaſion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about Eighteen Years ago, yet was not half ſo much talk'd of then, as 'tis now: Which was the Reaſon, I took no Notice of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it: 'Tis the general Diſcourſe of all Companies, who make Compariſons of that Event with this. Perhaps 'twill not be unpleaſant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644. toward the latter End, a Company of *Stage-Players* were at a Place call'd *Vitry*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; But there happen'd ſomething really Tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one *Dead*, and then he was to revive again by *Magick*. He Acted his Part too truly, and baffl'd the *Necromancer*'s Art. For when he touch'd him with his *Taliſman*, as the Rules of the *Play* requir'd, in Order to his *Reſurrection*, the *Inanimate Trunk* could not obey. The Man was *Dead* indeed.

Whether

Whether he over-ſtrained himſelf in imitating the Silent, Still, and Irrecoverable Privations of that Paſſive State, and gave his ſlippery *Soul* a ſtrong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity, to eſcape its Bonds; Or, whether *Heaven* had a Particular Hand in ſo Remarkable a *Cataſtrophe*, I will not preſume to divine. But this and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with *Plays*.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *'Tis not good to Jeſt with God, Death or the Devil. For the Firſt neither can, nor will be mocked; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the Third puts an Eternal Sarcaſm on thoſe that are too familiar with him.* Adieu.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

GOD unravel my *Soul*, reverſe my *Faculties*, turn my *Nature* inſide out, make me a *Monſter* of a New *Predicament*, or annihilate me, which he pleaſes, if I am not true to my Truſt: Yet the *Miniſters* of the *Port* ſuſpect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*, whilſt he was climbing the boundleſs Heights of the Firmament, I've a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leap'd into the Fathomleſs *Abyſs* to ſave his *Country* from Ruine. They miſtake *Mahmut*, who think he'll be pimp'd out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I'd run the Riſque of *Damnation* it ſelf to ſerve my *Sovereign*, or to do any Thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my *Superiours* uſe me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. 'Tis ſtrange to me, whence all this Malice ſhould proceed; and that after I have done and ſuffered all that could be expected from a *Muſſulman* in my Poſt, to demonſtrate my Incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I ſhould ſtill be perſecuted as a *Giaſer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman* Intereſt. I know not what to think of it.

If

If I have done any Thing which deſerves Death or Impriſonment, why do they not ſend for me to *Conſtantinople*, and execute Juſtice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this *Poſt*, why do they not call for my *Commiſſion*, and give it to ſome Body better qualify'd? Either of theſe wou'd be a merciful Proceeding, compar'd with the more Cruel and Ignominious Way they have invented to murder me; For, now they put me to a lingring Death, by continually corroding and waſting the Peace of my *Soul*, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproaches.

I am not at all troubl'd when they tax me with *Atheiſm*, or ſay, I'm a *Kyſilbaſchi*, a *Libertine*, a *Chriſtian*, a *Heathen Philoſopher*; or when they are pleas'd to make a *Monſter* of me, a Mungrel *Gallimaufry*, a walking Hotchpotch, compounded of *Jew*, *Turk*, *Nazarene* and *Epicure*. In loading me with theſe opprobrious Titles, they rank me with ſome of the Greateſt Mortals, and engage even our *Holy Prophet* himſelf to eſpouſe my Cauſe, and vindicate my Reputation; ſince he is in theſe very Terms blaſphem'd by the *Followers* of *Jeſus*: Thoſe *Infidels* forgetting that their own *Meſſias* was after the like Manner traduc'd by the *Jews*, who call'd him *Impoſtor*, *Magician*, *Heretick*, *Devil*, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all *Holy* Men and *Prophets*, to be envied and aſpers'd by the *Grandees* of the *Nation* and *Age* wherein they liv'd: Becauſe they boldly reprov'd

reprov'd their Vices, and taught them the ſincere Maxims of Vertue both by Word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to liſt my ſelf in the Number of *Prophets*, or Perfect Men; yet I have Reaſon to conclude, That all this Perſecution is rais'd againſt me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of thoſe, who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Tho' I have been commanded to do this by the moſt *Auguſt Miniſters* of the *Empire*. But great Men in Power, love not to be told of their Faults. They wou'd live Arbitrary as *Sovereigns*, without the leaſt Check or Controul. They will rather cheriſh a Thouſand Flatterers and Sycophants, than ſuffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me moſt, is, That they glance upon me in ſome Expreſſions, as if I were falſe to the Truſt which is repos'd in me. A Crime for which I ever had an Invincible Abhorrence, and which wou'd ſooner tempt me a Thouſand Times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou know'ſt my Temper, and I need ſay no more.

I ſhou'd have burſt with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Reſentments this Vent, and that to a Friend, who by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and ſo I'm eas'd.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Abrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

THEY have a *Proverb* here in the *Weſt*, which ſays, *All is not Gold that gliſters.* And 'tis frequently verify'd in their own *Prieſts*, who are generally the greateſt *Hypocrites* in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I ſent a Letter to *Bedredin*, *Superiour* of the *Derviſhes* of *Cogni* in *Natolia*, whoſe *Soul* is now with *God*; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converſe I once had with a *Jeſuite*. For, pretending to be a *Student* and *Retainer* to the *Clergy*, I cou'd not avoid the Company of *Eccleſiaſticks*: Beſides, it was my Intereſt to inſinuate into their Acquaintance; and to tell the Truth, I have made it a great Part of my Buſineſs to gain a Familiarity with *Prieſts* and *Derviſhes*, ever ſince I came hither.

There was Abundance of Reaſon for this, on ſeveral Accounts. For I improv'd my ſelf much by the Society of thoſe amongſt them that are Learned; and I edify'd not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From ſome I ſqueez'd out Secrets of *State*, and the Deſigns of *Cabals*: By others I penetrated into the Myſterious Vices of their own *Order*. In a Word, all of them taught me ſomething

or

or other which I knew not before; and I never had Occaſion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a Particular Friendſhip with an Honeſt *Friar* or Two in this City, who were Perſons of Candour and Learning: But, now they are Dead. Beſides, I have had no ſmall Intimacy with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendſhip of theſe *Princely Prieſts*, yet it had been impoſſible to eſcape their Knowledge, as obſcure a Figure as I make. For, it was their conſtant Practice, thus to ſeek out all the Strangers and Travellers in this City, under Pretence of that Great Regard they had for Men of Merit; but in Reality, to pump out of them Foreign Secrets.

Cardinal Richlieu profeſs'd a great Kindneſs to me, becauſe I had been at *Conſtantinople* and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions. He ſeem'd alſo to value me not a little for my Skill in Interpreting *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, and other *Languages* of the *Eaſt*. What he thought of me in's Heart, I cannot divine; but I have Reaſon to think, he ſuſpected me for a *Muſſulman*. And yet I wonder he never ſearch'd for the Main Proof, the Mark of *Circumciſion*. Perhaps, 'twas an Effect of his Good Nature, as being loath to ruine me Irrecoverably. But, I rather aſcribe it to *Providence*, which wou'd not ſuffer him, it may be, to make ſo Fatal a Reflection: Yet, by his Order ſome Years ago

ago, I was Impriſon'd for Six *Moons*. What the Meaning on't was, I could never dive into. But, I had a ſhrewd Jealouſy of a certain *Tranſylvanian* Reſident at this *Court*, who perhaps might do me ſome ill Offices. The World's like a Lottery, wherein we muſt expect to meet with many Unlucky Chances.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt eaſily perceive, That though the *Prieſts* make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other *Religious* Vertues, yet they are great Buſy-Bodies, and wholly taken up in *Secular* Affairs.

If this were the Worſt Character they deſerve, they might paſs for very Good Men, and neceſſary Inſtruments of the *Publick* Welfare: Becauſe, they have the Tutelage and Guardianſhip of all Men's Conſciences; they form 'em in their Youth, and govern 'em in their Ripeſt Years. Beſides, they have many Advantages of ſtudying the *Politicks*, more than other Men, as being all Educated in the *Academies*, where if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good *Hiſtorians*, and Indifferent *Stateſmen*. For, their *Libraries* abound with all Manner of *Ancient* and *Modern Writers*; and their Converſation is generally refin'd and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning, with falſe *Maxims* which they borrow from an Intolerable Pride and Senſuality; perſwading themſelves, That they are as far above other Men, that is, the *Laity*, as thoſe are above the *Beaſts*; That *God* has beſtow'd on them a

Dignity

Dignity Superiour to that of the Greateſt Temporal *Monarchs*; and, in fine, That this *Earth* is a *Paradiſe*, and themſelves the *Gods* and *Lords* of it.

When I ſpeak at this Rate of the *Nazarene Prieſts*, underſtand me not without a Reſtriction. There are ſome Good and Holy Men amongſt them, Perſons of Unblemiſh'd Manners, and Incorrupt Sincerity. But, theſe are very rare; and the *French Prieſts* are eſteem'd the moſt ſincere of any within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

As for the *Italian Clergy*, they are mere *Libertines*; the moſt debauch'd and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the *Jew*, a late Private *Agent* of the *Grand Signior*, who had travell'd up and down through all *Italy*, and reſided a conſiderable Time in the Chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Obſervations and Remarks on the *Lives* of the *Prieſts*, which he ſet down in his *Journal*. This I have by me now, it being ſent me, according to my Deſire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his *Succeſſor* in that *Station*, who is at preſent at *Venice*.

* I have perus'd this Relation my ſelf, with no ſmall Pleaſure; and believe 'twill not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abſtract of what he ſays.

It is poſſible, he may exaggerate ſome Things, and deliver himſelf too partially in others, out of the Natural and Inherent Averſion the *Jews* have for the *Chriſtians*: But thou

thou wilt find, That in the Main, he inſiſts onely on ſuch Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the leaſt Spark of Common *Morality* and *Reaſon*.

In the Firſt Place, he finds Fault with the *Eccleſiaſticks*, in that they abſtain from *Marriage* themſelves, yet recommend that State to the *Laity* as a very *Holy Sacrament* and *Myſtery* of *Religion:* Whilſt they indulge themſelves at the ſame Time in all Manner of Laſciviouſneſs, wallowing in Fornication, Adultery, Inceſt, and Sodomy it ſelf. He ſays, there is hardly one *Prieſt* in Ten, who does not keep Two or Three Harlots; and the moſt Recluſe *Derviſhes*, are either Pimps to other Men's Luſts, or they indulge their own with the moſt infamous *Courtezans* and *Catamites*. Theſe Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Maſquerading and Revelling about the Streets, in the Time of *Carnaval*, with a Company of Whores for their Attendance. Nay, all the Year round their *Monaſteries* are no other than *Stews* or *Brothel-Houſes*. They introduce Women into their *Cells* in a *Monaſtick* Habit, and ſo they paſs for Men who come to viſit them as Friends, Relations or Travellers. Theſe *Ladies* of *Pleaſure*, lie thus conceal'd for many Days and Nights together. And the *Superior* of the *Convent*, winks at this for a little Money, being moſt commonly as bad as any of them.

Theſe *Holy Fathers*, go marching and ſlouching along the Streets, in the moſt Mortify'd

tify'd Manner imaginable. You wou'd take 'em for perfect *Santones* and *Ideots*. Yet this is all but *Mummery*, whilst they are the most glozing *Hypocrites* in the World, mere *Devils* in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleasant Story of a young *Monastick* of St. *Dominick*'s Order at *Rome*. This *Monk* was of *Noble* Extraction, and his Parents were very rich, and powerful in the City. On which Account, he was indulg'd many Liberties, deny'd to the rest of his *Religious* Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his Personal Expences; and to wear a *Secular* Habit, suitable to his Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have prov'd fatal to him one Night during the *Carnaval*.

It was late, and very dark, when this Religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for Whores; and walking under certain *Piazza's* near the River *Tyber*, he was accosted by a Woman mask'd, and in a very good Dress; who spoke to him frankly, asking him the Way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the Name of a *Church* in *Rome*, dedicated to *All* the *Saints*: In the Time of the *Gentiles*, 'twas call'd *Pantheon*, or the *Temple* of all the *Gods*. The *Monk* being in one of his Rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleasure; having also a Hundred Florins about him; presently made Answer, He wou'd conduct her to the Place

ſhe enquir'd for. She, after ſome counterfeit Eſſays of a modeſt Repulſe, at length accepted his Offer: And by the Way, he perſwaded her into a Tavern. The cunning *Nymph* manag'd her Buſineſs ſo well, that the *Monk*, over-heated with Wine, and other coſtly Entertainments, grew ſo in Love with her, that he forgot ſhe was to go to the *Pantheon*, and offer'd to wait on her home. She accepted the Motion; and telling him, her Houſe was ſeated on the Banks of the *Tyber*, they return'd the ſame Way as they came.

When they arriv'd at the *Piazza's*, where they firſt met, Three Perſons appear'd, muffled up in Cloaks: Two of which ſuddenly ſeiz'd the *Monk*, holding their Ponyards at his Breaſt; whilſt the Third, diſcloſing the hidden Light of a Dark Lanthorn, which he held in his Hand, faſten'd on the Lady, and made her unmask. As ſoon as he ſaw her Face, he ſtamp'd and rav'd, menac'd and ſwore, he wou'd be the Death of that Villain who had debauch'd his Wife. All this was but a fore-laid Deſign. In a Word, After all the Parts of an abus'd, incens'd, revengeful Husband, acted to the Life; at laſt, through the Interceſſion of the Two other *Ruffians*, and the *Monk*'s penitent and ſubmiſſive Addreſs, it was concluded to ſpare his Life and only ſtrip him naked; leaving him in that Condition to ſeek his Fortune among the *Watch*.

This

This was ſoon put in Execution, and the Free-booters, with all their Prey, ſecurely march'd off. The poor *Monk*, thus miſerably abandon'd, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in his Calamity, or to bribe the *Watch*, gave himſelf over to Melancholy and Deſpair, in regard this Accident wou'd bring an Eternal Infamy on him, and he ſhou'd be no longer able to ſhew his Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himſelf in the *Tyber*; or elſe to counterfeit a Phrenſy, and ſo run bawling, driveling, and talking Nonſence through the Streets; hoping the reſt wou'd never be divulg'd.

Whilſt he was in theſe penſive Thoughts, irreſolute what to do, the *Watch* walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a ſudden; and ſeeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in ſuch a ſolitary Place, at firſt were ſtartl'd, as tho' they had met a *Ghoſt*; but recollecting themſelves better, they boldly ſeiz'd his Perſon, and examin'd how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, entreat, and promiſe any Thing, if they wou'd not expoſe him to open Shame. This did but increaſe their Curioſity and Suſpicion. In a Word, The Place of their Rendezvous being very near the ſame Tavern where this unfortunate *Monk* had regal'd his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Priſoner till the Morning. He that kept the Houſe, re-

member'd his Face again; and knowing that the *Governour* of *Rome* had a ſecret Enmity againſt the *Monk*, and all his Race, ſent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, That he need not take notice, that he knew the *Monk*, but only puniſh him as an ordinary Fellow, breaking the Laws of the City.

The *Governour*, glad of this Occaſion; when the *Monk* was brought before him, order'd him to be whipp'd through the very Street, where his *Monaſtery* ſtood. This was done accordingly; and as he paſs'd by the Gate, his Brethren, ſeeing him in that Condition, ruſh'd out, and reſcu'd him from the Executioner's Hands; breathing Revenge againſt the *Governour*, and all that were concern'd in putting this Diſhonour on their *Houſe*, and the whole *Order*.

I muſt be forc'd to break off, before I have inform'd thee of half their Tricks; leſt I ſhou'd tire thee with the Length of my *Letters*. Beſides, it is neceſſary for me to conclude, unleſs I wou'd miſs my Opportunity: For the *Poſt* tarries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the Serene Pleaſures of Vertue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut*, That he may never be ſtain'd with the Corruptions and Vices of *Infidels*, among whom he reſides.

Paris, *the* 18th *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1662.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To the Chiaus Baſſa.

THE *French King*'s *Genius* ſeems altogether bent on *Martial* and *Politick Affairs*; and tho' he allows ſome Moments to his *Love*, yet the greateſt Part of his Time is conſecrated to the Neceſſary Affairs of *State*, and to the Improvements of *Military* Diſcipline. This has been his Courſe ever ſince the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*. That *Miniſter*, whilſt he was living, endeavoured Nothing ſo earneſtly as to divert the Young *Monarch* from minding Buſineſs, by *Plays*, *Ballets* and other ſoft Entertainments. But as ſoon as he was dead, the *King* began by Degrees to forſake his Youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his *Government*.

The firſt Bold Stroke of *Regal* Authority which he gave, was the Suppreſſing the *Superintendant* of the *Finances*, a very Ancient *Office* in *France*, but much abus'd of late by thoſe who have enjoy'd it. For, having the Management of the *Royal Revenues*, it has been found out, That they embezzl'd them to their own private Uſes, purchaſing Houſes, Caſtles, Towns and the faireſt Eſtates in the *Kingdom* for them and their Poſterity.

The laſt in this *Office*, was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, beſides the waſte he made of the

King's Money in this Kind, was laying up an Extraordinary Proviſion of Arms and Powder in *Belle Iſle*, a *Sea-Port* of *France:* which gave the *King* ſo great a Suſpicion of his ill Deſigns, That he went in Perſon after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private Correſpondence held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and ſome Malecontents of *Cardinal de Retz*'s Party, he cauſed him to be arreſted, and ſent Priſoner to the *Wood* of *Vinciennes:* From whence he has been ſince brought to the *Baſtile*. This was done in the *9th. Moon* of the laſt Year; and was the Occaſion of erecting a New *Chamber* of Juſtice, to enquire into the Conduct of thoſe who were employed by *Fouquet* in the Management of the *Finances*.

The great Diſcoveries this *Chamber* has already made, of the Cheats and Tricks practiſed by thoſe through whoſe Hands the *King*'s *Revenues* have paſs'd, will, its thought, move the *King* to eſtabliſh it as a perpetual and *Sovereign Court* of *Inquiſition:* So that not the Value of an *Aſper* ſhall henceforth be paid out of the *Royal Treaſury*, without the Approbation of this *Chamber*. He has alſo retrenched many ſuperfluous *Offices* in his Houſhold, that he may the more eaſily ſupport the Charges of thoſe that are Neceſſary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wiſdom of this *Prince*, when thou ſhalt know, that he truſts Nothing abſolutely to his *Miniſters*, but pries into every Thing himſelf. He examins Matters of the ſmalleſt Moment, as narrowly

as

as the moſt Important Concerns. He makes daily Reformations among his *Domeſtick* Servants, and New-Models both the *Army* and the *State*. Which is alſo no ſmall Argument of his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Spirit, in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his *Progenitors*; take the *Frame* of this Mighty *Government*, as it were to Pieces; and having mended every Thing that was amiſs, joyn it together again; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has aſtoniſhed the Greateſt *Stateſmen* of the Age, who conſider the Boldneſs of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one falſe Step in his Meaſures. For whereas formerly, the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Officers* of the *State*, the *Governours* of *Provinces*, with other *Grandees*, have given frequent Trouble to the *Kings* of *France*, and not ſeldom rais'd *Civil War*, when any Thing diſguſted them (ſo great was their Power, and ſo ſmall their Dependance on the *King:*) This *Monarch* has, by a Happy Effect of his Judgment and Reſolution, given ſo dextrous a Turn to the whole *Syſtem* of the Publick, that the *Princes* find themſelves more aggrandiz'd than Ever; the *Officers* of the *Crown* perceive their Dignity encreas'd with New Luſtres, and the *Governours* of *Provinces* exerciſe a Stronger Hand over their *Subjects*; yet all of them are reduc'd to an entire Dependance on the *King* himſelf, not being in a Capacity ever to Rebel again. Which is eſteemed a Miracle of Policy.

As he has thus gained the Point of his *Subjects* at Home, and eſtabliſhed his Realm in the moſt perfect *Oeconomy* that can be imagined; ſo he has recovered a particular Honour Abroad, that till this Time has been always diſputed between the *Crowns* of *France* and *Spain*.

It ſeems an *Embaſſador* from *Sueden* arriv'd at the *Engliſh Court* in the 10*th*. *Moon* of the laſt Year: The *French Embaſſador* ſent his Coaches to honour his Publick Entry, as is Uſual between Friends. But the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, deſigning to affront the *French*, ſent his Coaches alſo to attend the Ceremony, accompanied by his own Servants and a Rabble of Idle Perſons whom he had hir'd on Purpoſe. Theſe fell on the *French* as they were paſſing along the Street, kill'd ſeveral of them, and by Force ſtopp'd their Coaches, till thoſe of the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* were got before them; the Preheminence of Place being the Chief Thing aim'd at.

This was highly reſented at the *French Court*, and every body thought that a freſh War would break out again between the Two *Nations* on this Account. The angry Young *Monarch* commanded the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* reſident here to depart the *Kingdom*; and when another was ſent to ſupply his Place, the *King* forbad him to enter his *Dominions*. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all Things tended to a Rupture. Till at Length the *King* of *Spain*, having promiſed to make Satisfaction, his *Embaſſador* was received at this

this *Court*, who aſſured the *King*, That his *Maſter* diſavow'd the Action of his *Miniſter* in *England*, and had given expreſs Command to all his *Embaſſadors* in *Foreign Courts*, not to diſpute the Place with thoſe of *France*, but to yield it to the latter, where they ſhould both be preſent at the ſame *Entry*. This was declar'd in the Preſence of Thirty *Foreign Miniſters* reſiding at this *Court*. Which has rais'd a vaſt Reputation to the *King* of *France* among all his Neighbours, and ſtruck the greater Reverence into his *Subjects* at Home.

In a word, he is look'd upon as the moſt Fortunate *Prince* in *Chriſtendom*, and every *State* courts his Friendſhip. He gives the Law to the reſt of *Europe*, yet remains himſelf Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to *God*, who exalts and abaſes whom he pleaſes; who is the ſole *Monarch* of all Things, Reigning for ever without the leaſt Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIV.

To the Same.

IT was late when I finiſh'd my other Letter, being the Hour of the *Devil*'s Range, when the *Infernal Spirits* are permitted to air themſelves in this *Upper World*. Methought I heard the Clattering *Eccho* of the Gates of *Paradiſe*, which are ſhut at that Seaſon to keep out the *Dæmons* from entring and diſturbing the Repoſe of the *Bleſs'd*. This made me conclude ſo abruptly, leſt ſome buſie *Scribe* of the *Dark Regions*, ſhou'd have inſerted *Evil* in my Letter whilſt I were aſleep. I recommended my ſelf to *God*, and went to Bed. After Two Hours Reſt awaking, I perceiv'd by the Crowing of the *Cocks*, That the *Troops* of *Hell* were retir'd to their *Den*, chas'd down by *Arcturus*, and the *Guardian Conſtellations* of the *South*, and by the *Angels* of the *Second Watch*. Then I aroſe; and chearfully addreſs'd my ſelf to *God*, praiſing him for the Succeſſive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his Magnificent Works, with the exquiſite Order that he has eſtabliſh'd in the World. Remembring alſo that I was a Man, and not born to ſleep, but to ſerve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily ſet Pen to Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French King*, and his *Court*, with ſuch Occurrences as have happen'd of late.

This

This *Monarch* is very Singular in his Conduct, and Manner of Life; not brooking to be confin'd to the *Maxims* of others, but ſquaring all his Actions by Rules of his own: Yet 'tis difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his *Counſellors* and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many Things, That they are under a Miſtake; which makes 'em admire the Force of his Reaſon, and the Readineſs of his Wit, eſpecially when they ſee the Events anſwering Expectation.

Neither he is altogether ſo Intent on *State*-Matters, but that he ſometimes gives himſelf the Diverſion of a Familiar Diſcourſe with the moſt Ingenious *Artiſts* of all Sorts, who find themſelves much improv'd by the Quickneſs of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment, in the *Mechanicks:* For he is an Excellent *Gun-Smith*, *Sword-Cutler*, *Armour-Maker*, and every Thing that becomes a *King* to profeſs.

He is a good *Architect* alſo, and takes vaſt Delight in *Buildings*, having laid the Foundations of ſeveral Magnificent *Structures*, *Palaces* of a Noble Deſign, and intended to outvy the moſt Polite and Glorious *Fabricks* of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. For, I tell thee, this *Monarch* wou'd not willingly come ſhort of any of the *Cæſars*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandiz'd his *Court*, by a Promotion of Sixty Two *Knights* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have often mention'd this *Order* in my Letters to the *Miniſters*

Miniſters of the *Port*; and thou that haſt been in *France* know'ſt, That 'tis the next Step to being made *Peer* of the *Realm*. I ſhall only inform thee, that during the *Ceremonies* of this laſt *Promotion*, the *Dukes* of *Vendoſme* and *Longueville* had a Feud about the *Precedency*, which at laſt was adjuſted in Favour of the Former. In a Word, the *King* declar'd the *Houſe* of *Vendoſme* to have a Right of *Priority* before all other *Princes*, and to ſucceed in the *Throne* it ſelf, next after the *Houſe* of *Bourbon*.

This is look'd upon as a Bold Effort of *Royal* Power, and has ſtartled all the *Court*. No leſs ſurprized were they to ſee the *Duke* of *Lorrain* reſign all his *Eſtates* to the *King* of *France*, reſerving only the Poſſeſſion of 'em during his Life.

And, now the *King* having weather'd the Point with all his Enemies, both *Foreign* and *Domeſtick*, ſtudies Nothing more earneſtly, than to divert his *Queen*, and to let his *Subjects* taſte the Sweets of *Peace*, the Effect of his Matchleſs Fortune, to which even *Crowned Heads* find themſelves compell'd to ſtoop and ſubmit.

On the 5th. of the foregoing *Moon*, by his Appointment was held a *Tournament* or *Carouſel*, as the *French* call it. This is a Sort of Exerciſe on Horſe-Back, in Imitation of the Ancient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they run, was rail'd about, and Magnificent *Chioſcs* erected for the

Queen

Queen and *Ladies* of the *Court* to ſit in, as *Spectators*. The Divertiſement was very Pompous; And the *King* was one of the *Combatants*. The Reſt were the *Duke* of *Orleans* the *King*'s Brother, the *Prince* of *Conde*, the *Duke* of *Enguien* Son to the *Prince*, and the *Duke* of *Guize*. Each of theſe led a Troop of Horſe into the Field. That of the *King*'s, was habited after the Manner of the Old *Roman Knights*. The *Duke* of *Orleans*'s made a Figure like the *Perſians*; the *Prince* of *Conde*'s repreſented the *Ottomans*. The *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Troop were in *Indian* Habits; and the *Duke* of *Guiſe*'s appear'd like the *Salvages* of *America*. It wou'd be too tedious to deſcribe the Particular Magnificences of each. Suffice it to ſay, That they were all prodigiouſly Majeſtick and Rich in their *Equipage*. The *Courſes* alſo they made, were Brave and full of Gallantry. But the *Prize*, which was a *Diamond* of Great Value, was adjudged to the *Prince* of *Conde* by the *Queen-Mother*.

One of the Former *Kings* of *France*, loſt his Life at this *Royal* Exerciſe, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an *Engliſh Knight* then at the *French Court*, and one of the *Combatants*: For which Reaſon, the Following *Kings* of *France*, forbore to expoſe themſelves to the like Danger. But this Young *Mars* fears nothing, being as Venturous and Bold as was *Sultan Amurat*, the *Trophies* of whoſe Victorious Combat with the *Perſian Challenger* at the Siege of *Babylon*, hang up in the *Treaſury* to this Day, as *Monuments*

numents of his invincible Courage and Strength. *Sultan Achmet* alſo took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his *Courtiers* in the *Atmeidan*. Theſe are *Sports* fit for *Kings* and Great *Generals*. And ſome of the *Roman Cæſars* themſelves wou'd play the *Gladiators*.

It is not Lawful for me to cenſure or reflect on the Actions of my *Sovereign*. But I will tell thee what the *French* ſay of him by Way of Contempt; *That he never Combated in his own Perſon, with any Thing but Timorous Hares and Hinds*. It makes me bluſh to hear the *Great Emperour* of the *Eaſt* thus blaſphem'd by the Prophane Mouths of *Infidels*. And it were to be wiſh'd, he wou'd do ſome ſurprizing Action, to raiſe himſelf another Character. I ſay no more, but recommend thee to *God* and the *White Angel*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

THOU haſt oblig'd me beyond my Expectation, in that Ample *Hiſtory* of thy *Life*, which thy Letter contains. I eſteem thee not the worſe, becauſe thou wert born of *Chriſtian Parents*; but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superſtition and Error, thou haſt voluntarily embrac'd the Truth, without any Proſpect of advancing thy Intereſt.

When a Man of a *Noble Stock*, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softneſſes and Delights, and actually poſſeſs'd of a fair Eſtate, ſhall thus abandon his Country, his Relations, Friends and Acquaintance, with all his Native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of *God*, reſigning himſelf wholly to the *Will* of *Deſtiny*, and the Conduct of *Providence*, without conſulting his own Eaſe and Delight in this World; 'tis an Evident Sign of a Faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All this and much more, it ſeems, thou haſt done, and therefore thou can'ſt not fail of being Happy in this World, and in *Paradiſe*.

I am

I am extremely pleas'd in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to visit *Foreign Countries*, and thy Actual Travels through *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*. This is the onely Way to learn true and complete Wisdom. For, a Man edifies a Thousand Times more by his own Personal Experience of Things, than by all the most Elegant *Descriptions*, that can be made by others. Besides the Advantage of becoming expert in the several *Languages* and *Dialects* of the Earth; which he can never learn so perfectly in *Books*, as by conversing with the Natives of each Country through which he passes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleasure in seeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expose themselves to a Travellers Eye. There is nothing more delightful to Human Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloy'd with what is too Familiar to him. The most Magnificent *Palace*, wou'd appear as a *Prison* to him that were always Confin'd to it. The Greatest Fields, and most shady Groves, wou'd afford us no Refreshment, if we had not Liberty to straggle out of them when we pleas'd. Man is *Naturally* wild as other *Animals*, and 'tis as bad as Death to be restrain'd of his Freedom. I had rather at certain Seasons, range in a Wilderness, all over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the most Regular and Fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuse the Fatigue of Climbing up a High, Steep, Craggy Mountain, for the sake of a new and larger Prospect;

Proſpect; before the Eaſe of walking always in a Low Valley, or Even Plain, tho' grac'd with never ſo many Inviting Objects, which muſt always be the ſame: So fulſom are the very Pleaſures we are daily accuſtomed to.

I doubt not, but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journeys, when every Remove thou mad'ſt from *Stage* to *Stage*, promis'd thee Something Novel and freſh. A Man in ſuch Caſes, is apt to think the Sun himſelf New, who has ſhined upon him from his Nativity: The Air, the Earth, and Waters, appear not the ſame Elements, in different Places; or if our Reaſon convinces us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon 'em as Maſqueraders, every Day in a New Dreſs: Eſpecially when we go from one *Region* and *Climate* to another, the Strangeneſs of the Diſguiſe is heighten'd. So Infinite a Variety preſents it ſelf to thoſe who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Cuſtoms, Manners, and Religions of Mortals like himſelf. To ſee 'em in one Part of the World Adoring the *Sun*, becauſe he ſhines on 'em but once a-Year, whilſt all the Reſt of the Time they are ſhut up in Continual Darkneſs, very near being ſtarv'd with Cold, and making hard ſhifts to live; in another to behold 'em grimacing, and hear 'em curſing that Glorious *Planet*, becauſe he is always too near 'em, rendring their *Countries* Barren, drying up their Water, and ſcorching

ſcorching their Perſons almoſt to Death; muſt needs be Delightful to a Contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Reſult of as good Thoughts, as *Heraclitus*'s Tears. Who would not ſmile to ſee ſome paying *Divine* Honours to the *Scar-Crow* of their Garden, to a Tree, a Hog, a Dog or any Thing they firſt caſt their Eyes on in the Morning as they do in *Lapland?* And yet who can forbear to weep, when he ſees Men profeſſing to believe the *Laws* of *Moſes*, and the *Meſſias*, (who both preach'd up the *Divine Unity*) pretending to the Pureſt *Religion* in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences; worſhip Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hairs, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing, that their cunning Prieſts impoſe upon 'em as Adorable?

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who art freed from theſe *Superſtitions* of the *Nazarenes*; and Thrice Happy, in that thou haſt chang'd 'em for the *Faith* Unblemiſh'd, the *Doctrines* of *Truth* and *Reaſon*, the *Practices* of Sincere *Morality* and *Vertue*. Thou haſt not ſhun'd a Rock, to fall into a Quick-ſand, nor abandoned *Idolatry*, to ſink into *Atheiſm:* But thou haſt eſcaped from Narrow Gulphs and Streights, into a Free and Open Sea; from the Dark Fogs and Miſts of Frozen *Chriſtianity*, to the bright *Empire* of the *Oſmans*, the Serene Company of *True Believers*, where Charity and Zeal are in their Genuine and Primitive Warmth.

Since

Since the Time that thou firſt lifted'ſt up thy Finger to *Heaven*, and madeſt a Confeſſion of *One God*, and *Mahomet* his *Apoſtle*, none of the *Imaum's* or *Mollah's* have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reaſon with Feigned *Miracles*, Fooliſh *Pilgrimages*, *Tales* of *Old Women*, *Fictions* of *Poets*, or any *Holy Frauds*. Thou perceiveſt nothing but Right-down Integrity, in the Converſation of the Faithful. Whereas the *Chriſtians* whom thou haſt juſtly deſerted, have a Thouſand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their *Doctrines* and *Lives*. So that it is almoſt as eaſy for a Blind-Man to walk from *Paris* to *Conſtantinople*, as for theſe *Infidels* to grope out the way to *Paradiſe*, through ſo many *Meanders* and *Mazes*: They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praiſe be to *God*, who planted the *Moon* in the *Heavens*, and cauſes the *Stars* to dart their Refreſhing Rays by Night, Thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Reſidence now among them, ever tempt thee to return to the *Religious* Vanities of *Holy* Trifles, which have once made thee Sick at the Heart. Remember, that thou beareſt in thy Body the Mark of a *True Believer*, the *Seal* of a Great *Sacrament*, the *Character* of a Profound *Myſtery*, *Circumciſion*, the *Emblem* of *Purity*, by which thou art more ennobl'd than by the *Blood* of the *Poloniaan Lord*, thy *Father*, which ſtreams in thy Veins. For now thou art incorporated into the

the *Society* and *Lineage* of *Ibrahim*, the Illuſtrious *Patriarch*, and Friend of *God*. Conſider that thou art as it were engrafted into the Glorious *Stock* of the *Iſmaelites*, born to ſubdue all Things, and in the determined Time, to poſſeſs the *Empire* of the Univerſe. Thou haſt the Honour alſo to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, *Lord of the Climates* and *Seas*, *Majeſtick Heir* of the *Ottoman Houſe*, *Shadow* of *God* on *Earth*.

Hold faſt therefore the Profeſſion of an Unblameable *Faith*: And whatever Temptations thou mayeſt meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unſeen Joys of *Paradiſe*, the Crown of Juſt and Faithful Men, the Reward of ſuch as adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, without Flinching.

Mahmut ſalutes thee in Imagination, with a parting Kiſs, and an Affectionate Squeeze of the Hand. Which thou knoweſt, was in all Ages a Token of Hearty Good Will, and Friendſhip.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THere is like to be a Breach between this *Court* and that of *Rome*, if the *Pope* does not condeſcend to the Demands of the *French* King, who Styles himſelf the *Eldeſt Son* of the *Church*, and therefore highly reſents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Perſon of the *Duke* of *Crequi*, his *Embaſſador* at the *Roman Court*.

It ſeems, the *Pope*'s Guards on the 20*th*. of the 8*th*. *Moon*, made an Attempt on the Life of this *Miniſter*, and of his Wife: They alſo put Barbarous Abuſes on all the *French* that were in that City: Inſomuch as the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs* of *Crequi*, were obliged to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Toſcany*; being adviſ'd to take this Courſe, by all the *Cardinals* and other *Grandees*, that are Friends to *France*.

The *King* received News of this, by an *Expreſs* which came from the *Duke* of *Crequi* on the 11*th*. of the 9*th*. *Moon*. And he was paſſionately touch'd at ſo Sacrilegious an Injury, whereby he is not only wrong'd himſelf, but the *Law* of *Nations* is violated in a moſt Notorious Manner.

Wherefore to ſhew his Reſentments, on the ſame Day that the *Courier* came from *Rome*,

Rome, the *King* order'd the *Lieutenant* of his *Guards*, to tell the *Pope*'s *Nuncio* at this *Court*, That he muſt forthwith depart the *Kingdom*, under the Conduct of Thirty Horſe. This was performed accordingly, and the *Nuncio* was hurried away immediately, without ſuffering him to ſpeak with any Perſon living, ſave thoſe who were to accompany him to the Frontiers: And this *Order* was publickly proclaimed in *Paris*. The *King* alſo wrote to the *Pope*, demanding Satisfaction for ſo horrible an Outrage, and caus'd *Diſpatches* to be ſent to all the *Cardinals* in *Rome*, adviſing them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Underſtanding between the *Pope* and him, proteſting that otherwiſe the Calamities which might follow, were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modeſt way of Threatning, us'd by *Chriſtian Princes*, who do not always ſpeak in Thunder, like our *Eaſtern Monarchs* when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which tho' it appear of ſmall Moment at the Beginning, yet its Conſequences may be great and extenſive, if the *French King* and the *Pope* ſhould come to an open Rupture. All the *Princes* in *Europe* would find themſelves engag'd on one Side or other. And we *Muſſulmans* might live to ſee the whole State of *Chriſtendom*, disjoynted, alienated, and embroil'd in Wars among themſelves; whereby they would lay their Countries naked and open, to the Invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a *Lineage* of high

high Renown, and destin'd to subdue All Things.

But 'tis thought the *Holy Father* at *Rome*, will not farther provoke so daring and powerful a *Monarch* as him of *France*, by justifying the Insolences of his *Janizaries*, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to discharge Guns into the Windows of the *French Embassador*, kill'd several of his Retinue, and assassinated the *Dutchess* of *Crequi* in her Coach, as she passed along the Streets.

Illustrious *Minister*, these are Violations not practised by the most Barbarous Savages. And 'tis an Evident Sign of a decaying *Empire*, where the *Publick Faith* is thus perfidiously broke. *God* infatuates the *Infidels*, that he may speedily bring 'em to Ruine: Whereas he daily enlightens the Just *Followers* of the *Prophet*, and directs them in the ways of Prosperity and Peace.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, *the Illuſtrious* Eremit *of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia.

IN the Name of *God*, Benigne and Merciful, I approach the Reſidence of great Sanctimony, the Tremendous Solitude, the Cave bleſs'd by frequent Viſitations of *Angels*, and by the former Preſence of the moſt Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the *Legat* of the *Eternal*, the *Plenipotentiary* of *Alla*, *King* of *Heaven* and *Earth*. *Alla!* There is but One! Whoſe Name reſounds through all the *Orbs* Above, when pronounc'd by the Faithful Adorers of the *Divine Unity* on *Earth*: And the *Eccho* thereof from the Adamantine Gates of *Paradiſe*, reaches the Abyſs of *Hell*, ſtriking the Infernal Spirits with Horrour and Aſtoniſhment. They tremble at the Sound of the Dreadful Word, which chains them up in their *Priſons* of *Darkneſs*. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoyce, believing, that the ſame Word will one Day releaſe 'em from their Torments. For ſuch is the Clemency of the *Omnipotent*, as our *Holy Doctors* teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the *Moſt High*, and *Tenant* to his *Prophet*; I have experienc'd, that it is good and wholeſome to begin every Thing we do or ſay, in the *Name* of *God*. Whoſoever does otherwiſe, either fails in the Progreſs,

Progreſs, or the End of his Deſign, and ſo remains in Confuſion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice ſpoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: Or *Negidher*, the *Spirit* of *Envy*, winds himſelf in, and entangles it: Or *Ablis*, the *Dæmon* of *Melancholy*, caſts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of thoſe who through Prophaneneſs, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of *Providence*, and *Good Succeſs*.

Let us not therefore think the Time miſpent, which is taken up in the Praiſes of *Him* who has neither *Beginning* nor *End*, *Father* of all the *Generations* in this *Viſible World*, and that *Other* which is conceal'd from Mortals. He is the *Governour* of our Lives, and our ſole *Patron* in all Neceſſities. Let us extoll and magnify his *Attributes* without End.

I am by Nature Contemplative, and Thoughtful; but I muſt needs acknowledge, That I owe to my Education among the *Muſſelmans* the Force of my *Faith* and *Religion*. The various Turns of Fortune and Experience, which I have had in the World, cou'd never yet blot out the Impreſſions of my Early Years, or diminiſh the Reverence I have for our *Holy Prophet*. I often revolve in my Mind, the *Series* of paſt Ages, and the *Hiſtories* of former Times; the *Origin* of *Nations*, and the Various *Laws*, *Religions*, *Wars* and *Changes*. I traverſe the

different *Epocha's* of the Poſterity of *Ibrahim*, and the *Gentiles*, comparing the *Date* of *Iſrael's* Tranſmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonaſſar* and the *Olympiads*. In all of them I find great Obſcurity, Contradiction and Doubtfulneſs; which puts me upon examining the *Records* of *Egypt* and the *Aſſyrians*. The *Antiquity* of both is very great, and yet it comes far ſhort of the *Chineſe Chronology*, and that of the *Indian Bramins*.

When I have tir'd my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be diſcover'd; When I conſider the Probability of an *Univerſal Deluge* in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almoſt demonſtrate the contrary, comparing this with the *Flood* of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*; In a Word, when I reflect on the numberleſs Incongruities that are found in the *Regiſters* of *Paſt Ages*; I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reaſon for me to believe, That *God* has determinately thus dark'ned the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded their *Language* at *Babel*, according to the Celebrated Relation of *Moſes*. Whence it will be but loſt Labour for us who live in theſe later Times, to ſeek for any Aſſurance or Certainty of the Truth in Matters of ſo Remote and Early a *Date*.

Wherefore leaving every *Nation* to their own *Traditions*, the *Jews* to the *Manuſcripts* of *Moſes* and their *Rabbi's*, the *Gentiles* to the *Fragments* of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*,

giſtus, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Theophraſtus* and other *Sages* of *Egypt*, *Phœnicia* and *Greece*; I, for my Part, acquieſce to the *Volume* of *Majeſty*, the Great *Alcoran*; and to the *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*, *Arabians*, the *Sons* of *Iſmael*; not puzzling my ſelf with endleſs Diſputes and Queſtions; nor cenſuring others who worſhip *God* after their own Way, and the Documents of their *Fathers*; but firmly believing, That he who ſerves *God* according to the *Dictates* of his *Reaſon*; who is Juſt to Men and Beaſts, and in all Things conſerves an Innocent Purity of Life; is as Acceptable to the *Great Creator*, and *Impartial Judge* of the *Univerſe*, as he that has had the Happineſs to be inſtructed in the *Poſitive Injunctions* of *Heaven*, the *Reveal'd Will* of the *Omnipotent*. And this I take to be the Sence of our *Holy Lawgiver*, of the *Meſſias*, and of all the *Prophets* in General.

Doubtleſs, that ſuperlatively *Merciful* and *Indulgent*, connives at the Frailties of Mortals; He pities the Invincible Ignorances of ſome, and the Fatal Neceſſities of others. He knows the infinite Variety of our Bodily Conſtitutions, and the equally different Bent of our Souls. He conſiders the Force of the Elements and Climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable Influence of the Stars under which we were born. The whole Syſtem of Human Nature with its moſt hidden Circumſtances, is expos'd to the Eyes of him who ſees All Things.

He is no Stranger to the *Anatomy* of his own Works. Therefore he requires no more of Men, than can be expected from the Faculties with which he has endu'd 'em. Neither will he damn any Man for an Involuntary Evil.

O *Mohammed*, this is my Faith, my Hope, and my Confidence. Otherwiſe I ſhould deſpair every Moment. If I am guilty of Error and Preſumption, correct me in thy Wiſdom. For, before thee, I am but as an *Idiot*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
- *of the Year* 1662.

LETTER XVIII.

To Halnadar-Baſſi, *Chief* Treaſurer *to his* Highneſs.

THE *French* have newly felt the Motions of a Joy, whoſe Birth and Growth was like that of a Muſhroom, ſudden and ſwift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France:* But that *Planet* had hardly carried the News through all the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and commanded the *Stars* of *France* to celebrate a *Dunal-*

ma;

ma; before ſhe was oblig'd to be the Meſſenger of more ſad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this young Princeſs, to the *Conſtellations* that aſſiſted at her Birth.

In a Word: She was born on the 18th. of the 11th. Moon, and died on the 30th. of the 12th. It looks as if ſhe onely came into the World to be a Witneſs of the *Concluſion* of the *Peace* between her Father, *Lewis* XIV. and her Grandfather, *Philip*, the King of *Spain*; and ſo return to the Region of *Separate Souls*.

This *Peace* was in General Terms ſign'd and ſeal'd long ago, but there remain'd ſome Difficulties in adjuſting the Limits of the *French* Conqueſts, which were referr'd to the Management of Commiſſioners on both Sides: And theſe, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of Two Years, at St. *Omers*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finiſh'd their *Negotiation* on the 25th. of the 11th. *Moon*, of the laſt Year. Which was juſt Seven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princeſs.

This Royal Infant alſo liv'd to ſee *Dunkirk*, one of the ſtrongeſt Sea-Ports in the World, redeliver'd to her Father by the *Engliſh*, in whoſe Hands it had been, ever ſince 'twas firſt taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Poſſeſſion of this Important Place in his own Perſon, entring the Town on the 2d. of the laſt Moon.

'Tis look'd upon as a grand Overſight in the *Engliſh*, thus tamely to part with a For-

treſs which is inexpugnable by Land, and commands the *Northern* Seas. But Money over-rules all other Conſiderations. And, it ſeems, the *Engliſh* Court had Occaſion for Gold.

There is lately a good Underſtanding eſtabliſh'd between this King and the Emperour of *Germany*. They often write Friendly Letters one to another, and ſeem to be perfectly reconcil'd. To ſpeak the Truth, this may be call'd the *Pacifick* Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe*. For, excepting ſome Skirmiſhes and Bravado's of War between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueze*, all the Reſt of *Chriſtendom* is in Peace. And the *Portugueze* have ſo ſtrengthen'd themſelves by marrying their *Infanta* to the *Engliſh* King, that what through his Aſſiſtance and the Aid of *France*, ſhe has almoſt reduc'd *Spain* to a Neceſſity of making Peace.

Thou wilt ſay the *Portugueze* have over-reach'd the *Engliſh* in the Dowry they give with their *Infanta*. This is onely the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will coſt them far more to defend againſt the *Moors*, than it is really worth. For, thoſe bold *Africans* will perpetually aſſault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vaſt Garriſon in it, beſides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portugueze* ſecretly ſmile, to find themſelves handſomly rid of Two great and burdenſome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an Old Fortreſs of no Uſe or Service,

Service, ſave onely to diminiſh the Publick Treaſure, and make away with ſome Thouſands of Men every Year.

Illuſtrious Grandee, 'tis no ſmall Encouragement to the poor Exil'd *Mahmut*, that though he be malign'd, ſlander'd, and perſecuted by his Enemies, yet he ſtill finds Protection and Friendſhip from the Principal Miniſters. And that inſtead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accuſtomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my Neceſſary Expences; Money is ſent me with a Liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou may'ſt acquaint the *Divan*, that there is now at this Court, the Eldeſt Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Buſineſs is, People conjecture variouſly. Some ſay 'tis Love, others affirm 'twas onely the Deſire of ſeeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his Native Country.

Thou mayſt alſo inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princeſs of the Blood Royal, they call her *Madamoiſelle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the Jew lies dangerouſly ſick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health, ſince I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a ſound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*: Whom *God* long preſerve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by *Birth*, and of all *Countries* by *Education*; For he has been a *Traveller* from his Infancy, if what he relates of himſelf be true. He ſpeaks all or moſt of the *Languages* of *Europe* very fluently, and is reſorted to by People of divers *Countries*, under the Character of a *Fortune-Teller* and *Phyſician*. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The *Princes* and *Nobles* of *France* viſit him daily, and ſo do Perſons of Meaner Birth. They diſcover to him their Secret Maladies, and this *Apollo* ſeldom fails of Succeſs in curing them. He beſtows Ten Hours a-Day in freely converſing with People of all Ranks and Qualities; healing the Diſeaſes of ſome, and telling to others their Future Deſtinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in Modern *Prophets* or *Aſtrologers*; Nor to be cur'd of any Diſtemper, having no Eſteem for *Quacks* and *Empericks*; beſides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curioſity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve my ſelf in other Reſpects by this Stranger's Company, and learn

ſomething

ſomething which I knew not before of Foreign *Courts*, whereby I might become more Serviceable to the *Grand Signior* in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of *Chriſtian Princes*. For ſo it often falls out, that a Man reaps ſome Conſiderable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience: And I had good Reaſon to hope for ſome Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be Courted by the *Grandees* of *France*.

Wherefore I addreſs'd my ſelf to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; uſing alſo as much Diſſimulation as I thought neceſſary to conceal my ſelf and the Deſign I had in coveting his Friendſhip. I ſeem'd a great Admirer of *Judicial Aſtrology*, and told him I was very Ambitious to learn the *Rudiments* of that *Science* from him, having heard his Skill highly commended not only by Vulgar Fame, but by the Mouths of Men of Sence and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I ſaid a great deal more to inſinuate my ſelf into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he return'd my Compliments with much Civility, and deſir'd me to come to him at a more convenient Seaſon, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servant to give me a kind Reception at any Time, if he himſelf ſhou'd be out of the Way, becauſe it was Common to ſend many from the Door without introducing 'em. I told him my Name was *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that my Buſineſs at

Paris was to ſtudy in the *Academy*, in Order to my Preferment in the *Church*. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the *Hour* and *Minute* of the *Day*, after the Manner of *Aſtrologers*, he begg'd me to excuſe the Neceſſity he was under of returning to his Company; and ſo I took my Leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I ſhou'd benefit much by his Company. But as ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſurpriz'd me with this Language:

"Sir, you have ventur'd much in coming "to me: For now 'tis in my Power, to diſ- "cover you and your Buſineſs in this City. "But if I ſhou'd betray any Man, my Gift "wou'd be taken from me. I am neither a "*Follower* of *Moſes*, *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*, nor "of any *Sect* that is now extant on Earth: "But I adore the *Spirit* and *Soul* of the *Uni-* "*verſe*, which is Eternal and Infinite. There- "fore I hate no Man for his *Religion*, let it be "what it will. And you that are not what you "ſeem to be, ſhall receive no more Hurt "from me in this Place, than the *Coadjutor* "of *Paris*: For I am of no Party or Faction. "All Men are equally my Friends, who do "me no Wrong, and every Place is my "Home.

Thou may'ſt imagine that I was in no ſmall Aſtoniſhment at this Diſcourſe. But recollecting

recollecting my Spirits, and conſidering it had always been my Opinion, That theſe *Fortune-Tellers* deal by Confederacy; and ſuſpecting that my Name being known to him ſo long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himſelf ſomething of me; or that ſome Body of his Acquaintance who knew me, had ſeen me go in and out from him, and ſo told him ſome of my Circumſtances; I made a Shew of going away diſſatisfy'd, ſaying, *It will be but loſt Time to hearken any longer to you: For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I'm not the Man I ſeem to be.* *No*, reply'd he, with an obliging Kind of Earneſtneſs, *you are an* Arabian, *and ſerve ſome Eaſtern Prince Incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words ſome Former Paſſages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my Reſidence at *Paris*; mention'd my Captivity at *Palermo*, and the Rencounter I had with my old *Sicilian* Maſter. To be brief, he told me ſo many other Things which I knew to be true of my ſelf, that I grew very uneaſy in his Company, and yet durſt not depart from him on a ſuddain, or ſhew any Diſcontent. But muſtering together all the Diſſimulation and Artifice I cou'd, I turn'd the Diſcourſe to other Subjects; ſeeming very Importunate to learn *Aſtrology* of him, and promiſing him a large Gratuity, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, reſolving, if poſſible, never to ſee him more.

Never

Never was Man in greater Anxiety, than I was when I came Home to my Chamber, and ponder'd on what had paſs'd between this Stranger and me. I am not Credulous of *Miracles*, *Prophecies* or pretended *Revelations*. Yet I proteſt ſolemnly, I cou'd not forbear thinking, he was endu'd with an extraordinary Faculty of *Divining*, or at leaſt, that he was an excellent *Aſtrologer*. Nay, to this Day I know not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Dæmon* Incarnate, or perhaps he is a *Magician*. Sometimes I think one Thing, and ſometimes another. If he performs theſe *Prophetick* Parts by Confederacy, ſtill I'm at a Loſs how he ſhou'd come to know ſo much of me, who always thought my ſelf the privateſt Man in *Paris*, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me ſuch in Truth. Then I ſuſpect my Old *Sicilian* Maſter is one of this Man's Correſpondents, and has told him ſome of my Circumſtances: For I have no Reaſon to be jealous of *Eliachim* the *Jew*. It muſt be ſome ſuch Way, or elſe he is more than a Man, that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimacham*, I pray *God* defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and Falſe Pretenders.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

WHAT I am going to relate wou'd ſeem Incredible to my ſelf, and for that Reaſon I wou'd not give it any Room in a Letter to the all-diſcerning *Miniſters* of the *Port*, were it not confirm'd by Letters from ſeveral *Merchants* in the *North* Parts of *Holland* to their Correſpondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9th. Day of the *Moon* of *November*, a Strange Man was ſeen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being ſupported by a Piece of Timber, on which he ſate with a Bottle of *Strong Waters* in his Hand. Thoſe who firſt beheld this Spectacle, were Fiſhing in a ſmall Boat; and judging him to be the Relique of ſome Shipwreck (for there had been Violent Tempeſts in thoſe Seas about that Time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He expreſs'd his Gratitude for this Kindneſs, in the beſt Manner he cou'd (for no Body underſtood his Language.) And when he was come aſhore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to *Heaven*, he proſtrated himſelf, and kiſs'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fiſhes, the Hair of his Head of a Flaxen Colour, and he ſeem'd not to be Faint for Want of Suſte-

nance;

nance: Which made every one conclude, That he had kept up his Spirits with that *Chymical* Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As ſoon as he ſaw the Riſing *Moon*, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain Barbarous Words, knocking his Fore-head againſt the Ground. Then he roſe and danc'd after a Wild Manner, ſinging pretty Natural Airs: And at every Stop, with his Right Hand extended, pointed to that *Planet*, expreſſing both in his Tone and Actions much Devotion and Love.

Many Learned Men were ſent for, to conſider this Stranger, and if poſſible, by Signs or other Means to diſcover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accident had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watching; and to the devouring Jaws of Sea-Monſters. But all their Efforts were unſucceſsful; They ſpoke to him in ſeveral Languages, and he anſwer'd them, but ſtill in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He ſeem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whiſtling and ſinging; which made ſome conclude, he was a *Chineſe*, becauſe that People pronounce many of their Letters after the ſame Manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin*, and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the *Eaſt* of *Aſia*; and Letters with them are as ſignificant as Words with the *Europeans*. They ſhew'd him *Globes*, and *Maps* of the World,

done

done by ſeveral Hands, and in various Languages, with particular *Charts* of all the *Maritime* Regions on Earth. But, to no other Purpoſe, than to excite his Devotion afreſh to the *Moon*, whoſe Reſemblance he ſaw on ſome of thoſe Papers. He wou'd ſmile at that Sight, kiſs his Fore-finger, and with a Religious Complaiſance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then ſeeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he wou'd turn round, and fall a dancing with his Arms ſtretch'd, and turn'd in the ſame Poſture as thoſe who uſe Caſtanets, or Cymbals. Singing all the while a Sort of inarticulate Sounds, but ſurprizingly Muſical and Sweet. So that No-body knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modeſt, and reſign'd; refuſing no Meats or Drinks that were offer'd him; yet neither eat nor drank to Exceſs. Neither was he diſcontented at his Lodging, or any other Uſage; though they tried to vex him ſeveral Ways, that they might ſee how he would vent his Paſſion. But he ſmiled at all, and ſubmitted patiently to every Thing they impos'd on him.

One thing was obſervable, That whereever he ſaw any Water, he wou'd run to it immediately, and waſh himſelf, as well as he cou'd in thoſe Circumſtances, never forgetting to ſprinkle ſome toward that Part of the Heaven, where the *Moon* was viſible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he wou'd crop the Graſs, and Flowers,

Flowers, and with a compos'd Look wou'd throw 'em up in the Air, adding ſuch Religious Geſtures, as convinc'd every one, That he did it in Honour of ſome *Power* above. Various were the Conjectures of Men about him; ſome were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No-body cou'd poſitively conclude any Thing. Neither is it poſſible, as I'm inform'd, for the Wiſeſt Men in thoſe Parts to find out this Myſtery.

Perhaps he's ſuch another, as *Imaum Rapibabet*, a *Perſian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Hegira* 502. was taken up by a Merchant-Ship of *India*, in the *Streights* of *Babel-Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of Hearing, Writing, and expreſſing himſelf ſeveral other Ways, if any Body cou'd have underſtood his Language. At laſt he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Maſter; an Ingenious Fellow, and one that ſpoke all the Languages of thoſe Parts; and therefore, that he might be admir'd, wou'd be ſure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greateſt Sages cou'd not read.

Mighty *Baſſa*, thou encountereſt on that Element, with ſtrange Monſters, and Creatures under no Name or Predicament that is known, yet none ſo terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impoſtors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me: For they infeſt both the Sea and Land.

Paris, *the* 17th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1663. LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoin'd us by our Superiours, is now happily expir'd; and we have with good Succeſs, manag'd our ſeparate Parts, without holding any Correſpondence together. This was onely a Tryal of our Fidelity, Conduct, and Obedience: or perhaps 'twas no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State. For, 'tis uſual with great Men, thus to practiſe Experiments on thoſe whom they deſign to employ in the moſt important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted our ſelves like Truſty Slaves; and that's enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian* Merchant: One in whom I confide. Here are Abundance of that Nation in *Paris* and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of *Trading*; but are really *Spies*, ſent from the Princes of the *Eaſt*, to obſerve the Counſels of theſe *Weſtern* Courts, the Deſigns of *Nazarene* Monarchs, and to take an exact Eſtimate of the Strength and Riches of theſe *Infidels*. For, though they outwardly profeſs themſelves to be Followers

lowers of *Jeſus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and Honour *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*.

There is a Kind of *Magick* in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of ſincere Reaſon. Yet thoſe of thy Nation are obſtinate, and ſhut their Eyes wilfully againſt the very Light of Nature. You over-value your ſelves and your *Lineage*; becauſe you are the Poſterity of *Iſaac*, the Son of *Sarah* the Free-Woman and Wife of *Ibrahim*: reproaching us, that we are the Off-ſpring of *Iſmael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You conſider not that *Iſmael* was the Eldeſt Son of that Glorious *Patriarch*; and that by the Law of *Moſes* it is enacted, That the *Firſt-born* Son ſhall inherit his Fathers Patrimony, though he were the Son of a baſe, abject Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moſes* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers; Or cou'd *Ibrahim* the Beloved of *God*, do any thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then cou'd he be guilty of diſinheriting *Iſmael* his Eldeſt Son, the Flower of his Strength, and Firſt-Fruit of his Vigor? Doubtleſs, the *Majeſty* and *Light* of *God* which paſs'd from *Adam* to *Seth Enoch*, *Noah* and *Ibrahim*, reſted alſo on *Iſmael*, Heir Apparent of the *Divine Promiſes*, Father of many Princes and Noble Nations.

Let thoſe therefore of thy Nation, ceaſe to boaſt of their Pedigree, and exalt themſelves

ſelves above the Victorious and Triumphant *Iſmaelites*, Children of a high *Stock*, a *Race* wherein ſhines forth the Luſtre of *Ancient Renown*, and the *Right* of *Primogeniture*: A *Lineage* of Illuſtrious Honour, multiply'd as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, proſperous in all Things, by the Special Benediction of *God*. Whereas, thou knoweſt, the *Iſraelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than *Vagabonds* throughout the World.

Your *Rabbi's* reply to this, by owning that our Father *Iſmael* was indeed a Great Prince; but that he was withal a *Wild* and *Salvage* Man, who ſupported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling altogether in *Deſarts* and unfrequented Places; robbing the *Caravans* of *Merchants* and *Travellers*, oppreſſing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In Fine, they give this Character of him, *That his Hand was againſt every Man, and every Man's Hand againſt him.*

To this Accuſation they alſo add another, That the Princes of the *Eaſt* who deſcend from *Iſmael*, have all along, even to this Day, eſtabliſhed their Thrones in Cruelty, Maſſacres, and Parricides. Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave 'em; and Children putting their Parents to Death: Brothers murdering Brothers, and ſacrificing their neareſt Relations to the Maxims of a Barbarous Policy, the Reſtleſs

leſs Suſpicions of State. And that all this is more eſpecially manifeſt in the Sublime Houſe of the Invincible *Ottomans*.

Theſe are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your *Doctors* caſt on the *Progeny* of *Ibrahim*, even on *Iſmael* and his Children, to this Day. But I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on Things, and ſuffer not thy Judgment to be impoſed on by the *Sophiſtry* of your *Scribes*. Look back to the *Primitive* Times of *Iſrael*, examine the Written Law, the Records of *Moſes* and the *Seniors*. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of thoſe very Crimes, which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the ſuppoſed Tyranny and Inhumane Actions, with which you tax the unblemiſhed *Iſmaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* ſupplant his own Eldeſt Brother *Eſau*? Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Iſmael*'s Valour and Fierceneſs, he ſupplied with a *Fox*-like Craft, and Subtilty. Yet, how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*? And boaſted afterwards of the Preys he had taken from them with his *Bow* and *Spear*.

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a Carnage did *Moſes* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi*, to ariſe with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend and his Neighbour; ſo that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three

and

and Twenty Thouſand Men? Yet for the Sake of this deteſtable Tragedy he bleſs'd 'em, ſaying, *You have conſecrated your Hands this Day in Blood, every Man in the Blood of his Neighbour.* Behold! the Original of your Prieſthood, which is the Higheſt Rank of Nobility among the *Jews.*

Remember how your Fathers almoſt cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, ſo that there were not above *Six Hundred* Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget not alſo, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Menaſſe*, got the Sovereignty by Maſſacring Seventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records ſay, That *God* gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue, you can ſcarce find Four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a Word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac*, were but Men; and if thou haſt nothing elſe to object againſt the Former, but what thou muſt confeſs the latter were equally guilty of; I adviſe thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and ceaſe to *ſpeak Evil* of thoſe, againſt whom No-Man can ſharpen his Tongue or Pen and proſper.

Paris, *the* 22d. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

I Concluded my other Letter ſomething imperfectly, and ſhort of my Deſign, being interrupted by a ſudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, accompanied with a Tempeſt in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of ſeeing how to write. I am often ſubject to theſe Weakneſſes of late, and to many other Maladies. My body ſenſibly decays: Age and Care, Watching and Sickneſs, with a Thouſand Caſualties beſide, have almoſt diſſolv'd this congeal'd Medly of the Elements. Methinks, I am now no more than a poor *Skeleton*, to which Nature and Fortune, have left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modeſty's Sake, to cover its Nakedneſs; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; ſhrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muſcles, and Cartilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a Word, I ſeem to my ſelf to be only a *Hobgoblin* or *Ghoſt* in Diſguize; I cannot ſay, Incarnate, (for I've loſt all my Fleſh) but onely bagg'd or clouted up in the moſt contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Reliques of Mortality, like a *Maudlin* or *Scare-crow*. I hang together by Geometry.

Yet,

Yet, ſuch as I am at theſe Years, I ſtill poſſeſs at certain Seaſons more ſerene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Marrow and good Blood. I can feel my Soul ſometimes fluttering her Wings, and briskly ſhaking off the heavy, ſlimy Cloggs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Life, or living Death. She ſtruts and plumes herſelf, ſhe mounts aloft and glides in Happy, though but Momentary Foretaſtes of Eternal Bliſs. And then lur'd down again by Charms of her accuſtom'd Eaſe and Pleaſure in the Fleſh, ſhe comes to Hand at Call, and being hoodwink'd from the radiant Light of Heaven, ſhe tamely perches on the meaneſt ſenſual Appetite, which eaſily conveys her to her wonted Darkneſs. This is the changeable State of Mortals, and we muſt not expect a fixed Condition on this ſide the *Sepulcher*. The Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to theſe Inconſtancies of Spirit; neither can the moſt exalted State of Sovereign Monarchs, Privilege them from the common Frailties of Mankind. They are no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed from the Meaneſt of their Slaves, than only by the Vaſtneſs of their Poſſeſſions, their numerous Retinue, their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of external Honour.

If we examine the *Origin* of Nobility, and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the *Genealogies* of Princes and Potentates up to their Fountain, we ſhall find the Firſt Fathers of theſe

theſe noiſy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men, Oppreſſors, Tyrants, Perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a Word, the moſt Primitive Nobility was no other than Potent Wickedneſs, or dignified Impiety. And all the ſucceſſive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwiſe, even to thoſe Modern Times; are but ſo many Traducts of exorbitant Power and Honour, acquir'd and propagated by the moſt enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy of Men, and of which the Authors themſelves are always aſham'd. Therefore they cover their unjuſt Encroachments and Invaſions, with the ſpecious Pretexts of Juſtice and Vertue, calling that Conqueſt, which is no other than down-right Robbery, and profeſſing themſelves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilſt in Effect they are the greateſt Oppreſſors, Hypocrites, Atheiſts and Out-laws in the World.

This is not onely true in the Race of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac*, of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noiſe in the World.

What were the *Four* renowned *Monarchies*, but ſo many Empires of *Banditi*, Governments of *Free-booters*, *Pyrates* and *Licens'd Thieves?* As *Diomedes* told *Alexander* the Great. "I, *ſays he*, becauſe I play the pri-"vate *Corſair*, and cruiſe up and down the "Seas with one ſingle Ship, am accus'd as a

"*Pyrate*

" *Pyrate*, Thou that doſt the ſame Thing " with a mighty Fleet, art call'd an *Empe-* " *rour*. If thou wert alone and a *Captive*, " as I am, they wou'd eſteem thee no better " than a *Thief*: And were I at the Head of a " numerous Army, as thou art, I ſhou'd be " reverenc'd as an *Emperour*. For, as to the " Juſtice of our Cauſe, there is no other " Difference but this, That thou doſt more " Miſchief than I. Misfortune has compell'd " me to be a *Thief*, whereas nothing but an " intolerable Pride, and inſatiable Avarice " puts thee upon the ſame Courſe of Life. " If Fortune wou'd prove more favourable " to me, perhaps I might become better: " Whereas, thy continual Succeſſes make " thee but the worſe. *Alexander* admiring the Boldneſs of the Man, and the Reſoluteneſs of his Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that ſo he might *rob* and *plunder* from thenceforth by *Authority*.

But, I ſhou'd have begun higher in Antiquity with the Empire of the *Aſſyrians*, founded by *Ninus*, in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruine and Deſtruction of all his Neighbours, and increas'd after the ſame Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*, who begging of her Husband, that ſhe might reign for Five Days, and he granting her Requeſt, ſhe put on the Royal Ornaments, and ſitting on the Throne of uncontroulable Majeſty, commanded the Guards to degrade and kill her Husband. Which being done, ſhe ſucceeded in the Empire, adding *Æthiopia* to her

other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and encompaſſing *Babylon* with a Magnificent Wall; at laſt was kill'd by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy eſtabliſhed in Regicides, Maſſacres, and Carnage. And by the ſame Methods 'twas tranſlated by *Arbactus* to the *Medes*. He, having caus'd *Sardanapalus*, the laſt, and moſt effeminate of all the *Aſſyrian* Kings, to die in the midſt of his Concubines. Thus was Treachery, and Murder handed down with the Sovereign Power; till at length *Cyrus* the *Perſian* transferr'd them to his Country. Whoſe Son *Cambyſes* rais'd the *Second Univerſal* Monarchy, on the additional Ruines of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. Yet, after all, it was tranſlated to the *Macedonians*, by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide and other exorbitant Vices. From whom at laſt it devolv'd to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the ſcandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin-Sons of an Inceſtuous *Veſtal*? Or, their debauch'd Education under a *common Proſtitute*, fabulouſly veil'd by the *Roman* Hiſtorians, under the Title of a *Wolf*, to render the Origin of their Empire Miraculous? Why ſhou'd I recount the Horrid Fratricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; or the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Widows? It will ſeem invidious, to call to Mind the deteſtable Murder of *Titus Tacius*, the

the Good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other Barbarous Maſſacres. Yet theſe enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Roman* Grandeur and Nobility, ſo formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superſtructure was anſwerable, through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, under whom *Rome* gain'd the Title of the *Fourth Univerſal* Monarchy.

This Emperour, though he was eſteem'd the moſt *Merciful* and *Juſt* Prince on Earth, yet he eſtabliſh'd his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, ſacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarouſly extinguiſh'd the Off-ſpring of his Fathers Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the Imperial Dignity. Scorning by an unkingly Tenderneſs, to ſpare the glorious Names of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was ſo nearly related, and who had inveſted him with the Power of being ſo inhumane.

I will not make thee ſick, by rehearſing the abominable Lives and wicked Actions of the *Nero's*, *Domitian's*, *Caligula's*, *Heliogabulus's*, *Galienus's* and the reſt of thoſe Royal Monſters. Hiſtory it ſelf bluſhes to recite ſuch Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we pass from these mighty Empires to Kingdoms of less Note, we shall still trace the Foot-steps of the same Vices. Both Ancient and Modern Records are full of these Tragedies. The Original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Rise from the Parricide of *Dardanus*; and the Female Empire of the *Amazons*, began in the barbarous Massacre of their Husbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature; and the Highest Honours, Dignities and Commands were ever acquir'd and maintain'd by the Highest Injustice.

Therefore, Honest *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but contented in our Humble Posts, sitting under the *Umbrella's* of a happy Obscurity, let us serve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity and a Zeal void of Injustice.

Paris, *the* 22d. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Codarafrad, Cheick, *a Man of the* Law.

THou wilt approve the *Sentence* that was Yeſterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who ſaid he was the *Son* of *God*, and had perſwaded a great many poor Ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his *Blaſphemy*, and his Aſhes kick'd into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid Impiety in any of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions, he had undergone the like or a more terrible Puniſhment: For the *Alcoran* expreſly ſays, *That* God *has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that thoſe ſhall ſuffer Eternal Pains, who teach any ſuch Doctrine.* Doubtleſs, there is but *One God*, and the *Eternal Unity* cannot be divided, or multiply'd, to make more *Gods* in Fraction, or procreate an *Off-ſpring* of diminutive *Deities*. He, the *Father* of all Things, dwells in *Eternal Solitude*, and from an Infinite Retirement beholds the Various *Generations* of the *Univerſe*; they are all equally his *Off-ſpring*, and 'tis *Blaſphemy* to affirm he has a *Son*, or a *Daughter*, or a *Companion* like unto himſelf. For he is increated, unbegotten, and entire: Sole Poſſeſſor of his Own Glory, without Rival

or Competitor. There was none *before* him, neither ſhall there be any *after* him. He is without *Beginning* or *End*.

But theſe *Infidels* harbour ſtrange Opinions about a *Trinity* of *Gods*, and follow the *Doctrines* of *Hermes*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, and other *Pagan Philoſophers*, who aſſerted a *Triad* in the *Deity*; and on that *Baſis*, founded all the *Polytheiſm* of the *Gentiles*. Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton*, by playing the Chymical *Arithmetician*, and extracting a *Quaternity* out of *Three*. But the *Poets* not puzzling their Heads with the *Myſteries* of theſe *Divine* and *Unintelligible Numbers*, deliver'd their *Theology* in plain, groſs *Fictions*, ſuitable to the Capacities of the *Vulgar*: One midwifing a *Goddeſs* out of *Jupiter's* Brains: Another ſtarting a *God* from his Thigh. But this ſilly Fellow, could not derive his *Pedigree* ſo near as from a Little Toe of the *Divinity*. Therefore, he was deſervedly reduc'd to his *Firſt Atomes*, and ſpurn'd out of the *World*.

The *French* have various Kinds of Puniſhments for *Malefactors*; but none more terrible than *Breaking* on the *Wheel*. This is inflicted onely on Notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemn'd is faſten'd to a *Wheel*, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full Length and Wideneſs. Then comes the *Executioner*, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, till the miſerable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death;

Death; and ſo he is left, to expire in unutterable Torments: For, ſome Men of ſtrong Conſtitutions, will retain Life in this Condition for Twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, Though the *Executions* of the *Eaſt* are more ſwift and ſurprizing, than thoſe in the *Weſt*; yet they are not Comparable to them for Cruelty: The worſt Death being but a Minutes Pain.

Sage *Cheick*, I reverence thy accompliſh'd Knowledge in the *Laws* of *Equity* and *Juſtice*.

Paris, *the* 15th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Chalcedon.

I Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place, and cou'd wiſh that thou would'ſt not only exchange thy Reſidence through all the Cities ſeated on the *Boſphorus*, *Porpontis*, *Euxine Sea*, and the *Helleſpont*, but viſit by turns all the Famous *Marts* in the World.

Praiſe be to *God*, we are not born in *Moſcovy*, *Ruſſia*, *China*, or under the narrow-

ſoul'd Governments of *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, and ſuch kind of Jealous Lawgivers; where it would be no leſs Puniſhment, than the Loſs of one's Eyes, Ears and Feet, if not of Life it ſelf, to travel out of his Native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting Foreign Embaſſadours and Agents, who in *China* are forc'd to travel with their Faces veil'd or muffl'd, from the Confines to the Court, leſt they ſhould ſpie the Diſadvantages of the Country.

Doubtleſs this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, an Oppreſſion of Humanity, and directly oppoſite to the Purpoſe of *God*, when he deſign'd and made us for Sociable Creatures: For, the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beaſts. 'Tis our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we pleaſe, as the *Fowls* do in the *Air*, and the *Fiſh* in the *Sea*, without any Law, Reſtraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this, made *Socrates*, when he was ask'd, *What Country-man he was*, anſwer, *I am a Native of the Univerſe, and therefore free to live where I will.*

Thou know'ſt, our Couſin *Iſouf* has travell'd over all *Aſia* and *Africk*, with ſome Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Peſteli Hali*, has alſo viſited many Regions in the *Eaſt*. Both of them have improv'd their Eſtates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Aſtracan*, the other at *Conſtantinople*. Follow their ſteps and thou may'ſt have thy Hearts Content.

Content. Go, and obſerve the different Manners of Men, their various Cuſtoms, Laws and Religions. Survey the Mountains, Vallies, Deſarts, Rivers, Lakes, Seas, Cities, Caſtles, Palaces, and all the other deſirable Objects, which embelliſh this *Globe*.

But beware of the Infirmity of moſt *Travellers*, who, *Camelion*-like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary through which they paſs. Mere Mimicks, Buffoons, and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every Thing they ſee or meet with. Thus degenerating from themſelves, inſtead of Improving their Minds in true Science and Wiſdom, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of Humane Life, which are the chief Ends of *Travelling*, next to that of Learning how to ſerve our Sovereign, and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deſerve the Character of a *Prudent Traveller*, if at thy Return thou canſt only boaſt of Strange and Incredible Things thou haſt ſeen, tell monſtrous Romances, and Fictions more Fabulous than thoſe of the *Gentile* Poets. Aim at Solid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a Rational Creature. As thou goeſt out a *Muſſulman*, ſo return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Perſon accompliſh'd in *Hiſtory*, *Morals*, *Politicks*, and *Divine Philoſophy*.

If thou dar'ſt not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Couſin *Iſouf* at *Aſtracan*, where he is ſettl'd in a Way of *Traffick* and *Merchandiſe*. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea*, and the *Palus Mæotis*. Caſt thy Eyes on the ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*, as thou ſaileſt by her Shores; conſider the Temper of the *Mingrelians*, *Circaſſians* and *Tartars*, with the Reſt of the People through whoſe Territories thou wilt paſs. And when thou arriveſt at *Aſtracan*, tell my Couſin *Iſouf*, that I wiſh'd thee to take this Courſe: He will reſpect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes ſee the Hand-Writing of *Mahmut*, the Aged, Weather-beaten Slave of the *Earth's Great Sovereign*; the old Grey, Griſled *Watchman* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But I adviſe thee to wean thy ſelf from all Fondneſs, Inconſtancy, and Diſcontent. Be true to thy Truſt, Sedulous and Active, Patient and Reſign'd. Take all Things as they come from Deſtiny, without being peeviſh, or fretful.

So may *God* bleſs thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the Sweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here, and hereafter. Finally, may thy Reſt be on high, in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *the* 1ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1663.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Customs *at* Constantinople.

THere is no Doubt, but when thou wast in the *Indies* the Names of *Sultan Dara*, *Suja*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Morad Batche* were not less known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha Iehan*, the *Grand Mogul*. Thy Business as well as Curiosity call'd thee often to the Court, where thou hast heard the Characters of these young Princes, whose early Years furnish'd the World with Matter of Noise, and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat 'em, Trouble and Care enough to keep 'em in Order, and prevent their Machinations against one another, as well as against himself. For, in those Days he saw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mix'd with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Sisters against each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of Reciprocal Love.

Surely, 'tis but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each is oblig'd by a Principle of Self-Preservation, to pursue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to those of the same

ſame Blood: When ſhaking off all Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, the Sons of one Mother muſt ſheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Fate, and raviſh a Crown by Force, to ſave their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the *Eaſtern* Courts, that they cannot ſee a Prince aſcend the Throne, without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be ſuſpected to pretend, or ſtand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it muſt be confeſs'd that the *Indian* Policy in this Point is far more generous, than that of the *Ottomans* or *Perſians*. Who either immediately after their Poſſeſſion of the Throne, murder in cold Blood all the reſt of their *Lineage*; or at leaſt impriſon them in ſome dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not ſeldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Diſadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confin'd to the *Seraglio*, and educated under the Tutelage of *Women* and *Eunuchs*, even during the whole Life of their Father; ſo that he who is advanc'd to the Throne, has all the reſt in his Cuſtody the firſt Hour of his Reign.

Whereas, in *Indoſtan*, the Princes of the Blood, are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, encreaſing alſo in Knowledge, Wiſdom and Courage, they are diſpoſs'd of, every one ſuitable to his Capacity. Some being made Miniſters of State,

State, others Generals of Armies, or Governours of Provinces: Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himself, among the Grandees, and those of Inferiour Degree, and to fortify his Interest in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all to try their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance; and 'tis more equal to let them Nobly Skirmish for a Crown, and make a Warlike Lottery for Life or Death, than to set up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the *Seraill* to a *Shambles*, always polluted with *Royal*, *Innocent Blood*.

But every State pursues its own *Maxims*; and there are not wanting *Men* of the *Law*, who justify this Inhumane Conduct of our *Sultans*, as the only means to prevent Publick Distractions and Civil Wars: Which always happen, where there are many Pretenders to the Imperial Dignity. As it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands, the Great *Mogul* invested his Four Sons. Thou could'st sufficiently inform thy self of these Things when thou wast at *Dehli*, the Capital City of *Indostan*. Neither need I say any Thing of *Rauchenara Begum*, or her Sister *Saheb*, the Two Daughters of *Cha Iehan*. Thou that hast been there in Person know'st more of these Things, than I who am oblig'd to the Merchants and Travellers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian* Affairs.

But

But I can certify thee of ſomething, which has been tranſacted there ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*, the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arriv'd to the *Imperial* City.

Know then, that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being ſpread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead; each of his Four Sons, began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is uſual in ſuch Caſes for Ambitious Perſons to do, by courting the *Omrahs* and *Rajas* with large Preſents and larger Promiſes, by obliging the *Souldiery* with Immenſe Largeſſes; in a Word, by rouzing up the Friendſhip and Integrity of their *Adherents*, and by winning over *Strangers* to their different *Parties*, with whatſoever elſe was thought neceſſary to carry on a proſperous War againſt one another: For the Innate Deſire of Reigning, had equally poſſeſs'd them all. But *Deſtiny*, which appoints and conſummates Humane *Events*, had reſerv'd the Crown for *Aurengzebe*, who ſurpaſs'd all the reſt in Policy and Diſſimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince overreach'd his younger Brother, *Morad-Batche*, and put him in Chains, in the midſt of *Morad*'s own Army; pacifying the *Officers* with Bribes, and the *Common Souldiers* with Encreaſe of their Pay, whilſt he ſent their *General* away Priſoner to one of his ſtrongeſt Caſtles. This was the Firſt conſiderable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown.

For,

For, now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the moſt dangerous of all the reſt, but alſo became Maſter of his Army and all his Treaſure, which being joined to his own, put him in a Condition, to purſue his good Fortune with Succeſs. Yet the War laſted almoſt Six Years, his Brother *Sultan Sujah* keeping him in Play on the Side of *Bengale*, and *Sultan Dara* near the Capital Cities *Agra*, and *Dehli*.

But at laſt they were both forc'd to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengzebe*. In fine, he was eſtabliſh'd and now ſits on the Throne of his Fathers, whilſt they fell Sacrifices to the Jealouſy and Revenge of their Victorious Brother, being, as I'm inform'd, taken Priſoners, and afterwards poyſon'd, or hurry'd out of the World ſome other Way.

Thus paſſes away Humane Glory, like a Cloud driven before the Wind; or like the Smoke of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either ſuddenly quench'd with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remember'd. Dear *Peſteli*, conſider that this Earth is not our Native Country: We are *Foreigners* here below; let us improve our ſelves, by every Thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Vertue, withour learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals.

Paris, *the* 4th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

HEre is great Rejoycing for the Converſion of a certain Proteſtant Prince to the Faith of the *Roman* Church. They call him the Duke of *Meklebourgh*. He is ſaid to ſpring from an Ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court careſſes him in an extraordinary Manner, as they uſually do all *Proſelytes* of his High Quality; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they ſerve only to become the Prieſts *Slaves* and *Aſſes*.

The King, who is Styl'd *the Eldeſt Son of the Church*, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonſtration of her boaſted Vertues, has been very Liberal of his Favours to the New *Devotee*, creating him *Knight of the Holy Spirit*, which is the moſt Sublime Degree of Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Couriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is Cruiſing about on the *Mediterranean*. But, I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expreſſes contain. The Courtiers and Stateſmen here are the very Whirl-Pools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is ſwallow'd up and loſt

loſt for ever in profound Silence. They receive all, but return none again. However, People take the Liberty to gueſs, every Man according to his Reaſon or Phanſy. Some ſay, the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven 'em into their Harbour with great Loſs on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court-Romance who ſtrive to prepoſſeſs the Nation with proſperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilſt a Third Sort affirm, That thoſe Diſpatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who, they ſay, is dead, being kill'd by a Cannot-Bullet, in an Encounter with the *Corſairs* of *Barbary*: But, that they are ſent from the next Chief Officers in the *Thoulon* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive New Orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at preſent with the Reception of the *Swiſs*-Embaſſadours. They made their Publick Entry into *Paris* yeſterday, after they had been magnificently entertain'd at the *Caſtle of the Wood*. A Thouſand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave Jolly Perſons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, Stout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous *Baſſa*, Thou ſeeſt, I do not forget my Friends, but ſend to all by Turns, the Advices that come to my Hands. I wiſh thou would'ſt favour me with a ſhort

Sketch

Sketch of thy Pleaſure with the *Grand Signior*, in the Neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1663.

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

'TIS hard to determine, whether the *French King* excel in *Martial* Affairs, or in thoſe of *State*. He is good at Both. His Counſels are Wiſe, and his Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind, form'd for *Empire*: And out-ſtripping his Years in all Things ſave the Affairs of Love. Theſe indeed he purſues with youthful Vigour and Paſſion, being by Nature very Amorous, and eſteem'd the Handſom'ſt *Prince* of this Age, by thoſe who conſider a Regular Shape, Graceful Features, and a Majeſtick Awfulneſs in the Face, as the Principal Ingredients in a Maſculine Beauty.

'Tis certain, he's very Acceptable to the Ladies, who are the moſt Competent Judges in this Caſe. And they value him ſo much the

the more, becauſe his Love never abates the due Sentiments a *Monarch* ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Paſſions, without ſuffering them to interfere, managing his ſofteſt Intrigues with ſuch exquiſite Prudence, as he ſtill comes off a *Hero*.

He has had many Miſtreſſes, and 'tis a manifeſt Diſcovery of his Wit, that he never faſten'd his Affections on any that deſerv'd not the ſame Character. She that has the greateſt Share in his Heart at preſent, is call'd the *Dutcheſs* of *Vaujour*; a Woman rais'd to that *Title* by the *King*'s Bounty, for the Sake of his Love. She has a Refin'd Wit, and that's all can be ſaid in her Praiſe. For, as to her Body, 'twould hardly tempt an indifferent *Painter* to employ his Skill, unleſs it were, in deſcribing what the *Taylor* endeavours to hide, and that's a Deformity much like mine, a Remarkable Bunch in the Back. Yet this great *Monarch*, loves her paſſionately, and will not be eaſily croſs'd in his Amours.

The *Queen* and his Mother have endeavour'd by divers Methods to reclaim him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they ſet his *Confeſſor* to work, who with Abundance of unſeaſonable Gravity, repreſented to the Young Invincible *Monarch*, the Ill Conſequences of Unlawful Love (for, theſe *Infidels* eſteem none *Lawful*, but what is beſtow'd onely on One *Wife*.) He ſaid all that was proper for a *Jeſuite* to urge on ſuch an Occaſion, and a great deal more; threatning

ning the Royal Lover with Severe Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Diſcourſe from a *Subject*, yet reſpecting the Character he bore as a *Prieſt*, the *King* with a Reſerv'd Countenance, thank'd him for his Pious Counſel, telling him withal that for the Future he diſcharg'd him from his Service, being reſolv'd to obey the Old *Canons* of the *Church*, and confeſs to none but the *Prieſt* of the *Pariſh*. Thus the poor *Jeſuite* was diſcarded, and beſides the *King*'s Diſpleaſure, he has drawn upon himſelf the Cenſures and Curſes of his whole *Order*, for diſobliging ſo potent a *Monarch*, onely to pleaſe Two peeviſh Women.

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, *Kings* are as *Gods* on *Earth*; and they eſteem it a Prophanation of their *Divinity*, when their Actions are too narrowly ſcann'd by their *Subjects*.

Paris, *the* 7th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1664.

LET

LETTER V.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THE News which thy Letter imparts, wou'd affect me with Incredible Delight, were ſuch a Thing poſſible to come to paſs. It is a long Time ſince I have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of converſing onely with *Infidels*. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humour and mine. And 'tis no ſmall Violence a Man does to his Nature in ſuch a Caſe, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily againſt the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or ſuffer, for our *Great Maſter*'s Intereſt. And I'm ſtill of the ſame Reſolution. Yet Nature it ſelf abhorrs Force and Reſtraint. Therefore 'twou'd be a vaſt Comfort to be recall'd from this diſagreeable *Station*, and plac'd in ſome other *Poſt*, where I might ſerve *God* and the *Grand Signior* with more Eaſe.

Beſides, I have met with nothing but Perſecutions and Reproaches from ſome at the *Seraglio*, ever ſince I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my *Diſpatches* to the *Grandees*, and particularly once to the Noble *Kerker Haſſan*, *Baſſa*, our Countryman

man and Friend. Wherein I alſo implor'd his Favour and Interceſſion, that I might have leave to retire into *Arabia*, and ſpend the Reſt of my Days in the Place where I firſt drew my Breath; or at leaſt, that I might be permitted to return to *Conſtantinople*, and give an Account of my *Agency* in theſe *Parts*, though it were to the Loſs of my Head, if I deſerv'd it.

I perceive that generous *Baſſa* took Compaſſion on my Sufferings, and has done his utmoſt to relieve me. 'Tis to him I owe the Propoſal that was made in the *Divan*, of ſending me to the *Court* of the *Grand Mogul*, there to negotiate ſome Private Affairs of Importance for the *Sultan*.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Paſſion for theſe many Years, than the Happineſs of viſiting thoſe remote Parts of the Earth, ſo venerable for the Antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Cuſtoms, Religion and Government; I mean, the *Gentile Indians*, and not the *Race* of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*, and are but of Yeſterday, in Compariſon with the *Aboriginal* People, whoſe Genealogies and Poſſeſſion of that *Country*, ſtretch beyond all the *Records* in the *World* beſide.

Ever ſince I read the *Journal* of thy Travels in the *Eaſt*, I was inflam'd with an ardent Deſire to ſee that Renowned *Nation* to converſe with the *Bramins*, and pry into the Myſteries of their Unknown Wiſdom, which

which occaſions ſo much Diſcourſe in the *World*.

I know not what ails me, but I promiſe my ſelf more Satisfaction from their *Books*, were I capable of underſtanding the *Language* in which they are writ, or from the Lips of thoſe *Prieſts* who have 'em in their Cuſtody; than from all the *Prophets* and *Sages* in the *World*. I phanſie I ſhou'd find ſomething prodigiouſly ſtrange and amazing in their *Hiſtory*, yet ſquaring with Human Reaſon, and a Probability of Truth. Iſhou'd meet with Arguments which I cannot yet ſtart, to prove the *Eternity* of the *World*; Arguments clear and demonſtrative: ſuch as wou'd eſtabliſh this *Doctrine*, againſt all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The *Idea* which I already entertain of ſo unmeaſurable a Duration, is only founded on my own Natural Thoughts, and ſupported by the Concurrent Opinion of ſeveral Ancient *Philoſophers*. But I ſhou'd hope to ſee it diſcover'd by theſe *Indian Records*, to be a Truth as bright as the Sun, and fix'd as the Center of the Earth.

There is another Thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmoſt of my Power: That is, the Juſtice and Tenderneſs they ſhew toward the Beaſts. 'Tis a Thing which needs a conſiderable Expiation, if by chance they kill any living Creature.

But, if they do it wilfully, out of Cruel Wantonneſs or Malice, and not in their own Defence; 'tis puniſh'd with Death, no leſs than if they had murder'd a Man. No care of Health, or Fear of Diſſolution by Sickneſs, can tempt one of the *Brachman Race*, to taſte a Bit of Fleſh: Much leſs cou'd they be induc'd by the mere Pleaſure of their Appetites, to commit that which they eſteem ſo enormous a Sin, and the very Fountain of all other Vices. They count it the greateſt Injuſtice that can be, to ſuſtain their own Lives, by the Death of any of their Fellow-Animals; and they eſteem it a Puſillanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of Cattel, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and Nature affords him more than enough, of all Sorts of lawful Nouriſhment.

This *Religious* Abſtinence, is the Mother of Heroick Vertues; and thoſe who practiſe it inviolably, are always in a State to contemn the World, Death, and all Momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians* go to the *Inviſible World* as chearfully, as they wou'd take a Journey to *China*, *Perſia*, *Turky*, or any other Part of the Earth. For they eſteem *Death* no other than a ſetting out, or Voyage of the *Soul* to a more agreeable Region.

But, I need not inſiſt ſo much on theſe Things to thee, who haſt been among them, and

and art familiarly acquainted with their *Genius* and Inclination. I ſlide into this Diſcourſe inſenſibly, by the Pleaſure I take in thinking of theſe People and their admirable Vertues, as a Man falls in Love with a Beautiful Woman, by attentively gazing on her, and many Times forgets himſelf, and the Buſineſs he was about, commits Errors and Indecencies, and through the Confuſion of his Spirits, is quite loſt, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my Purpoſe; a Journey to the *Indies* would be very pleaſant to me on ſeveral other Accounts. The very *Stars* of my *Nativity* inclin'd me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's Houſe, I was tranſported to *Conſtantinople*, many Hundreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou know'ſt, what a Romer I've been ſince that Time: And I can aſſure thee, I retain the ſame Diſpoſition ſtill. But, there's no *Country* under the *Moon* which I wiſh to ſee with greater Earneſtneſs, than *Indoſtan*; the very Name whereof ſounds almoſt as ſweet as that of *Paradiſe*. Doubtleſs 'tis the *Eden* of the *Earth*, in many Reſpects. And the Inhabitants believe there was no better for the *Original Parents* of *Mankind* to dwell in, ranking the *Hiſtory* of *Moſes* on that Subject in the Number of Celebrated *Fables*. I approve not this Cenſure of the *Indians*, yet I tell thee as a *Muſſulman*, I dare ſay, the *Myſterious Writings* of *Moſes*

are quite misunderstood by the greatest Part of Mankind. Neither can any Two of his *Interpreters*, agree exactly which was the Particular Situation of *Paradise*. Some plant that *Garden* in *Mesopotamia*, others in *Palestine*; and a Third Sort affirm, 'twas in *Egypt:* This Man will have it in *Asia*, That in *Africk*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well say, 'twas under the *Red Sea* between them both; and bring as many *Cabbalistick* Proofs to defend it. But, it signifies nothing to us, let it be where 'twill. Every Place is a *Paradise*, which a Man phansies to be so; and Nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indies*.

Besides, I shou'd take a vast Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the *Black Sea*, and so through the Ancient *Kingdoms* of *Colchis*, *Georgia* and *Cathay*, coasting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus:* Or, by the more Common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*. Either way wou'd afford Matter of Thought to a Contemplative Man, whilst in some Places he beholds the Ruines of Famous Cities, and his Eye revels on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others, he beholds whole *Provinces* laid Waste, and dispeopl'd; only meeting here and there a few Cots, Hords, or Tents of *Arabi*, *Tartars*, or *Circassian* Herdsmen; who straggle up and down the pleasant Fields of

Asia,

Asia, to pick and chuse convenient Pastures for their Cattle.

How pleasant would it be, to travel through my own *Country*, and behold the Tents of the *Sons* of *Ismael* spread o'er the Plains of the Vast and Horrible *Desart?* To meet with *Emirs* and *Sheghs* of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, Summering it up and down, and Frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleasure?

From this to pass to another Variety in *Persia*, would be equally diverting. What kind of Thoughts should I have whilst on my Bed, within the Walls of *Bagdat*, the *Stage* of so many Great and Renown'd Actions, mention'd in *Ancient History!* I should call to Mind *Semiramis*, the Foundress of that Noble City, and all her *Wars* with the *Indians* and other *Nations* of the *East*. I should reflect on her Policy, and the Weakness of her Son *Ninyas*. I should consider the various Translations of the *Eastern Empire*; the Alternate Fate of the *Medes*, *Assyrians*, *Babylonians* and *Persians*. And from thence I should Naturally fall upon the *Conquests* of *Alexander the Great*; the *Rise* of the *Macedonian Empire*, the Death of that Mighty *Hero* in *Babylon*, and the Cantonizing the *Empire* among his Chief Officers. Such *Memoirs* as these, would awaken my Thoughts of the Vanity of all Humane Affairs, as it does at this time: And particularly I reflect on my own Fol-

ly, in ſetting my Heart ſo much on Travelling to a Country, which I am never like to ſee.

For, alas, my Dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age, the hardſhips of ſo long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sickneſs has impair'd the Strength of my Conſtitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The leaſt Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly, neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger or Thirſt, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives Damage from every one of theſe. I could not poſſibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling Two or Three Days together without a Drop of Water to refreſh my panting Soul. An Habitual Fever has made me the Thirſtieſt Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the ſcorching Heats of the Sun, to which a Traveller in thoſe Parts is Neceſſarily expos'd. I ſhould daily diſſolve like Wax, or rather exhale in Smoke, in the midſt of ſo many Fervors. In a Word, my Body is ſo Infirm, that I am very ſure to die, before I can get Half Way to *Indoſtan*, let me take the neareſt Road I can.

Yet if the *Miniſters* of the *Port* ſhall think fit to ſend me, I am reſign'd. For, I take no farther Care of my Life, than as I may be ſerviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

I in-

I intend to write to our Illuſtrious Friend about it. In the mean time, do thou for me, what the Prudence of a Man, and the Affection of a Brother ſhall ſuggeſt, as moſt conducing to the Intereſt of our *Sovereign*, and our own Honour, which we ought to preferr to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and Salutes thee with a tender Embrace.

Paris, *the* 9th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THis Court of late makes a double Figure; the one of *Real Sorrow* for the Dutcheſs of *Savoy*'s Death, who was of the Blood-Royal of *France*; the other of *Counterfeit Mourning* for the Death of *Carolus Joſephus*, Brother to the *German* Emperour. For, they inwardly rejoyce at this *Latter*, and wiſh the whole Houſe of *Auſtria* were laid in their Graves: That Family being the only Obſtacle to the *Grandeur*, at which the *French* Monarchy aſpires. The only Rub which Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini* found in their Way, when they ſought to exalt the *Bourbons* to the Empire of the *Weſt*.

The Riſe and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Changes of Government, the Alternate Fate of Nations, are Themes worthy of a *Muſſulman*'s Thoughts; conſidering that the Victorious and Happy *Oſmans* at this Day poſſeſs the Territories of ancient Renown, the Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the greateſt Figures and Noiſe in the World.

What

What is now become of the moſt Famous Monarchies of *Babylon*, *Perſia*, *Aſſyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece* and *Rome*? Look for the Myſterious and Learned Kingdom of *Egypt*; the Religious State of the *Jews*; The moſt Ancient Kingdoms of the *Sicyonians* and *Argives*; The Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*, with many other Countries mention'd in the Records of Time, and we ſhall find them all Swallow'd up in the Univerſal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The Hiſtories of *Belus*, and how he got the Sovereignty by *Hunting*; of *Ninus* his Son who firſt taught the World the Methods of *Idolatry*; of *Semiramis*, *Ninyas*, *Sardanapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and the reſt of thoſe *Aſſyrian* Monarchs; ſound now like an antiquitated Tale, or Dream. Neither is there any more Life at this time in the *Babylonian* and *Perſian* Regiſters. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzar*'s, *Cyrus*'s and the reſt of thoſe renown'd Conquerours, now ſerve but as Foils to ſet off the more Glorious Enterprizes, and Succeſſes of our Immortal *Sultans*.

'Tis true, the *Perſians* at this Day retain ſome Fragments of that once Vaſt and Formidable *Eaſtern Empire*. And the *Germans* have a Shadow of the Ancient Imperial Majeſty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other, are grown Effeminate and Weak; they have loſt the Vertue, the Power and Fortune of their Predeceſſors.

Thou haſt travell'd over all the Dominions of the *Sophi*, and been an Eye-Witneſs of the *Perſian* Luxury, Libertiniſm, and Nakedneſs. Thou haſt ſeen the Off-ſpring of *Heroick* Sages, transform'd to Swine, Dogs, Aſſes, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they'd drank of *Circe*'s Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Vertue; nay, ſo impoſſible even to ſtand ſtill in that ſacred Path, without being violently pull'd backward. In a Word, thou art ſo thorowly acquainted with the Preſent State of *Perſia*, and all its Circumſtances, that I ſhou'd appear too officious in pretending to deſcribe either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But, as to *Europe*, thou profeſſeſt thy ſelf a Stranger, and haſt commanded me to characteriſe this Quarter of the *World*; Wherein *Germany* makes the moſt Majeſtick Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea: *Spain*, boaſts of her Gold; whilſt *France* treaſures it up to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Penſion, to build mighty Fleets, and Magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make 'em *Pimps* to her Ambition, Inſtruments of her deſign'd *Grandeur*, which is no leſs than the *Weſtern Empire*.

As for the Duke of *Savoy*, he is a mere *Tennis-Ball*, or a *Shuttle-Cock*, bandied to and fro between the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

The

The *Swiſſes* are Poor and Mercenary. They cannot ſtay at Home unleſs they cou'd banquet on the Turfs and Stones: For all the Fleſh, Fruit, and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep 'em alive, and they have little or no Money, but what they get abroad. This makes 'em all *Travellers*, and moſt of them take up the Trade of War. They ſerve the *Pope*, the *French* King, and many other Princes, for Pay: And where they once engage, they are very true to their Truſt. But, I can tell thee, they wou'd be unwilling to fight for the *Grand Signior*, unleſs he wou'd allow 'em Plenty of *Wine*, which thou know'ſt is contrary to the Diſcipline of the *Muſſulman* Armies: And theſe *Swiſſes* are the profeſs'd Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are Induſtrious, and Rich: They mind nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They wou'd fain engroſs the Trade of the *Indies* and the *Levant*, to themſelves. They traffick, that they may be in a Condition to fight, and they fight to eſtabliſh their Commerce; having no ſence of *Honour*, but onely of *Profit*. If they attempt any Conqueſt, or make an Invaſion, it muſt be in *America*, or ſome other remote Country: For they're onely upon the Defenſive among their Neighbours, not daring to be the Firſt Aggreſſors in a War. In a Word, they're like a Neſt of Piſmires, that trudge up and down continually to get Proviſion, but ſting and bite thoſe under whoſe Protection they

they live, if they have an Opportunity.

'Tis thought, the Prince of *Orange*, who deſcends from an Illuſtrious Stock, will e'er long reduce thoſe *Republicans* to another Form of Government. The *French* Style him the *Head* and *Heart* of the *United States*, and theſe thou know'ſt command the *Hands* and the *Feet*.

Germany is counted the Bulwark of *Chriſtendom* againſt the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. But, in my Opinion, one of our Embaſſadors at the Emperor's Court, gave a truer Deſcription of it, when he compar'd *Germany* to a Great Monſter, with many Heads and Tails, which having a deſire to break through a certain quick-ſet Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making Way where it cou'd beſt among the leſs entangl'd Branches, were all caught in ſo many different Noozes, by the Interpoſition of ſtrong Trees, and ſo the Monſter was forc'd to retire with Shame and Loſs: Whereas, he ſaid, the *Oſman* Empire, was like an Animal with One Head, and Many Tails, and that One Head not encountring the like Difficulties, eaſily paſs'd through, being follow'd by the Tails with one Conſent, as the untwiſted Ends of a Ten-ſtring'd Cord paſs through a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has lead them the Way.

I ſhou'd have mention'd *Italy*, *Poland*, *Denmark*, *Moſcovy*, and other Regions of *Europe*, but it wou'd be too tedious for one Letter,

Letter, which I ſhou'd neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read, at once.

Therefore, I deſire thee to accept of this onely as a rough Draught, an Imperfect Sketch of ſome Parts of the *Weſt*. But in my future Diſpatches, I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Lineament of this great Body to the Life, as near as I can diſcern 'em by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

MAY *God* multiply his Bleſſings on thee, and cauſe thy Heart to ſparkle with freſh Lights and new Joys, like the *Sky-Rockets* on a *Dunalma* [or *Royal Holiday.*] Accept alſo a ſmall Preſent, not worth an Inventory, (conſiſting onely of a few Pictures, Looking-Glaſſes, Watches, and other Manufactures of *France*, from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Fathers Neighbour, and a Voluntary Slave of thoſe who ſerve thee, if I had the Honour of an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of Eſteem. But, thou haſt Condeſcenſion enough to look on Both with the Eye of a Noble *Arab*, who knows how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devoir and Affection, which way ſoever he expreſſes it.

I can never forget the former Diſcoveries of thy Friendſhip to my Brother *Peſteli* and me; and in General, to all thoſe of our Houſe: Which ſtill encourages me to expect greater Kindneſſes; nay, in a manner, aſſures me of them: Becauſe, I know the Nature of true Generoſity is ſuch, that where it once begins to faſten on an Object, it never ceaſes to communicate its Favours, till Damn'd Perfidy

fidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be Damn'd that then has the Impudence to ask for any more.

But Praiſe be to *God*, my Caſe is otherwiſe; I am not in the Number of the Ungrateful and Treacherous: And therefore, with Boldneſs I preſume once more to addreſs to the Duſt of thy Feet, illuſtrious *Baſſa*, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Perſecution of my Enemies; whoſe whole Endeavour is to ruine me.

Thou know'ſt I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637. of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. The *Sun* had then reviſited the *Sign* he was in at my *Nativity*, juſt the Eight and Twentieth Time. I was a mere Youngſter in the *World*. However, my *Superiours* thought me fit for this *Employment*. How I have acquitted my ſelf in it ever ſince, I leave to themſelves to judge: Yet, for Faſhion's Sake, they will be always a finding Faults. One Sycophant or other is perpetually railing againſt me, when they find any of the *Vizirs* and other *Grandees* in a Humour to hearken to them. I phanſy 'tis for Want of Diſcourſe. When they have nothing elſe to talk of, then they fall a cenſuring of poor *Mahmut*, who undergoes more Fatigues than a Hundred Thouſand ſuch * *Thlguch*, as they. I, can't imagine, what they aim at; unleſs it be that they wou'dhave me turn *Chriſtian*, and enter my ſelf into ſome *Monaſtery*. Suffer

* *This Word* Thlguch, *was left ſo in the* Italian, *and the* Engliſh Tranſlator *knows not what to make of it.*

Suffer me, my Noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations to ſuch a Change of his *Faith*, without being confin'd to a *Recluſe* Life. He may be a *Friar* or a *Libertine*, a *Prieſt* or a *Layman*, A *Zealot* or a *Hypocrite*, a *Chimney-Sweeper* or an *Abbot*, which he pleaſes, according as he is qualify'd. And, I can aſſure thee, he that wou'd be a good Man, which is beyond all the Reſt, has Incentives enough among the *Profeſſors* of the *Nazarene* Worſhip, though the greateſt Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that *True Religion* conſiſted in Empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any Thing but in a Life conform to Reaſon, and to the Will of *God*.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian Rambler*, that has read ſomething more than the *Pariſh-Clerks*. And becauſe they know, I underſtand *Greek*, *Sclavonian*, and Two or Three *Languages* more, they wou'd fain make me a *Prieſt*, *Doctor*, *Orator*, or any Thing that I wou'd accept of, to ſerve an Intereſt. And I am compell'd to uſe, either a down-right Humility, or a forc'd Pride, that I may handſomly evade their Courtſhip: Convincing 'em ſometimes, that I am not fit for ſuch *Dignities*, at other Seaſons telling 'em, I am above *Inferiour Orders*, and that nothing leſs than an *Archbiſhops Pall*, or a *Cardinal's Hat* will ſatisfy my Ambition.

Thus

Thus I really diſſemble, and jeſt my ſelf in earneſt out of Ample Eſtates, to ſerve *God*, his *Prophet*, and the *Grand Signior*: Yet am traduc'd at the *Seraglio* for a *Hypocrite*, an *Infidel*, and *God* knows what.

Here's honeſt *Eliachim* the *Jew* undergoes the ſame Fate; Whilſt thoſe of his own Party, eſpecially the *Rabbi's*, proclaim him every where for a *Chriſtian*; and the *Nazarenes* point at him, as a *Turk*. Onely my *Landlord* where I before lodg'd, who is an honeſt old drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a *Saint*, and ſwears he will have him Canoniz'd after his Death: And all this, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So partial are all Men to their own Humours and Intereſts. But the Truth on't is, *Eliachim's* an Excellent Counterfeit, and my *Landlord* is not the onely Man who has this Veneration for him. He paſſes for a very *Good Catholick* and a *Holy Man* among a great many others. His Looks are ſo demure, his Mien ſo compos'd, and he has ſuch Godly Diſcourſe with him, about the *Sacraments*, *Indulgences*, *Miracles* and *Graces* of the *Church*, when he is in Company with *Chriſtians*, That he wou'd deceive the *Spaniſh Inquiſition*, and cheat the *Devil* himſelf.

Such is the Violence we are forc'd to uſe to our ſelves, who live in theſe hazardous Stations. And yet No-body conſiders us, or regards our Zeal for the *Grand Signior*.

Signior. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not onely in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes* who are our real Enemies; but alſo expos'd to the Envy, Malice and Perſecution of thoſe who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complain'd of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Ichingi Cap-Oglani*, and his Aſſociates: And the *Miniſters* were pleas'd to receive my Apologies. But now I ſuſpect greater Treachery. I ſent an Account to the *Reis Effendi* ſome Years ago, how I was dogg'd up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehenſions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an *Aſſaſſine* in the Dark, I arm'd my Breaſt with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger-Proof. I was not at all miſtaken in my Gueſs. For the laſt Night, as I was returning home to my *Lodging*, between the Hours of Nine and Ten; I receiv'd a Stab in my aforeſaid Breaſt-Plate, right againſt my Heart. It was not ſo dark but I could perceive the Perſon who gave me this Blow; and Self-Preſervation taught me immediately to ſeize on him, and grapple as cloſe as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good Diſtance from our Bodies. I am but little and ſhort, yet I have a ſtrong Spring with my Body when I am once rouz'd, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Beſides, I have generally a certain Preſence of Mind in Time of

of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readieſt and moſt proper Courſe to eſcape. In a Word, I wreſted the Ponyard out of the *Ruffian*'s Hand, and ſtabb'd him dead with it, not thinking it ſafe to make a Noiſe, but chuſing rather to die if my Strength fail'd me, than by crying out for help, run the Riſque of worſe Conſequences: For I had long expected ſome ſuch Attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the *Port*. And concluding this Fellow to be one employ'd by them for that Purpoſe, I thought it no Prudence to have him ſeiz'd by the *Watch*, and puniſh'd by the *Law*, leſt he ſhould in Revenge diſcover me and my Buſineſs to theſe *Infidels*. Therefore I play'd the *Executioner* my ſelf, and ſent him out of Hand to another World, to prevent his telling Tales in this. Thou wilt ſay there was no Injuſtice in this, ſince 'twas in my own Defence, and to ſave the Honour of my *Sovereign*. As he fell, he uttered theſe Words in a faint broken Tone, *Mahmut, my Death will be reveng'd before long, and you cannot eſcape the Trap that is laid for you.* Then he expir'd.

This made me preſently conclude, that he was employ'd by ſome-body at the *Port*: For, How elſe ſhould he know my True Name? But, upon Second Thoughts, I cannot be certain, but that he was ſet at Work by my Old *Sicilian Maſter*, ſince he knew my Name alſo. However, I have greater Reaſon to ſuſpect the Former; becauſe, it is not

not probable, that the *Infidel* would take ſo Chargeable and Troubleſome a Method to Murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Beſides, for ought I know, he may be dead. *God* only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Aſſaults of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniences, I have remov'd my ſelf to a New *Lodging*, in the moſt obſcure Corner of the City, and very remote from the Place where I liv'd before, being reſolv'd alſo not to frequent the *Court*, nor any Publick Places as I have done formerly; but to take other Meaſures for Intelligence.

What I deſire of thee is, to repreſent my Caſe favourably to the *Divan*, That they may approve of my Conduct. Do alſo whatever elſe thou judgeſt the Part of a Country-man and a Friend.

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointments of Deſtiny. For 'tis in vain to be too Sollicitous.

Adieu, High-born *Kerker*, and forget not *Mahmut* in his Diſtreſs. For, that is the Time, wherein true Friendſhip is tried.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

BE not diſhearten'd at the Troubles which thou encountereſt in this World of Lotteries. But, remember the *Adage* of thy *Rabbi's*, *That* EVIL *which is Old as Night, is yet the Off-ſpring of every Morning.* The Ages are meaſur'd exactly, and our Hours are checker'd with Equal Mixtures of Happineſs and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Deſires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, ſo have we no Reaſon to repine at what happens to us ſince we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs took Care of us then, and afterwards inſpir'd our Mother's and Nurſes with Tenderneſs, and a Thouſand Degrees of Patience beyond what is Recorded of *Job*, the ſame will provide for us to Eternity.

The Deſire of Knowledge kill'd *Adam*, and the ſame Luſt, propagated with his *Seed*, deſtroys all his *Poſterity*. We can never be ſatisfi'd in our Confinement to this *World*, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fiſh or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilſt we do but entangle our ſelves

the

the faſter, render our Reſtraint more uneaſy, and delay the Poſſibility of our Releaſe. Whereas Patience would ſoon ſet us free, and rank us among the *Immortals*. One thinks to eſcape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits, he ſhall by his Gold, be able to bribe the *Watch*, who Guard the laſt *Paſſes* of this *Life*, and perſwade 'em to let him Scamper ſafe to *Paradiſe*. Alas! Alas! All this is but the Sophiſtry of our Paſſions. 'Tis in vain to think of haſt'ning or retarding our *Fate*. Our Time is ſet, though we know not the Period. Reſignation is our beſt Leſſon, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a *Sermon*, rather than a Letter. But, I adviſe thee to read it with the Eyes of a *Stoick*; That is, whether it pleaſes thee or not, regard it no farther than it agrees with Reaſon. I would fain ask of the Man who expects to have his *Will* accompliſh'd in this *Life*, whether he can prevail upon the *Sun* to riſe any Morning within the *Artick Circle*, or the *Moon* to deſcend, ſome Night, and ſweep the Snow off from the Top of Mount *Athos*. So Inexorable is our *Deſtiny*, ſo unalterable the *Decrees* of *Fate*.

Be not troubled therefore at any Thing; but remember that thou art a *Part* of the *Univerſe*, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the *Whole*.

What I have ſaid is, to arm thee againſt all the Contingences which may aſſault thee unawares,

awares, ruſhing upon thee on a ſudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Deſigns of *Providence* and *Nature*, *Deſtiny* and *Chance*.

I my ſelf have lately experienc'd, that it is good to be thus prepar'd for future Events, having narrowly eſcap'd Death by a little Timely fore-caſt.

It is not Neceſſary for thee at this Time, to know all the Circumſtances of my Danger. Suffice it to ſay, That I was aſſaſſinated in the Dark, kill'd him that deſign'd to be my Murderer, and am now forc'd to remove my *Habitation*.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Iſrael* will be at *Vienna* within Fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know: With freſh Inſtructions concerning my *New Lodgings*, and the Method we muſt obſerve for the Future in conveying Letters. We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior*'s Buſineſs.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine, they were only lent us to ſerve him, on whoſe Life ſo many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, *the* 18th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

I Am oblig'd to ſend Circular Letters at this Time, to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Buſineſs with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very Important Emergency, I am forc'd to change my *Lodgings*. I have already ſent away *Diſpatches* to *Conſtantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account to prevent the Errors they might commit in addreſſing their Letters. For the ſame Reaſon, I now write to thee. Thou needeſt not enquire after the Occaſion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any Thing that happens to us extraordinary in thoſe hazardous *Poſts*. We muſt expect to encounter with Rubs and Obſtacles in ſerving our *Great Maſter*. If theſe Difficulties have but their proper Effect, which is to whet our Inventions, encreaſe our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal, all ſhall go well.

The Soul of Man never diſplays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Luſtre, than when ſhe is environ'd with Perils. Theſe are the Tryals of Fortitude, Prudence, Juſtice and all the Vertues. He that ſinks under Misfortunes, and Croſs Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis aſleep.

Courage

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart beat a continual Alarm. Be not dismay'd at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and truſt thy *Soul* to *God*.

Thou liveſt in a City where Vertue and Vice are in Emulation, ſtill ſtriving to ſurpaſs each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more Pious and Good. Follow thou the beſt *Patterns*, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation: For that's the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from Vital Principles of Reaſon and Generoſity in thy ſelf. And when thou ſeeſt rare Examples, let 'em ſerve only to awaken and rowze thy Innate Vertue.

Send me no Letters, till thou haſt received Freſh Orders from the *Port*. They will furniſh thee with all Neceſſary Inſtructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Diſpatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freſheſt Date. Penetrate into the Counſels of the *Republick* where thou reſideſt. Inſinuate thy ſelf with the *Senators* and *Grandees*. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate Nothing but the Truth to the *Miniſters* of the *Port* or to me. If thou canſt Diſcover their Inclinations to a *Peace*, or their

Absolute Need of it, thou wilt do an Acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the whole *Empire* of the *Faithful*: For then we can bring 'em to our own Terms.

Zeidi, to *God* I recommend thee, desiring him to preserve thee from *Wine*, *Women* and *Cards*, which are the Three Capital Temptations of *Venice*.

Paris, *the* 1st. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Murat Baſſa.

I Cannot eaſily Divine the Reaſons why I am ſo much neglected by the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. Above Four Years have paſs'd away, wherein many Notable Events have happened; yet no-body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of Remote Tranſactions, are owing either to the Publick News of *Europe*, or at beſt to ſome particular Letters of Merchants reſiding in this City, with whom I conſerve an Intimacy, for the ſake of Intelligence, and for other Cauſes.

Thus I ſhould have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Iſſue the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*'s Rebellion had, were it not for an Accidental Interview I lately had of ſome *French* Travellers, who came from *Conſtantinople*. Theſe inform'd me of the ſudden Fate of that *Baſſa*, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the *Imperial* City, at the Head of a Potent Army, and juſt upon the Point of Accommodation with the *Grand Signior*. They much extol his Bravery and Reſolution: For the *French* are Naturally Lovers of ſuch as dare boldly oppoſe their Sovereign. They

equally condemn the ſly Perfidiouſneſs of *Mortaza Baſſa*, to whoſe ſafe Conduct the Generous *Rebel* truſted his Life, and by that Eaſineſs loſt it. Yet they applaud *Mortaza's* Loyalty, Courage and Wiſdom, with the Eminent Services he afterwards did the *Empire*, in leading the Army againſt *Ragotski*, Prince of *Tranſylvania*, which at length lifted him to the *Government* of *Babylon*.

All theſe Things had been hid from me, were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligencers. Nor ſhould I have known how the Rebellion was carried on after his Death by his Revengeful Nephew, by the Son of *Chuſain Baſſa*, by a *Bey* of *Egypt*, and other Malecontents. Yet ſuch Paſſages are fit for a Man in my Poſt to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear *Idea* of his *Maſter's* Circumſtances, and ſo apply himſelf more effectually to ſerve him.

It had not been amiſs, if I had receiv'd timely Intelligence of the Death of Prince *Ragotski*, in Regard there was always a private Correſpondence between him and this *Court*. Which ceaſing by his Death, it had been worth my Pains to obſerve, whether it would be continued by his *Succeſſor*, or what other Meaſures they would take.

'Tis true, I was acquainted with this, but not by the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. I heard alſo of all the following Commotions in *Tranſylvania*, occaſion'd by the different Factions of *Michael Apaſi* and *Kemini Janos*, the Two Rival Princes. I was not ſorry for this

this News, knowing that the Diviſions of the *Nazarenes*, ſtrengthen the Unity and Force of the *Muſſulman Empire*. I was likewiſe inform'd of the Fate of *Mortaza*, *Baſſa* of *Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier*'s Jealouſy; with many other Paſſages. But neither from the *Port*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the leaſt Intelligence of the *Venetian* War, and what Progreſs our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the other Dominions of the *Republick*. Which makes me conclude, that either the *Grand Signior*'s Reſidence at *Adrianople*, abated his Inclinations to Martial Affairs, which is alſo the Common Opinion of the *Chriſtians* here in the *Weſt*; or, that the War in *Hungary* for a while ſuperſeded all other Deſigns.

However it be, 'tis certain the Succeſſes of the *Ottoman* Arms in taking *Newhauſel*, *Leventz*, *Novigrad*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incurſions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Auſtria*, put the whole *German Empire* into a great Conſternation. *Embaſſadors* are ſent from the *Imperial Court* to all the *Chriſtian* Princes, imploring their Aſſiſtance in this General Danger of *Europe*.

Here is one arriv'd at this *Court*, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Perſon of good Addreſs, and Maſter of much Eloquence. He has prevail'd on the *French* King to maintain at his own Charges Six Thouſand Horſe and Foot, to ſerve againſt the Victorious *Oſmans*. A Great many Perſons of *Quality*,

have liſted themſelves as Voluntiers; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Conſtantinople*, and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they firſt came.

Courteous *Baſſa*, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of theſe *Infidels*, who conſider not that by the *Grace* of *God*, and *Miracles* of his *Prophet*, our *Emperour* is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the Mightieſt of the Mighty ones; the *Phœnix* of Honour, Power, and Unparallell'd Majeſty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a Myſterious and Sublime Lineage, in whom are center'd all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of *God* on Earth!

The Breath of Fame goes before the Van-Couriers of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Duſt that is rais'd by his Heroick Cavalry, paſſing through the Air, cauſes Trembling and Aſtoniſhment in the Hearts of the *Chriſtians*. The *Infidels* fall before the Fatal Cymetars of *True Believers*.

May the *Angel* of the *Houſe* of *Iſmael* continue to proſper the *Holy Off-ſpring*, to extend their Conqueſts, and propagate the *Faith* unblemiſh'd; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all *Climates*, and from the utmoſt Borders of the Earth.

Paris, *the* 5th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I Have often wonder'd, why among the Reſt of the Nations in *Chriſtendom*, thou would'ſt not beſtow the leaſt Tranſient Viſit on *Spain!* But upon more mature Conſideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain the Lives of the Natives; and by Conſequence, 'tis not to be thought, they can ſpare much for Strangers. A very Inhoſpitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren of Corn, and Rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou ſhalt conſider, That the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this and other Reaſons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve through which the Immenſe Treaſures of *Peru* and *Mexico*, are drain'd into other Countries.

You may travel ſome Days together in *Spain*, without ſeeing any Thing ſave the

dry Face of a Deſart. And if you chance to meet with a Houſe, wherein you may ſhelter your ſelf, and your Horſe, expect no better than a *Ramezan*-Entertainment. For you muſt faſt all Day, and think your ſelf much reſpected, if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a Morſel of Bread and Fleſh at Night, to keep you from being ſenſible, That you are actually ſtarving.

Then the Inhabitants are the Proudeſt People on Earth. You ſhall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroys, or at leaſt Men that conceit themſelves ſuch. They are alſo Mercileſs in their Revenge; Cruel, Obdurate, Covetous, Moroſe and Inexorable. In a Word, *Spain* is the *Jeſuites* Paradiſe; the *Jews* Purgatory; and the Hell of *Women*.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather which would not ſuffer thee to fall into the Hands of thoſe *Barbarians*, nor think it worth thy Pains to breathe an Air infected with ſo many Vices. Thou haſt paſs'd through many more inviting Provinces, and art at laſt happily ſeated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing good.

I ſent a Letter to our Couſin *Solyman*, adviſing him to give thee a viſit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinſman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember

member that no Man is born for himſelf.

Paris, *the* 6th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XII.

To Aſis Baſſa.

ALL *Europe* is alarm'd with the Mighty Preparations which our Invincible *Sovereign* is making to invade the *German Empire*. Great is their Conſternation and Fear, and *Couriers* are every where running up and down from one *Kingdom* and *Court* to another, to remonſtrate the Common Danger, and beg Aſſiſtance. Every Body appears Zealous in a Cauſe which concerns all *Chriſtendom*, and the *French King* has lent the *Emperour* Eight Thouſand Men.

The *Duke* of *Beaufort* is alſo gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the *Corſairs* of *Argiers*, and other *Dominions* of *Barbary*.

The *Pope* has ſent to the *Emperour*'s Aſſiſtance Six Thouſand Foot, and Two Thouſand Horſe. And the Reſt of the *Emperour*'s *Allies* are raiſing Levies for him as faſt as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand*

Signior in Perſon, is at the Head of Two Hundred Thouſand Men, entring *Hungary* as a *Conqueror*: That he has taken above Forty Towns, ruin'd all the Country where he paſs'd through, and that in a little time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this *Court* appears Inſenſible of the General Danger which threatens *Chriſtendom*. They are altogether taken up in *Ballets*, *Plays*, and *Feaſting*, minding their own Intereſt more than that of their Neighbours, and revelling as if the *King* of *France* were *ſole Monarch* of the *World*.

Here is arrived a *Legate* from *Rome*, to compoſe the Differences between the *Pope* and this *Crown*. His Name is *Cardinal Chiſi*. He is receiv'd with unparallell'd Magnificence, as if he were an *Angel* from *Heaven*: For the *French King* loves to ſhew his Grandeur on ſuch Occaſions. Beſides, all the *Nations* which are in the *Communion* of the *Latin Church*, have an unreſerv'd Veneration for the *Roman Mufti*, whom they eſteem the *Succeſſor* of *Peter* the *Prince* of the *Apoſtles*.

This Young *Monarch* has a large *Soul*. The whole World ſeems too little to ſatisfy his Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Deſigns, greater than thoſe of *Alexander*, the *Conquerour* of *Aſia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate, raiſes vaſt Armies, builds Magnificent Palaces, keeps *Kings* in *Penſion*, ſupports many *Princes* of *Germany*; and in a Word, commands more of them, than does the

the *Emperour* himself, who is their *Lawful Sovereign.*

Yet after all I cannot perceive that he loses any Degree of that Respect which he owes, and which his *Predecessors* have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable *Arbiter* of the *whole World.*

God grant our *Sovereign* long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the *King* of *France* wants, to the Accomplishment of his Happiness: For at present he feeds like a Sparrow.

Paris, *the* 19th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THou wilt perceive the vaſt Reſpect I have for thee, by my frequent Diſpatches. Thy Commands are to me as the *Laws* and *Sanctions* of the *Ottoman* Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witneſs my Letters to ſome of the *Grandees*; wherein I have not ſpar'd to reprove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Adminiſtration. If a *Baſſa* has been unjuſt, ſeditious, or engag'd in Rebellious Practices: If he has prov'd an Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant; he has not eſcap'd without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, adviſing, and giving Counſel to the Greateſt Miniſters in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the *Flower* of *Sublime Glory*, the *Phœnix* of *Honour*, *Sole Favourite*, and *Truſtee* of the *Grand Signior*, the *Vizir Azem*; in whoſe Cuſtody were the Seals of *Imperial* Secrets, *Majeſtick* Decrees, and *Royal* Edicts: Who being the *Primum Mobile* of the Refulgent *Muſſulman* State, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the *Inferior Orbs*, *Springs*, and *Inſtruments* of Government.

I re-

I receiv'd this Command many Years ago; and he that gave it me, is gone to the *World of Spirits*. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being ſtamp'd with the *Myſterious Signet*, the *Character* of *Supreme* and *Immutable Authority*. In Obedience to which, I have never warp'd or flinch'd from the Duty enjoyn'd me. And to demonſtrate, that I did not do this in a vain Oſtentation of the Power which was given me; I have not fail'd all along to pay to a Man of Merit, the Attach and Veneration which was his due.

'Tis with inexpreſſible Pleaſure, I throw my ſelf at the Feet of a Wiſe and Vertuous Man; with extreme Complacency I kiſs the Duſt whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties, in expreſſing my Eſteem. I am full of *Platonick Love*, and build Altars in my Breaſt, to a Soul deſerving the Innocent Sacrifices of amorous Paſſions; the Incenſe of Gratitude, and a pure Affection, an *Holocauſt* of Integrity and Loyal Friendſhip.

I proteſt, by the Hopes I have of ſitting on the Banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regal'd in the delectable *Chioſes* of *Paradiſe*, that I honour thy Learning and other Sage Perfections; that unblemiſh'd Life, thoſe excellent Morals, and the unparallell'd Sweetneſs of Modeſty, which Crowns all thy Actions. But I will ſay no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praiſes. The beſt Method of expreſſing my Regard, will

will be to anſwer thy Expectations, in preſenting thee with the true Pourtraicture of theſe *Weſtern* Nations and People, which thou ſo paſſionately coveteſt.

I muſt deſire thee to excuſe the Confuſion and want of Order in my Letters; ſince I ſend thee a Medley of Remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago ſince I wrote to *Iſouf Eb'n Achmed*, a Kinſman of mine, a Merchant at *Aſtracan*; and among other Things, I took Notice of his neglecting to ſee *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in moſt of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Aſia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I deſcrib'd *Spain* in its worſt Colours. Now I will ſhew it to thee in another Figure, without ſwerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and Blemiſhes.

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made Amends for that Fault, in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits: The Sands of her Rivers are the moſt perfect Gold. Her Villages, tho' few, are greater, and more Populous than ſome Cities, witneſs *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of *Iron*, *Marble*, and *Jaſper*. Her Vallies underlaid with *Lead*, *Braſs*, and *Silver*. *Spain* of old was the *Tharſis* of *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In thoſe Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were Famous for their Fortitude, and Invincible

cible Conſtancy. 'Tis recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagunto* in the Province of *Valentia*, when they were beſieg'd by *Hannibal*, and ſore preſs'd by the *Carthaginians*, choſe to burn themſelves, with their Wives, Children, and all their Wealth, rather than yield to their Enemies.

Their *Fidelity* alſo was ſo remarkable, that ſome of the *Roman* Emperours had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Perſons; as the *French* King, the Pope, and other Princes do now confide in the Truſty *Swiſſes*.

But tho' there remain ſtill ſome ſcatter'd Remnants of the Ancient Vertue among them, eſpecially in *Biſcay* and *Caſtile*, yet the greateſt Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vaſtneſs of their Dominions. For they poſſeſs the beſt Half of *America*, are Lords of Two Mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other *Three* Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weaken'd its Vigor; the Affluence of their Wealth, has really impoveriſh'd them; and by ſtraining their Honour too high, they have crack'd it, being now of little or no Eſteem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades, at the riſing Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and ſwift Advances towards its *Zenith*. This Young Monarch is already become the *Arbiter* of all *Chriſtendom*.

Accom-

Accompliſh'd *Miniſter*, There is nothing in Nature ſtedfaſt: The World is but an Eternal Circulation of Events, Viciſſitudes, and Changes without Beginning or End. Only *God* remains Immutable, in his own Eſſence, which is the Center of every Thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we ſhall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, *the* 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Profeſſor *of* Philoſophy *at* Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed* our Holy *Lawgiver*; by the *Alcoran*, and all that is eſteem'd Sacred among the *Muſſulmans*, I ſwear, thy long Silence made me conclude my Firſt Letter was unwelcome to thee. But now I'm convinc'd to the contrary. Thy generous Anſwer has remov'd my Apprehenſions, and fill'd me with Complacency. Henceforth I ſhall reſt aſſur'd and confident of thy Friendſhip, promiſing my ſelf vaſt Improvements from ſo learned a Converſation, tho' only by Letters, at many hundred Leagues Diſtance.

As to what thou requireſt of me, concerning the various Languages of *Europe*, I will inform thee the beſt I can, according to the Obſervations I have made, and the Intelligence I have received from Men of Letters, and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned Souls, Mirrors wherein they may behold their own Perfections, whilſt they are on Earth, and after their Departure to the *Inviſibles*, other Men may ſee the Interiour Beauties of their Mind repreſented to the Life. For *Words* are the perfect *Sculpture* of the *Intellect*, or at leaſt its *Mezzo-*

Tinto.

Tinto. They are the expreſs Portraicture of Divine and Humane Reaſon. Thus the *Alcoran* is call'd by ſome of our Holy Doctors, *The True Image of Original and Increated Wiſdom.*

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou know'ſt the Preheminence has been for ever given to thoſe of the *Eaſt*, and among them to the *Arabian*, both in Regard of its Purity, and of its Antiquity, from whence it is Styl'd the *Virgin-Mother* of Languages, the *Dialect* of the Bleſſed above.

Thou know'ſt, that for this Reaſon it is, the *True Faithful* covet no *Species* of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly skill'd in ſo Divine a Speech, wherein the *Volume of Celeſtial Majeſty* was penn'd in Heaven before the Throne of *God*, and ſent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *Meſſengers* who fly on the Errands of the *Omnipotent*. It was ſent I ſay, to the *Prophet* who could neither write nor read, that the World might be convinc'd of its Divine Original. Yet the Incredulous will not believe: Tho' it is manifeſt to any Man of Impartial Sence, That a Perſon altogether ignorant of Letters could not poſſibly compoſe a Book, the moſt Elegant that ever was penn'd in the World, and wherein not the leaſt Blemiſh or Contradiction can be found from the *Chapter* of the *Preface*, to the *laſt Verſicle*, which winds up the whole *Volume*. Oh! obdurate Hearts of *Infidels*; Oh! wilfully

fully Blind, that ſhut their Eyes againſt the Splendors of *Eternal Light*: Oh! reſolvedly Deaf, that ſtop their Ears againſt the Voice of *God* and his *Prophet*, neither will they liſten to the ſoft Whiſpers which are wafted from *Paradiſe*.

Such are the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are paſſionately enamour'd, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the Monſtrous Fictions of the Ancient Poets, or at leaſt all the Lying Tales and *Legends* of their own Prieſts, which are Ten Times more Fabulous than the Former, and more Inconſiſtent with Reaſon. And this they do rather than be at the Pains of learning *Arabick*, which would inſtruct them in Truths as Clear and Serene as the *Orient* Sun.

I ſhall ſay little of theſe Two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in Regard they being now grown Obſolete, and only to be learn'd in Schools, thou, no doubt, art vers'd in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phraſe it.

That which ſeems propereſt for me to inform thee of, is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old Antiquated Mother thruſt out of Doors by her Four ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Portugueze*. Theſe are her Natural Offſpring, begot during the *Roman* Conqueſts in the *Weſt*, and degenerating after that Empire was in its Decline. So that now they

are

are taken for no better than *Mongrels* or *Baſtards*. In *Spaniſh* there is a great Mixture of *Gothiſh* and *Moreſco* Words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gauliſh* Idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a Hotch-potch of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns* and *Longobards*, yet that Fault is recompenc'd by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portugueze*, 'tis but a Dialect of *Spaniſh*, and lies under the ſame Imperfections.

The only pure, *Maternal* Languages now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonick*, *Sclavonick*, and *Britiſh*: The Firſt is ſpoken in *Germany* to Perfection, but corruptly in *Suedeland*, *Denmark* and the *United Provinces*. The Second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Raſcians*, and many other Nations. The laſt is confin'd to the *Welſh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the Victorious *Saxons* their Conquerours, above a Thouſand Years ago. As for the Reſt, they are only mix'd Dialects, and ſo not worth taking Notice of; excepting one Mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are ſaid to ſpeak Pure *Arabick* at this Day. They are ſuppos'd to be a Remnant of the *Moors*.

The Criticks here in the *Weſt*, uſe to give theſe following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would addreſs to *God*, ſpeak in *Greek* or *Latin*, becauſe of their Antiquity, Purity, and Majeſtick Loftineſs. If to *Kings*, ſpeak in *Spaniſh*, in Regard of its

flow

ſlow Pronunciation, and Gravity: If to *Men*, uſe *Italian*; to *Women*, *French*; to *Dogs*, *Welſh*: But if you would affright an *Enemy*, or the *Devil* himſelf, ſpeak *High-Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Embaſſador at the *French* Court, who deliver'd his Meſſage in *Teutonick*; which when a certain *Grandee* heard, and took Notice of its harſh and ſtrong *Emphaſis*, he ſwore 'twas his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein *God* curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, anſwer'd briskly, *'Tis poſſible*, Monſieur, *it may be ſo*; *but then I hope you'll grant*, *that* French *was the Occaſion of this Curſe*, *when the* Devil *choſe to tempt* Eve *in that Language for its Effeminacy*, *wheedling her* à la mode de Paris, *to eat the forbidden Fruit*.

Renowned *Muſu*, do me the *Honour* of frequent Letters: Inſtruct me in Things whereof I'm ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou reſideſt; Tranſport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; tranſport them I ſay ſucceſſively to *Paris* every *Moon*, on a Piece of Paper, and I will ſend thee all *Chriſtendom* by way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wiſdom, to barter for Knowledge.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1664.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To Oſman Adrooneth, Aſtrologer *to the* Sultan *at* Adrianople.

THoſe of thy *Profeſſion* here in the *Weſt*, are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain *Comet* which appears in the *Firmament*. 'Tis of that Sort which they call [*Bearded.*] And ſome will have it to reſemble a *Lyon*, others ſay 'tis like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a *Species* of Four-footed Beaſts, to which the Giddy Rabble do not reſemble it. And ſome aſſert it to be the perfect Figure of a *Sword*.

The *Mathematicians* are ſtraining all their Skill, to take the true Dimenſions of this *Celeſtial Apparition*. The *Painters* are drawing it to the Life; the *Poets* are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more Learned *Sages* are framing *Aſtronomical Schemes*, like ſo many Gins or Traps to catch this *Meteor* in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one *Heavenly Houſe* to another; they track it through the moſt Intricate Paths of the *Sky*.

If it ſtands ſtill, or makes a Tranſient Addreſs to any *Planet*, Eminent *Star*, or *Conſtellation*, we are preſently alarm'd with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard,

as

as if there were ſome Miſchief a-plotting againſt us *Above*. The World is harangu'd with Fatal Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the ſure Conſequences of this ſuppos'd *Prodigy*.

Tell me, thou who art Converſant in the *Science* of the *Stars*, and the Myſterious *Philoſophy* of *Nature*, what theſe *Comets* are? Whether they be only *Exhalations* drawn up into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, by the Force of the *Sun*; Or, whether they be more ſolid and durable Subſtances? Whether they be of a Poſthumous Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other *Meteors*, the daily Products of *Nature*, the Upſtart Off-ſpring of the *Elements*? Or, whether they are in the Rank of thoſe *Beings*, whoſe Antiquity is untraceable, which are as Old as the World; ſuch as the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and this *Earth* whereon we tread?

For my part, I believe 'tis no Hereſy in *Science*, whatever 'tis in *Religion*, to ſtart New *Maxims*. For ought we know, both in the one and the other, what we call Innovation, is but a Reviving thoſe *Principles*, which through Deſuetude, or the Corruption of Times are grown Obſolete, out of Date and forgotten, tho' really the moſt Primitive and Ancient Truths in the World.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are ſome other *Globes* ſcatter'd up and down the Infinite *Expanſe*, beſide thoſe whoſe Continual Brightneſs expoſes them to our Eyes.

The *Moon*, 'tis known, with *Venus* and other

ther *Planets*, receive their Light Gradually from the *Sun*, by *Hemiſpheres:* So that 'tis certain, each of theſe Orbicular Bodies is always Dark by Half. And where is the *Soleciſm*, if we ſuppoſe there are other Opake Bodies in the *Firmament* which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities, are Incapable of receiving any but from within themſelves? So we may ſuppoſe theſe *Comets* to be ſuch ſolid *Globes*, made Reſplendent by an Eruption of their Central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in ſuch Caſes. And thou art better able to decide theſe Queſtions than I. Therefore referring it to thy Sage Judgment, I pray him who made the *Stars*, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bleſs thee with Favourable *Influences*. That thy *Soul* may be always like a Land flouriſhing under the Sweet *Aſpects* of *Orion* and the *Pleiades*.

Paris, *the* 22d. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *French* have had ſo many Occaſions of Joy of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them moſt nearly.

The Satisfaction which the *Pope* gave this *Monarch*, for the Injuries formerly done to his Embaſſador at *Rome*, began the Triumph of the *French* Court. I have already ſent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Reſentments of the King flew, on the ſame Day that he receiv'd the Firſt News of ſo Barbarous an Affront. Now I ſhall acquaint thee, That there enſu'd a *Treaty* between them at *Piſa*, a City of *Italy* in the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*, after the *French* Troops had terrified them into a *State-Penitence*, by the menacing Approaches they made toward the *Eccleſiaſtical Territories*, through the *Principalities* of *Modena* and *Parma*. Theſe Two are Friends to *France*, and their Intereſt makes them ſo, in Regard that Crown protects 'em from the *Pope*'s Oppreſſion, who is always eſteem'd an ill Neighbour, by the *Italian* Princes, whoſe Dominions lie next to his. For this *Roman* Pre-

late is very Potent and Rich; he would in a ſhort time be *Lord* of all *Europe* in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*, were he not curb'd by the King of *France* and his *Allies*.

This makes all the *little Sovereigns* round about *Rome*, ſtand in awe of the *Monarch*, who was born to command *Crowned Heads*. Wonder not at the Expreſſion: For I tell thee, ſome of the greateſt Princes in *Europe* are his Penſioners. This very Quarrel with the *Pope*, has gain'd the *French* King Three *Cardinals* more than were his Friends formerly.

The Concluſion of the *Treaty* was, That the *Pope* ſhould ſend a Legate *de Latere* into *France*, to pacify the King's Wrath; and that the *Militia* or *Roman Guards* whom they call *Sbirri* and *Corſes*, ſhould be for ever aboliſh'd, and a *Pyramid* to be erected over againſt their Guard-Houſe, with an Inſcription in *Latin* and *French*, declaring their Crime and Puniſhment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very Jolly Humour. They fell preſently to Feaſting and Revelling; and the King's next Project was the Conqueſt of *Barbary*. To this End he ſent the Duke of *Beaufort* with a Fleet of Great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African Corſairs*, that ſo an Army might be ſafely tranſported from *Toulon*, and landed on the oppoſite Shore. His Deſign in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of thoſe Happy Countries to the old *Idolatry* of their *Forefathers*, to plant there the *Nazarene Superſtition*,

ſtition, and make himſelf the Sole Lord and Proprietor of *Africk*.

I cannot divine what Succeſs he will have in this great Enterprize; but it appears as if *God* were angry with the *Muſſulmans*: Such continual Loſſes they ſuſtain by Land and Sea.

It is with no ſmall Grief I ſaw not long ago, the *French* who ſerv'd in *Hungary* this Campagne, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of *True Believers*. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and Enſigns which theſe *Infidels* took from the vanquiſh'd *Oſmans*, hang up in their *Temples* as *Trophies* of their *Victory*, without inexpreſſible Paſſion and Regret. 'Tis ſaid here, the *Grand Signior* has loſt in *Hungary* above Thirty Thouſand Men this Campagne; whereof Ten Thouſand were kill'd in one Battle, and a Hundred and Fifty Colours taken, with Sixteen Cannons.

Beſides, theſe *Giafers* grate my Ears with another *Bravado*, boaſting that one *French* Ship of War fought Seven Hours with Three and Thirty of the *Grand Signior*'s Gallies, ſunk Five, ſcatter'd the reſt, and came off with a complete Victory.

'Tis a vaſt Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is waſh'd on the *South* by the *Mediterranean*, on the *North* by the *Main Sea*: So that 'tis eaſy for them to curb the greateſt Part of *Europe* on one Side, and ſufficiently moleſt the *Levantines* on the other. As for the *Weſtern* Parts, this Kingdom is their very Center:

where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Chriſtendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhauſtible Granary. Whatſoever deſirable Things, Nature has frugally drop'd here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their *Original Seminary*. *Corn* is plentiful as Graſs, *Wine* is almoſt as cheap here, as Water with you in ſome Parts of *Turky*. The Fens and Lakes are cover'd with *Wild Fowl*. The Meadows with *Sheep*, *Deers*, *Goats* and *Oxen*. There's nothing ſcarce but *Hens*, *Eggs*, and *True Believers*. I had almoſt forgot their Remarkable Plenty of Salt, the bare Cuſtom of which, augments the King's Coffers with Four Millions of Zequins every Year.

France alſo abounds in *Hemp*, a moſt neceſſary Vegetable, whereof ſhe not only makes all her own Cordage and Sails, but alſo furniſhes her Neighbours; which brings in a conſiderable Revenue. There is an Infinite Plenty of *Fruits*, and *Trees* for *Timber*, of *Iron*, *Marble*, *Free-ſtone*, and all Things neceſſary for *Building Ships* or *Houſes*, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting *Mines* of *Gold*, *Silver*, *Tin*, *Lead*, *Copper* and other Metals whereof Men make the Inſtruments of War, and the Entertainments of Peace. In a word, this Country is ſo enrich'd with every thing, that ſome Hiſtorians and Philoſophers have call'd it the Parent of Plenty, others the Foun-

tain

tain of Earthly Bliss, the most Incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World it self.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the Universal Successes of the *French* Arms, when thou considerest these things, and that here the Provinces are Peopl'd like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for Multitude of Inhabitants. To say all in a Word, The common Character of *France*, is the same which Philosophers give to Nature. That there can be no *Vacuum* found in it.

Paris, *the* 25th *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec, Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

PErmit me to ruſh into thy Preſence, Venerable Patron of Philoſophy, without the uſual *Formalities* of Addreſs, or *Punctilio*'s of *Introduction*. Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Cuſtom is at the *Imperial Port*, in urgent Caſes: For I am newly inflam'd afreſh with *Pythagoriſm*, *Platoniſm*, and *Indianiſm*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devaſtations by War, Famine, Peſtilence, Earthquakes, and ſuch like Contingencies, have either quite aboliſh'd the *True* and *Primitive Science* of the Firſt Ages, in moſt Parts of the Earth; or at leaſt very much diminiſh'd and obſcur'd their *Original* Splendor.

The beſt Manuſcripts are loſt, unleſs the *Indians* have preſerv'd 'em. Our Fathers grew Torpid, Stupified, and Deſperate, under the Publick Calamities which overwhelm'd whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himſelf to a needleſs Toil in labouring to preſerve the Records which came from Heaven: Hiſtories

ſtories of the World Inviſible, Celeſtial, Perfect, and Eternal; Traditions of undiſcoverable *Antiquity*; *Pandects* repleniſh'd with Bright *Oriental* Wiſdom, and ſeal'd with the *Tetragrammaton*, which thou know'ſt is the *Signet* of the *Firſt and the Laſt*; even of the *Divinity* which comprehends all Things, and is it ſelf comprehended of none.

Had they gone about ſuch a Task, they knew that ſome ill Fate or other would ſwallow their Writings, and bury them in Eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boaſt of the Footſteps of ancient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Reliques of *Primitive* Learning, ſcatter'd up and down in divers *Authors*, and much *adulterated* with the vain *Opinions* and *Errors* of After-Times. For every Writer was either inclin'd, or forc'd, to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppoſe their Tenets. So that now there is ſcarce any True *Philoſophy* extant on this ſide the *Ganges*.

How thoſe *Brachmans* only had the Happineſs to conſerve ſo Sacred a Treaſure, can be no other way made out, than by their own conſtant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reach'd thoſe utmoſt Borders of the Land toward the *Eaſt*. And perhaps, the ſame Reaſon may be given for the untraceable *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe*, their Neighbours. For tho' they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Cuſtoms, and manner of Government, yet they both agree in affirming the World

to be indeterminately Old, putting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modeſt Retrenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling, it ſhould be falſly cenſur'd, that they aim'd at an *Hyperbole*.

They ſay, That the *Firſt Matter* is *Co-eternal* with *God*, as *Light* is *Co-eval* with the *Sun*, produc'd alſo, and depending after the ſame Manner. For as the *Light* diffus'd through the Air, is not properly the *Sun*, but an Inſeparable Effect of it; ſo the *Univerſe* is not *God*, but his Production, ever ſubſiſting on him, and never to be divided from his *Eternal Eſſence*. And for ought I ſee, the moſt ſignificant Language in the World has no other way to expreſs things of this abſtruſe Nature. They are too ſublime for humane Thought; much more do they tranſcend the Power of Speech. All the *Dialects* on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Sence, to deſcribe the Ineffable Secrets of *Eternity*.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the Infinite Diverſity of Forms, reſulting from the *Firſt Matter*, they think it reaſonable to believe, That they were ſucceſſively produc'd in time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more Rational for me to believe this, than that the *Firſt Matter* it ſelf was produc'd out of nothing about Five or Six Thouſand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* ſeem to teach.

Rather

Rather than ſtarve my Reaſon with ſo ſhort an *Idea* of the World's Age, I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, ſuppoſe an *Infinity* of *Spaces* and *Worlds*, an *Eternity* of *Generations* and *Corruptions*, a *Continual Change* not only of *Individuals*, but of the very *Species* of things, through the *Fatal Concourſe* and *Blending* of *Atomes*: Yet not denying the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, nor undervaluing his *Providence* all the while. For theſe things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do not pretend to be ſingular, or ſet up for a *Dogmatiſt*. Neither am I ambitious of being eſteem'd a Wit, by venting Notions above the reach of vulgar Capacities. 'Tis only the pure Love of Truth, which encourages me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of *Philoſophy* art the only Maſter of the Age.

To thee therefore I ſubmit all my Sentiments, as to an Oracle; deſiring thy Impartial Anſwer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul, in the moſt humble Attach to thy Venerable Wiſdom, I become mute as a Mommie.

Paris, *the* 30th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1664.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the Vale of* Sidon.

WHat is this World, that on all ſides Invades our Sences? This Earth under our Feet; thoſe Clouds whirling over our Heads; theſe Winds ſhaking the Trees; that Azure Sky, with all its glittering Ornaments? What's all this but an Eternal Dream; a mere Shadow of *God Almighty's* Thoughts? 'Tis pleaſant living in it; 'tis alſo painful. In his Sence this Univerſe is perfectly good; in ours 'tis mix'd with evil. He made it for his own Diverſion, and our Scrutiny. 'Tis to us a Field of Riddles, and Contradictions. In *Summer* we curſe the Heat, and in *Winter* blaſpheme the Cold. Yet we bleſs both the one and the other, when we feel 'em in due Meaſure and Seaſon. One Hour, this Colour pleaſes the Eye, another that; and perhaps in the next, 'tis diſguſted at them both. We never find Reſt or Content in any thing. The ſofteſt Muſick at ſome times grates our Ears, like the croaking of Toads. The moſt agreeable Odours, are as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathſome and abominable. The moſt delectable Wines and Savoury Meats, at ſuch Seaſons, are unpalatable as the Beverage and Diet of Hell.

Hell. Neither can the more inſinuating Charms of Women, put us in a better Humour. All the whole Syſtem of Nature joined together, is not ſufficient to afford us Eaſe. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholy, or give us a taſte of our ſelves. For we are the very *Deity* in ſcatter'd Fragments; or we are ſeparated Drops of the *Divine Eſſence: Volatile Spirits* of *Eternity*; by *Fate* or *Chance*, fix'd in proper Vehicles of *Time*, and *Matter*. O *Santone!* This whole *Corporeal Univerſe*, is but a *Web* ſpun from the Bowels of an *Infinite God*, and wrought with inimitable Artifice, to catch *Immaterial Forms*, *Idea's* and *Souls* in, which are the Genuine Off-ſpring of the *Eternal Mind*. We Mortals of Humane Race, are but ſo many Parcels of the *Divinity* in Diſguiſe, trapan'd into Bodies, by certain hidden *Baits*, *Magnets* and *Charms* lurking in *Embryo's*, with which we have ſome Sympathy. We are all *Gods* in Maſquerade. So are the Beaſts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, and the Fiſh of the Sea.

Let us not therefore condemn the Antique Ceremonies of *Gentile* Religion, which taught Men to adore the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*; the *Elements* and all that is within their Circumference, eſpecially the *Souls* of departed *Heroes*, *Demi-Gods*, *Nymphs*, and the reſt of thoſe *Beings* which are the *Eldeſt Progeny* of *Eternal Nature*. For in ſo doing, they did but build Altars to the Original Fountain

Fountain of the Univerſe. Since *God* is in the Winds, in the Rain, in the Thunder, Lightning, Hail and other *Meteors*; in the Heavens, and Air, Sun, Moon and Stars; in the Fire, Earth and Water; in Plants and Animals; finally, ſince he is in the Elements and every thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is theſe very Things by an *Ineffable Production* of himſelf. And when the *Final Conſummation* ſhall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended Lines of his Infinity, into their Center, where thou and I, and every divided *Atome* in Nature ſhall meet, be united and ſwallowed up in Eternal Beatitude. *Amen! Amen!* Oh thou Lord and Father of all things, Inexhauſtible Abyſs of Miracles which know no End.

Paris, *the* 6th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

SUppoſing it were otherwiſe than I have ſaid: Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true. Believe that we and all things were produc'd by the *Fortuitous Concourſe* of *Atomes*. Yet ſtill we have the ſame, or greater Reaſon to value our ſelves as diminutive *Gods*, ſince in this Sence we muſt of neceſſity be *Eternal*, every *Atome* being ſo, of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of theſe *Philoſophers*, there's no ſuch thing as an *Origin* or *Beginning* of the *Univerſe*: Each *Particle* of *Matter* with them, is as old as the *Divinity*. We have all rang'd *Eternally* from one *Form* and *World* to another; danc'd to the meaſures of *Fate*, been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; ſtray'd through the Heavens and all the Elements; taken an Univerſal Carier, through *Infinite* and *Endleſs Spaces*; and are now (as fix'd as we ſeem in theſe ſolid Hulks of Fleſh) in the ſame Hurly-Burly as ever.

Theſe Bodies which we carry about us, are not compounded of the ſame *Atomes* as they were Seven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of *Particles*. We die as faſt as we live. Every Moment ſubſtracts from our

our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We move, breathe, and do all things by *Paradox*. Our very *Eſſence* is a *Riddle*.

With an open Heart therefore, I applaud thy Religious Negligence of Humane Affairs, in that thou art Divinely careleſs of thy ſelf, and every thing elſe, ſave only to conſerve thy Innocence.

What ſignifies it, whether we believe the *Written Law* or the *Alcoran*; whether we are Diſciples of *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, or *Mahomet*; Followers of *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ilch Rend Hu* the *Indian Bramin*? Of what Import is it, whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images, or in a naked *Moſque*? 'Twill be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live, ſo ſhall we die; and *God* knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be ſollicitous, ſince we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every *Atome* of which we are made, may be ſcatter'd from the reſt; we may be tranſported Piece-meal into Ten Hundred Thouſand Millions of Worlds; and ſeven-fold as many Years may expire, before Two the minuteſt *Particles* of our Frame, meet together again. We need not be troubled at all this; nothing can hinder us from being *Immortal* and *Eternal*, tho' it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, Sacred Vagabond, Pious Rambler, Holy Fugitive; go on, to aſſert in the courſe of thy Life, this great Truth, *That all things depend*

depend on Everlasting Chance or *Destiny*. Thy Actions shall reprove the *Hypocrites* of the Age, who abound in Specious Words. And thy Divine Indifference shall condemn the Hellish Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to please *God*, and atone for their Sins, by sacrificing Humane Blood, and massacring all that are not of their Faith.

God, or *Chance*, or *Fate*, shall transport thee after Death, to Happy Regions, Immarcessible Joys, and an Endless Succession of Bliss. Every *Atome* shall find its *Paradise*. Thou shalt mount by Degrees to Full, Infinite and Eternal Felicity. Adieu for a time.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LET-TER

LETTER XX.

To Iſouf, *his Couſin, a* Merchant *at* Aſtracan.

WHen I reflect on thy Happineſs, in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Reſidence, and ramble whitherſoever thy Phancy invited thee, and that even now at *Aſtracan*, thou art no longer confin'd than by thy own Pleaſure or Intereſt, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpreſſible Delight in ranging the various *Tracts* of the *Earth*. Whereas, to be perpetually ſhut up and impriſon'd as I am, in a City ſo cloſe and high-built, that the very Winds can ſcarce find a Way into her Interiour Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To ſpeak the Truth, *Paris* may be call'd a Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another, like *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, ſince the Houſes here are as high as the *Minarets* at *Conſtantinople*, and divided like the Air into the *lower*, *middle*, and *upper Regions* or Apartments: Or rather like the *Heavens*, whoſe Number *Aſtronomers* aſſert to be *Nine*. For with ſo many Stories, do ſome Houſes, nay whole Streets in *Paris*, lift up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment's peopl'd like a *Bee-hive*.

So

So that in this Infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and ſuch as come hither about Buſineſs, we are ready to be ſtifled with one anothers Breath. Whereas, thou know'ſt, in the Cities all over the *Eaſt*, the Houſes are intermix'd with Gardens: They are low-built, with *Terraſſes* on the Top to take the cool Air on by Night, with *Parterres*, *Kas-kaneys*, *Divans*, *Conſervatories*, and all the other Conveniences for refreſhing the Sences, by *Water*, *Wind*, and *Odoriferous Smells*.

This makes me long to be at *Conſtantinople*, *Damaſcus*, *Moſul*, or even at *Aſtracan*, where thou reſideſt, though that City want many Delights, which others enjoy. However, I ſhou'd there encounter with *Tiara's* and *Turbants*, the very Sight of which wou'd half cure my Diſcontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tyr'd with ſeeing Nothing but theſe Hats, and Short Coats, theſe ridiculous *Franks*, theſe *Apes* without Tails. And then to hear 'em rant againſt the *Grand Signior*, and all *True Believers*; to hear 'em blaſpheme the *Meſſenger of God*, curſe the *Alcoran*, revile the *Mufti*, and all the *Mollahs*, with a Thouſand other Impertinencies, which none but ſuch *Reprobates*, *Giaurs*, and *Infidels* wou'd be guilty of; makes me either wiſh my ſelf Deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to anſwer them. But, much rather wou'd I deſire to be in a Place, where I might enjoy my Ears, to receive the *Salem* from my Friends

Friends that are *Muſſulmans*, and to hear the Name of *God* devoutly bleſs'd, on any Occaſion that awakens the Sence to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents, and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, taſting by Turns the various Sweets of the Foreſt and the Plain! The Groves and Meadows, Paſtures and Arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no Innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth conſiſts in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen. And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Graſs and Water in due Seaſon. As for themſelves, they are reſign'd to *Providence*.

So are the *Tartars*, who ſleep in Hords or Waggons; the only *Cavaliers* of *Aſia*: Whoſe Life is a perpetual *Campagne*, from the Cradle to the Grave. Their Labour and Eaſe are deriv'd from the ſame Fountain; exerciſing themſelves on Horſe-back at Seven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as ſoon as they are wean'd from their Mother's Breaſts. Toil and Recreation with them are one and the ſame thing, ſince they know no other Pleaſure but what conſiſts in Riding, Fighting and Conquering; or elſe in Death, which they believe tranſlates them to new Joys, and thoſe more poignant than they knew before. Therefore they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword, or the Mouth

Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing being more ſcandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I proteſt, the very *Idea* of *Palus Mæotis*, and *Taurica Cherſoneſus*, with the Reſt of thoſe Horrible Fens and Marſhes, on the *North* of the *Black Sea*, which encompaſs the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affects me with a Paſſion, or rather ſuch a Medly of Paſſions, as I know not how to name. Thoſe ample Deſarts, thoſe untrack'd Solitudes, appear to my Imagination, like the Limits of this old Habitable World; and the Frontiers of ſome new, ſtrange and unknown Region; ſome *Terra Incognita*, where an Univerſal Deſolation and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but thoſe of uncouth *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and other *Exotick Tenants* of the *Woods* and *Moors*. No other Sound but the whiſtling and roaring of the Winds. No Proſpect but that of Trees which have appear'd from the Infancy of Time, and where thoſe are wanting, the Eye is wearied in a long, endleſs Waſte, which nothing ſeems to bound, but the declining Arch of diſtant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, skirted with Miſts and Fogs, Eternal Mantles of the *Northern* Climes.

This is the Figure of thoſe ſolitary Tracts, where I wou'd chuſe to live, rather than in a City which ſtifles me, with too much Plenty of every Thing, but freſh Air, and honeſt People.

Iſonf

Iſouf, the Contrarieties which we find in Earthly Things, give a Guſt to each other. And, the moſt Magnificent Palace wou'd ſeem a Priſon, were a Man always confin'd to live in it.

Couſin, I wiſh thee perpetual Liberty, and Happineſs.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

AMidſt the Variety of Obligations which I have to diſcharge, I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already in my former *Diſpatches* acquainted thee with the Characters, and ſome Remarkable Paſſages of *Henry* IV. *Lewis* XIII. *Lewis* XIV. *Cardinal Richlieu Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Prince* of *Conde*. Now I will ſay ſomething of the Famous *Mareſchal de Turenne*, whoſe Fame reaches whereſoever the *French* Wars have been talk'd of for theſe Forty Years. The Name of this great *General*, is *Henry de la Tour d' Auvergne*, Son to the *Duke* of *Bouillon*.

When

When his Father was near his Death, he called for both his Sons, whereof this was the youngeſt. And among other Exhortations, he recommended in a ſpecial Manner Three Things to their Practice: Never to renounce or change their *Religion:* Never to take up *Arms* againſt their *Sovereign*: Nor to provoke the *Firſt Miniſter.*

As to the Firſt, the *Mareſchal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably, but he has faulter'd in both the other; Having revolted from his *Maſter's* Service during his *Minority*, and oppos'd the Intereſt of *Cardinal Mazarini*, when the *Parliament* perſecuted that *Miniſter.*

However, this hinders not but that he is a Great Souldier, and beſides he is ſince reconcil'd to the *King.* He ſeems to be born for *Martial* Affairs. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years Old, and his *Governour* miſſing him, had ſought up and down every where for him, he at length found him faſt aſleep on a *Cannon*, which he ſeem'd to embrace with his little Arms as far as they wou'd reach. And when he was ask'd why he choſe ſuch a *Couch* to lie on, he made Anſwer, *That he deſign'd to have ſlept there all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, though the Old Duke had often perſwaded himſelf to the Contrary.* And to ſpeak the Truth, no Man was more Careleſs of his Body than this *Prince.*

At

At Fourteen Years of Age he was sent into *Holland* to serve in the Army under the *Prince* of *Orange*, who was his Uncle. There he apply'd himself to all the Discipline of War, doing the Duty of a Private Soldier: Which is the common Way that *Cadets* or Younger Brothers take to rise to the most Eminent *Offices*. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never shunning any Fatigue or Hazard, which might bring him Glory. Yet he was not rash, the Common Vice of Youth, but temper'd all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment, beyond what was expected from him at those Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counsels were not slow and Flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecast; and he seldom fail'd in his Contrivances. He was soon promoted to a Place of *Command*. And the Exactness of his Conduct rais'd him a vast Reputation, so that by Degrees he at last arriv'd to that Height of Power and Honour he now possesses. He appears Indefatigable in his Body, and of an Invincible Resolution. He hates Flatterers, that think to gain his Friendship by praising him. And is equally averse from making Use of such fawning Insinuations to others, though the Greatest *Princes* of the *Blood*, or the *First Minister* himself.

He has also a certain Stedfastness of Spirit which cannot be warp'd by any Artificial Addresses, though made to his own apparent Advantage, if they propose to him any Thing

Thing that has the leaſt Semblance of what is baſe and diſhonourable. Thus he wou'd never conſent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* ſome Years ago, ſhould be aſcrib'd to *Cardinal Mazarini*, tho' that *Miniſter* privately courted him to it, offering him the Greateſt Commands in the *Kingdom*, if he would do him that Service; and the *Mareſchal* knew it might prove his Ruin, if he did not. Yet ſuch was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no means would he be brought to condeſcend to this Meanneſs of Spirit: Yet, perhaps it might only proceed from the Averſion which in thoſe Days he had for the *Cardinal*. Many times it is evident, That a *Natural* Paſſion is made to paſs for a Moral Vertue. Beſides, perhaps he was unwilling to be depriv'd of the Glory due to him for that Important Service.

He is a Man of few words, and ſo ſecret in all his Counſels, that no-body knows any thing of his Deſigns, till he puts them in Execution. Every Man eſteems him the moſt Liberal *Prince* of this Age, having no other Regard for Money, than as it ſerves the Neceſſities of his *Family*, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endu'd with ſo many Good Qualities and Vertues, that he is belov'd by all the Nation, and in Particular Favour with his *Sovereign*, who treats him not as a *Subject*, but as one of his moſt Intimate Friends.

May

May *God*, who has rais'd up this Great *Genius*, to aggrandize the *French Monarchy*, continually supply the *Grand Signior* with Valiant and Expert *Generals*, that the *Empire* of the *Faithful Osmans*, may encrease like the *Moon*, but never be in its *Wane*, till that *Planet* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*, and the Fastning of the *Elements* shall be dissolv'd.

Paris, *the* 12th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, Student *of the* Sciences, *and* Penſioner *to the* Grand Signior.

THE *French King* has lately receiv'd a groſs Affront from the *Poets*. They have often been Satyrical upon his Loves, and now they begin to burleſque upon his Money. A Day or Two ago, as he was newly riſen out of his Bed, he found on a Table in his Chamber a Paper containing theſe Verſes:

This Letter was written Originally in Sclavonick.

Tu és Iſſue de Race Auguſte,
Ton Ayeul eſt Henry *le Grand*;
Et ton Pére Louis *le Juſte*
Pour Toy, tu n' és qu' un Louis *d' Argent.*

Thou know'ſt where the Force of the *Poet*'s Wit lies, having travelled in *France* and learned their *Language*. The *King* ſmil'd at the Reading of it, and ſeem'd to be pleas'd with the Frankneſs of the *Author*, ſaying, *He was worth a Thouſand Flatterers*. He promiſed likewiſe to give him Five Hundred *Louis's* for his Wit, if he would diſcover him-

ſelf, as alſo to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the *Satyriſt* would not venture himſelf, knowing that *Kings* have more ways than one to revenge themſelves of Private Perſons, their *Subjects*. However, ſince the *King* appear'd ſo well pleaſed with this, he was reſolv'd to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning in the ſame Place, the *King* found theſe words:

Tu ne le Sçaura pas Louis,
Car j'etois ſeul quand je le fis.

There have been many Conjectures made about the *Author* of theſe *Lampoons*. Some ſay one thing, and ſome another. And there are not wanting ſuch as faſten it on a *Virgin* of *Collen*, now reſiding at this *Court*: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurman*. She is very Learned, and ſpeaks *Arabick*, *Latin*, *Turkiſh*, *Greek*, *Italian*, *French* and *Spaniſh*, as fluently as her Native Dialect. She is of a Fine Wit, and piercing Judgment in the Controverſies of *Philoſophy* and *Religion*.

There are ſeveral *Epiſtles* of hers in Print, ſome penn'd in *Latin*, others in *French*, addreſs'd to the *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and others; beſides a *Book* of *Poems*, moſt of them *Satyrs*. And 'tis this laſt gives the World ſuch a Jealouſy of her writing the Lines which were found on the *King*'s Table. For the *Criticks* have compar'd 'em with her Style; and

and find a very near Reſemblance between them.

But let who will be the *Author*, I think the *French King* is wrong'd in the Character they give him. For tho he has heap'd up great Quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vaſt Deſigns, yet he is no *Miſer*, being very Liberal to Perſons of Merit.

I ſend thee this for thy Diverſion, and in order to our future Correſpondence. Take it for an Example, and be as Familiar with me, remembring the Old *Latin Proverb*, *Manus manum fricat.*

Paris, *the* 11th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

MAY thy Heart be Chearful, and thy Voyage crown'd with Succeſs, where-ever thou ſaileſt, Noble Old *Tarpaulin*, and *Favourite* of the *God* of the *Sea*. The *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has not had ſo brave a *Commander* of the *Navy* theſe Thirty Years. *God* grant thee good Fortune againſt the *Infidels*, whether on the *White* or *Black Sea*. Thou art already Famous for thy Exploits on the Latter, in above Twenty Engagements with the *Coſſacks*, *Circaſſians*, and the reſt of thoſe Thieviſh Countries. But nothing has raiſed thy Character ſo high, as the laſt Combate thou hadſt with *Pachicour*, the Renowned *Pyrate* of thoſe *Parts*, who threatned not only his *Chriſtian* Neighbours, but alſo the *Ottoman Empire* with Infinite Ravages.

But thou haſt ſtemm'd the Tide of his Glory, humbled the Maritine People his *Confederates*, and by that means made thy ſelf a way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou rideſt as another *Neptune*, *King* of the *Waters*.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not ſaid ſo much to a *Baſſa* of the *Sea* theſe Seven and Twenty Years: Neither indeed

deed had I any Reaſon. He that merited the moſt Applauſe in all that Time, was the Brave *Zorneſan Muſtapha*. And I addreſs'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or elſe he had done great things. As for the Reſt, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Minions of the *Court*, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noiſe, than at any Action of Hazard or Importance. And there were ſome Bold *Renegadoes*, but they play'd faſt and looſe, and no-body knew where to have 'em.

Treachery infects the whole World; but in theſe *Weſtern* Parts it reigns as in its Center. Here's nothing but Undermining and Ambuſhes: One *State* trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endleſs to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *Engliſh* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that theſe People are at odds now: And in Regard the Strength of both *Nations* lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover the *Northern* Seas with *Navies*: But the *Iſlanders* ſtill get the beſt on't. They claim the *Sovereignty* of thoſe *Seas*, and in my Opinion they deſerve it. I ſpeak according to my Intelligence; being aſſur'd, that no *Nation* ever prevail'd againſt 'em on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this *Summer*, wherein the *Dutch* loſt Seventeen *Ships*

of *War*, beſides Veſſels of ſmaller Note. The *Commander* of the *Engliſh Fleet* is call'd the *Duke* of *York*, a Great General, and Brother to the *Engliſh King*. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders*, during the *Spaniſh* War. And tho' the *Land* afforded him no farther Occaſions of Glory, yet he has found ſome in the *Sea*. *Opdam*, the Greateſt *Admiral* that ever the *Dutch* could boaſt of, fell a *Sacrifice* to his *Genius*.

I am the more Particular in this Relation, becauſe it is fit thou ſhould'ſt know the Characters of all the Brave *Heroes* living.

Since this Fight, the *King* of *France* has ſent an *Embaſſador* to the *Engliſh Court* to mediate a *Peace*. What Iſſue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who ſerve the *Grand Signior*, Sole *Lord* of the *Four Seas*: But I will tell thee ſomething which it concerns thee to know.

The *King* of *France* is a going to cut a *Canal* through Part of his *Kingdom*, by which the *Mediterranean* may be joyn'd to the *Main Sea*. This is a vaſt Deſign, and much diſcours'd of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by ſome *Kings* of *Egypt*, and *Emperours* of *Rome*, to joyn the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the ſake of an eaſier Traffick to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Thou oughteſt alſo to be inform'd of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*'s Exploits on the Coaſts of *Barbary*. He is *Commander* of the *French* Navy in thoſe *Seas*, and has done great Injuries

juries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bongie*, and other *Ports*.

Tho' these *Rebels* are deservedly punish'd for deserting the Protection of the *High Port*, yet let us remember, That the *Algerines* are *Mussulmans*, and therefore ought not to be abandon'd to the Malice of *Infidels*.

Mighty *Bassa*, Sail thou in the Strength of *God* against the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. And when thou hast finish'd thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft the o'er the Waters which are above the *Firmament*, and land thee safe in one of the *Ports* of *Paradise*.

Paris, *the* 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* has put on the Exterior Semblance of *Mourning*, whilſt they inwardly rejoyce, at the Death of *Philip* IV. *King* of *Spain*. He deceas'd on the 17th. of the 9th. *Moon*. 'Tis poſſible their Grief is more real for the Death of the *Duke* of *Vendoſm*, a *Prince* of *Royal Extraction*, and whilſt living not far remov'd from a poſſibility of Inheriting the *Crown*

of *France*. But now he is gone to the *Grave*, the General Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Diſtinction between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*.

There have been Abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphin*, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *Duke* of *Valois*, and other *Princes* of the *Blood*, for the Health of the Departed *Soul*: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not ſhort of the *True Faithful* in believing the *Reſurrection* and *Immortality* to come. They conſign the *Bodies* of the *Dead* to their *Sepulchres*, with Solemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incenſe*, and ſprinkling them with *Holy Water*: Rehearſing alſo certain Sacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpoſe. Neither do they neglect to Faſt, and give Alms, or to perform any *Pious Office* which is practis'd by the *Muſſulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the *Inviſible State*. They agree with us in Abundance of good things, and if they mix ſome Superſtitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakneſs, and praiſe *God* who guides us into the Right Way, and ſuffers us not to be ſeduc'd into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he puniſh Men according to their Hourly Demerits, the Earth would ſoon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants ſave the *Beaſts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere *Froth* or *Spume* of the *Elements*,

Elements, and that in a very little time, by the Courſe of *Nature*, we ſhall vaniſh like *Bubbles*, which yield to every *Blaſt* of *Wind*. Therefore he ſpares us, and connives at our Infirmities, becauſe he is the Lover of *Souls*.

I ſpeak this as an Incentive to Charity among our ſelves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It ſeems to me unreaſonable, that we ſhould purſue with Inexorable Hatred all the *Followers* of *Jeſus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaſte, and harmleſs. He did many Good Works himſelf, and commanded his *Diſciples* to imitate his Example. He rebuk'd thoſe amongſt them, that would have call'd down *Fire* from *Heaven* to conſume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Bleſſings for Curſes, Prayers for Blaſphemies, and Good for Evil. There are thoſe amongſt them, who obey his Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the Greateſt Part of the *Chriſtians* live contrary to the *Law* of the *Meſſias*, let us conſider alſo how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks and Atheiſts there are among thoſe who profeſs the *Muſſulman Faith*. Doubtleſs, there are Good and Bad of all *Religions*. And 'tis Impoſſible to find an Aſſembly of Juſt Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Difference with the People of *Jeſus* in Matters of *Worſhip*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the ſame Fleſh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, *God* who made all the

LETTER II.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THY *Diſpatch* came to my Hands, in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Inſtructions it contained; the Grave and Judicious Apothegms; the Sacred Rules and Inſtitutions of a Regular and Spiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than thoſe of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca* or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I reliſh not ſo well thy *Panegyrick* on ſome of the newly Canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occaſion to extol the *Pope's* Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

I am a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick* as well as you. I honour the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs*, with all the Primitive *Saints*, *Confeſſors* and Holy *Doctors* of the *Church*. But I can never be perſwaded, that a Man for being a Murderer, Traytor, an Inventor of Cruel Devices, or a learned Sycophant, can merit *Heaven*, tho' he may be rank'd in the *Red Lines* of the *Calendar*. Much leſs can I believe, that all Men ſhall be Damn'd, who are not in *Communion* with the *Biſhop* of *Rome*. Certainly the

the *Catholick* or *Universal Church*, is not shut up within the Narrow Confines of the shatter'd *Roman Empire*. Consider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Muscovy*, *Æthiopia*, and all the Spacious Territories of *Europe*, and the *East*. How many Millions daily say the *Pater-Noster*, and pray in *Jesus*'s Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own *Patriarchs* and *Bishops*? Were not all the *Apostles* equally in *Commission*; were not the *Churches* they founded and establish'd, equally Holy, and Orthodox? Where then commenc'd the Mighty *Schism*, but in the morose Pride of *Victor*, who (for the Sake of *Paschal* Niceties) affronted all the *Churches* in the World, and was for that Reason severely reprov'd by a *French Bishop* of his own Obedience; besides the *Reprimands* of *Polycarp*, and other *Prelates* of the *East*? Was not St. *John* the *Beloved*, that rested his Head with *Divine* Honour on the Breast of *Christ*, as privy to the *Laws* of his *Master*, as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other Abortive *Apostle*? Remember the First *General Council* at *Jerusalem*, where *James* the Brother of our *Lord* sate President, decreeing *Abstinences* exactly opposite to the present *Roman Faith* and *Practice*. And believe at the same time, That 'twas *Imperial* Vanity and Pride, which first begot the Fatal Separation. *Heresy* was but the *Bastard* of the *Apostolick Canons*, cherish'd, and too much countenanced, by *Constantine* and his *Successors*, till the Fatal Time of *Phocas*,

of *France*. But now he is gone to the *Grave*, the General Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Diſtinction between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*.

There have been Abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphin*, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *Duke* of *Valois*, and other *Princes* of the *Blood*, for the Health of the Departed *Soul*: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not ſhort of the *True Faithful* in believing the *Reſurrection* and *Immortality* to come. They conſign the *Bodies* of the *Dead* to their *Sepulchres*, with Solemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incenſe*, and ſprinkling them with *Holy Water*: Rehearſing alſo certain Sacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpoſe. Neither do they neglect to Faſt, and give Alms, or to perform any *Pious Office* which is practis'd by the *Muſſulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the *Inviſible State*. They agree with us in Abundance of good things, and if they mix ſome Superſtitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakneſs, and praiſe *God* who guides us into the Right Way, and ſuffers us not to be ſeduc'd into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he puniſh Men according to their Hourly Demerits, the Earth would ſoon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants ſave the *Beaſts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere *Froth* or *Spume* of the *Elements*,

Elements, and that in a very little time, by the Courſe of *Nature*, we ſhall vaniſh like *Bubbles*, which yield to every *Blaſt* of *Wind*. Therefore he ſpares us, and connives at our Infirmities, becauſe he is the Lover of *Souls*.

I ſpeak this as an Incentive to Charity among our ſelves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It ſeems to me unreaſonable, that we ſhould purſue with Inexorable Hatred all the *Followers* of *Jeſus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaſte, and harmleſs. He did many Good Works himſelf, and commanded his *Diſciples* to imitate his Example. He rebuk'd thoſe amongſt them, that would have call'd down *Fire* from *Heaven* to conſume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Bleſſings for Curſes, Prayers for Blaſphemies, and Good for Evil. There are thoſe amongſt them, who obey his Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the Greateſt Part of the *Chriſtians* live contrary to the *Law* of the *Meſſias*, let us conſider alſo how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks and Atheiſts there are among thoſe who profeſs the *Muſſulman Faith*. Doubtleſs, there are Good and Bad of all *Religions*. And 'tis Impoſſible to find an Aſſembly of Juſt Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Difference with the People of *Jeſus* in Matters of *Worſhip*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the ſame Fleſh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, *God* who made all the

the *Nations* of the *Earth*, may accept of their various *Rites* and *Ceremonies* in paying him *Divine Adoration*.

We that are the *Poſterity* of *Iſmael*, and worſhip the *Eternal* after the manner of our *Fathers*, who follow'd the *Pattern* of *Ibrahim* the *Beloved* of *God*, cannot deny but that the *Law* of *Moſes* was of *Divine Original:* And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; tho' the *Jews*, who are the *Deſcendants* of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the *Alcoran* ſays of the *Meſſias*, That he is the *Breath* and *Word* of *God*; That he heal'd *Diſeaſes*, rais'd the *Dead*, wrought many other *Miracles*, and preach'd the True Heavenly *Doctrine*. Yet there's abundance of Difference between the *Ceremonies* which the very *Apoſtles* us'd in the Service of *God*, and the *Worſhip* eſtabliſh'd by *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*. But he tells us, That they who live up to the *Law* of *Jeſus*, ſhall go to *Paradiſe* as well as the *Muſſulmans*.

The greateſt Scandal which the *Chriſtians* give us, is their Setting up *Pictures* and *Images* in their *Temples*, and the Reverence they pay to thoſe Inſenſible Pieces of Humane Art. And yet for ought we know, they may be excuſable before *God*; ſince they profeſs openly in the *Publick Decrees* of their *Councils*, That the Veneration and Honour they pay to the *Figures* of *Saints* and *Angels*, is

is only Relative, their *Devotion* at the ſame Time reſting not on this ſide the *Prototypes*.

If this be true, I ſee no more Hurt in their Worſhip of *Images*, than in our Bowing and Proſtrating before the *Alcoran*, which is but another Sort of *Imagery* repreſenting the *Divine Will*.

In a word, if the *Hieroglyphicks* of the Ancient *Egyptians* are allow'd to be Lawful Letters, and Inſtruments to expreſs the Inward Conceptions of the Mind; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture which we ſee in the *Churches* of the *Chriſtians*, ought not to be condemn'd as an Idolatrous Practice, when 'tis only us'd as an eaſier way to convey the *Hiſtory* of *Jeſus*, and the reſt of the *Prophets* and *Saints*, to the Vulgar, who are generally Ignorant of *Letters*. Unleſs we ſhall ſay, That the *Son* of *Mary* was an *Idol*, and the *Prophets* and *Saints* were *Devils*; which *God* avert from the Mouth of a *True Believer*.

Paris, *the* 13th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1665.

LET-

LETTER II.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THY *Diſpatch* came to my Hands, in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Inſtructions it contained; the Grave and Judicious Apothegms; the Sacred Rules and Inſtitutions of a Regular and Spiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than thoſe of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca* or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I reliſh not ſo well thy *Panegyrick* on ſome of the newly Canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occaſion to extol the *Pope*'s Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

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cas, whoſe untimely Death made all things ripe for the intended Uſurpation. Oh! *Guicciardine!* How truly haſt thou writ the State of Modern *Rome!* Worthy as *Horace* of Eternal Honour. Thy Faithful Proſe equals his Courtly Verſe, and merits New *Auguſtus's* to Patronize it.

Believe me, Father *William*, I have no Spight or Enmity againſt the *Roman High-Prieſt*. I reverence him equally with his Brethren, the *Patriarchs* of *Conſtantinople*, *Jeruſalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this, for the ſake of Conformity to Ancient Cuſtom, and in Obedience to the Celebrated *Council* of *Nice*: I would willingly acknowledge him the *Primate* of the *World*. Let him have the firſt Place, in *God's* Name, among the *Patriarchs* of the *Univerſal Church*. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the *Apoſtolick Canons*; reverſe the *Traditions* of the *Fathers*; repeal the *Decrees* of *General Councils*; diſpenſe with the *Laws* of Nature, Grace, Reaſon, Morality, and the very Inſtitutions of his Predeceſſors, Men, without Queſtion, as Infallible as he. This is not the way to make *Proſelytes* to the *Roman Faith*, unleſs it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has receiv'd New Lights, Father *William*; and Men begin to hiſs *Religious* Bantering off the Stage. Nay even they who are moſt guilty of it, I mean the *Roman* Courtiers, Cardinals,

nals and Prieſts, cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and Credulous Eaſineſs of thoſe, on whom they impoſe their *Pious* Frauds. The bigotted *Laity* are by them eſteemed no better than ſilly Aſſes, tamely couching under the Burdens of their *Eccleſiaſtick Lords* and *Drivers*.

Therefore 'tis time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aſide *Monaſtick* Simplicity. I do not Counſel thee to turn *Libertine*, or imitate the *Italian* Gallantry, which has taught the *Prieſts*, inſtead of Sacred Continence, to ſquint a Benediction on ſome Charming *Lady* from the *Altar*, in the Name of *Dominus Vobiſcum*, or *Surſum Corda*; even whilſt they are preparing for *Divine* Revels, to banquet on the *Fleſh* and *Blood* of *God*. Oh! Monſtrous Perfidy and Execrable Profaneneſs! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I adviſe thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian Veſpers*, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty; which ought and were deſign'd and conſecrated on purpoſe, to drill on Harmleſs *Souls* to *Church*, with their dull, ſleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more Triumphant, Lofty Muſick, on the *Feſtivals* of *Saints*, to make devouter *Chriſtians* dream they're going to *Heaven*, inſtead of to a *Maſſacre*. I would not have thee hope to merit *Paradiſe*, by ſending thither in Obedience to the *Pope*, or *General* of thy *Order*, the Majeſtick *Souls* of *Kings* or *Emperors*,

Emperors, in Vehicles of Sacred Poyſon, or Envenom'd *Euchariſts*. Believe that thoſe Prelates, Prieſts, or Monks, who are thus Divinely Profane, and Mercifully Cruel, ſhall become Mitered, Veſted, Cowled *Monſters*, in the fierceſt and moſt violently glowing Dens of *Hell*; there with the moſt exalted Arſenicks, Mercuries, and whatſoever gives the higheſt Pains, to languiſh, pine, and rack away Ten Thouſand, Thouſand, Thouſand Ages, in Penances of ſlow Effect, which expiate but very late, the crying Sins of guilty Murderers, and Bloody Hypocrites.

Yet ſuch as theſe, ſince Modern Times, are the only Men thought worthy to be *Canonized* for *Saints*, which made a certain Honeſt Cardinal cry out in Preſence of the Pope, *Theſe New Saints, force me to doubt the Old ones.*

Father *William*, the ſame Thought begins and ends my Letter. Yours was upon the ſtretch, extolling far too high the Largeneſs of the *Roman Church*, the *Infallible Power* of *Popes*, the *Miracles* of theſe *New Saints*, &c. And I for my Part, am a Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe things contrary to my Reaſon. I wiſh the Differences of Mankind in Point of *Religion*, were rationally compos'd; and that the Good of all Sects, Factions, Parties, Churches and Communions, were united in this Life, as they ſurely will be in the next.

In

In the mean time, to the *Father* without *Beginning*; to the *Son* without a *Younger Brother*; to the *Holy Ghoſt*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt*; to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of the *Entire Deity*, I recommend thee and all good *Chriſtians*, hoping to ſee you in Heaven, tho' we cannot it ſeems think alike on Earth.

Paris, *the* 1ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

ACcording to thy Deſire, I have procur'd and ſent thee the *Alcoran*, with other *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*; *Books* which will conduct thee into the Right Way. Thou wilt find in theſe *Volumes*, a Spirit of Life and Power. There breathes in them a certain Vital Principle of Reaſon; ſo that whoſoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may ſo ſpeak) the very Pulſe of intellectual Wiſdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vaſt Difference between theſe *Writings*, full of Arguments Clear and Intelligible; and the Whimſies of thy *Rabbi's*, who abound in *Sacred Fables* and *Divine Romances*.

Who can peruſe your Celebrated *Miſna* without Diſdain? Or look into your more applauded *Talmud*, and not feel himſelf touch'd with Horrour, at the Monſtrous Blaſphemies and Ridiculous Forgeries therein contain'd? Doſt thou not laugh at the Story of *God's* pickling up the *Leviathan* till the Days of the *Meſſiah*; and that other of the *Bull* which daily devours the Fodder of a Thou-

a Thouſand Mountains? Or wilt thou ſhew me the Neſt of that *Bird* from whence the *Talmud* ſays, an Egg falling on the Earth, threw down Three Hundred tall Cedars with its Weight, and at Length breaking, overflow'd Sixty Villages with the Liquid Subſtance included in the Shell.

Such as theſe, muſt needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the *Omnipotent*: And yet your *Rabbi's* teach, That *God* ſtudies Nine Hours of the Day in the *Talmud*. Can any Man of common Piety, hear theſe Blaſphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are theſe to Human Sence? What Impoſitions on the Reaſon of the Credulous *Jews?* Does the moſt perfect of all *Beings* acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the *Eternal Intellect* improv'd by reading of *Books?* Or if it were ſo, would not he make a better Choice than of a *Volume*, which in the Incredible Stories it relates, exceeds all the *Figments* of the *Poets?*

Tell me, *Nathan*, canſt thou ſwallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a *Lyon*, who when he roar'd, at the Diſtance of Four Hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noiſe, miſcarry'd, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a Hundred Miles, he ſet up his Throat again, which made ſo terrible a Sound, that all the *Roman's* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the *Emperour* himſelf felt ſuch Convulſions,

ſions, as had well-nigh coſt him his Life.

Surely the *Crow* which the *Talmud* ſpeaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this Monſtrous *Lyon*; and yet it ſeems, that *Crow* ſwallow'd a *Serpent* that had eaten a *Frog* as big as a Village of Threeſcore Houſes, and when he had done flew into the next Tree. I ſuppoſe, that was the Tree which grew in *Paradiſe*, and was Five Hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reaſon for this Raillery, when one of your *Rabbi's* ſolemnly ſwears, he was an Eye-Witneſs of theſe Things? Who can forbear to ridicule the Bigotry of thoſe, who give up their Faith to ſuch Deluſions?

Thou wilt meet with more Rational Entertainment in the *Books* of the *Muſſulman Doctors*; more eſpecially, in that Tranſcript thou haſt of the *Volume* firſt dictated in *Heaven*. That confirms the true *Law* of *Moſes*, but damns the *Impoſtures* of the *Talmud*, attributing the Invention of ſuch Errors to the *Devil*.

But thou wilt ask me, perhaps, what I mean by the *True Law* of *Moſes*. Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own *Nation*, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends; and for ought I know, of the ſame *Tribe* with thy ſelf: for I am a Stranger to the *Genealogies* of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City, a Man who if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World. The *French* call

call him the *Wandring Jew*; and he confirmed that Title, by the Profeſſion he made of his Birth, Deſcent, and Univerſal Travels. No doubt but thou haſt heard of this Man, or at leaſt of ſuch a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he ſaid of himſelf, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company half a Day together; when among other Diſcourſes, he told me, That the *true Law* of *Moſes* has been loſt for above theſe Two Thouſand Years, except in the *North* Parts of *Aſia*, where there are an Infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their *Religion* from all the *Jews* in the reſt of the World. He ſays, the Country where they Inhabit, is environ'd round with High and Inacceſſible Mountains. I ask'd him the exact *Geographical* Situation of this Country; but receiv'd no other Anſwer, than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remembred what I had read in *Eſdras*, a *Scribe* of thy *Nation*, concerning the Tranſmigration of the Ten *Tribes*, who were carried away Captives by the *Aſſyrians*: How they paſs'd through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the ſame manner they ſhould return again in the Later Days; But that in the mean time the *Region* where they live, was hidden from all other Mortals.

Comparing this Paſſage with what I had heard from the *Wandring Jew*, I became almoſt

most perſwaded, That the *People* and *Country* of which he ſpoke, were the very ſame mention'd by *Eſdras*. *God* only can diſcern the Truth from Error in *Hiſtories* of ſo remote and Ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was juſt going to give thee an Account of what he ſaid concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forc'd to break of abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haſte.

Paris, *the* 4th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LET.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

THE Interruption, which made me ſo ſuddenly conclude my other Letter, laſted not long; ſo that I have time enough to perform my Promiſe by the ſame *Poſt*.

I was about to relate what the *Wandring Jew* told me of the *Religion* of thoſe Remote *Hebrews* in *Aſia*, which take as follows.

He ſays, they are a *Nation* of *Philoſophers*, bound by their *Laws* to Study the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*. They have none but Iron Money current among them; the Uſe of Gold and Silver Coins being expreſly forbidden by their *Laws* to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would ſteal or covet a Metal, which for its Bulk was not eaſy to be hid, nor for its Beauty very deſireable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth, and ſerv'd only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themſelves, where the Inequality of Merchandiſes entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange.

This took from them the Occaſion of many unneceſſary Arts at Home, and they had no Temptation to travel abroad; The Chief Deſign of their *Lawgiver* being to

oblige them to ſpend moſt of their time in *Religions* and *Philoſophical* Exerciſes, and the reſt in preparing Neceſſaries for humane Suſtenance. They had no Need to buy any thing of Foreign *Countries*, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the Natural Product of their own Fertile *Country*: For Luxury has not as yet ſet Footing in that happy *Region*, if we may believe this Traveller. He ſays, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth; not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to ſuperfluity; but only ſuch as ſerve the neceſſary Uſes of Life, wherein they ſhew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journys End: All Entertainment of this Nature being free and and reciprocal. Such is the Cuſtom of the *Country*.

They have no *Lawyers* among them, but if any Contention ariſe, 'tis preſently determin'd by the Arbitration of the next Neighbours, to whoſe Sentence all ſubmit: Every Man being willing to loſe ſomething of his Right, rather than diſturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the manner of their *Worſhip*, they are ſtrict Obſervers of Purity in Waſhing, Anointing, and Shaving their Bodies.

They have *Temples* alſo where they aſſemble every *Seventh Day*, and having offer'd up

up the *First-Fruits* of the Earth, they ſit down in the Courts, and Banquet together with Joy, whilſt the *Prieſts* entertain them with excellent Muſick, and Songs, in Praiſe of *God* and his *Works*. To this End the Courts of their *Temples* are made very large, that they may contain ſo many diſtinct Families; and ſtately Pavillions are ſet up, adorn'd with the Boughs of Green Trees, with all manner of Flowers careleſly intermix'd. But amidſt all their Feaſting, they are not permitted to taſte of Fleſh. They eat only the Fruits of the Earth with Milk, Honey and Oyl. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of Sixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath:

"I ſwear that I will adore but *One God*, "who brought our Fathers out of *Egypt*, "and has conducted us by a Myſterious Path "to this *Land* of *Promiſe*. I will Religi- "ouſly ſerve him all my Life, for that he has "vouchſafed to plant me in the *Family* of his "*Elect*, and not in either of the *Two Tribes* "who were left behind in the *Land* of *De-* "*luſions*. I will do Juſtly to all Men, nei- "ther will I voluntarily hurt or kill any "Living Creature, unleſs it be in my own "Defence. I will not taſte of the *Fleſh* of "any *Animal*, but in all things obſerve the "Abſtinence commanded by *Allah* to *Moſes* "on the Mount. I will Religiouſly obey "my *Prince*, to my laſt Breath, and rather "be torn in Pieces by wild Beaſts than be-

"tray him, or conſent to betray him "to another: For he is the *Vice-Roy* of "*God*. I will never conceal my Know- "ledge of any Conſpiracy againſt *him*, "or my *Country*, neither will I diſcover his "Secrets to any, if it ſhould ever be my Ho- "nour to know them. I will obſerve the "*Traditions* of my *Fathers*, and teach the "ſame and no other to my *Poſterity*. In fine, "I will in all things obey the *Laws* of this "Sacred *Kingdom*, this Region of Peace, this "Garden of Bliſs. All this I ſolemnly ſwear "by the *Firſt Father* of *Light*, and by *No-* "*thing* the Profound *Womb* of *Darkneſs*, "and by *Silence* the Companion of that "*Depth* which no Created *Being* can fathom, "which is the ſame as if I ſhould wiſh my "ſelf annihilated, if I violate this *Oath* in "the leaſt Point.

Theſe are all the Terms of the *Oath*, that I can diſtinctly remember, which I here inſert to ſhew thee what Opinion theſe *People* have of the *Law* which was given to *Moſes* on the *Mount*, and how they reject the *Two Tribes* that were left in *Paleſtine*, and eſteem of that *Country* but as the *Land* of *Deluſions*; accounting their own *Country* the *Region* of *Promiſe*, and themſelves the *Elect* of *God*.

One would think, that theſe were the *Poſterity* of the *Ten Tribes* that were carried away Captives by *Salmanaſar* King of *Aſſyria*. And this was alſo the Opinion of that *Wanderer*, who told me, that both their *Pentateuch* was different from yours, and the

Language

Language wherein it is written. For he ſaid, it was rather a Dialect of *Arabick*, in which *Language* thou know'ſt *God* wrote the *Ten Commandments* on the *Two Tables:* Among which one is, *Thou ſhalt not Kill.* This Prohibition they ſay, extends to all *Living Creatures*, tho' your *Doctors* interpret it as only reaching to *Men*, and ſo do the *Chriſtians.* But the *Muſſulmans* interpret it thus, *Thou ſhalt neither kill Man nor Beaſt without Reaſon.* By which Clauſe, the *Beaſts* are priviledg'd from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwiſe would Murder them only to make Sport; yet wicked *Men* are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Puniſhment of their Crimes.

This *Traveller* ſays alſo, that the *People* of that *Country* are ſo healthy that they generally live till they are a Hundred and Twenty Years old, which is almoſt twice the Age of other Mortals. This he aſcribes to their exquiſite Temperance and Moderation in all things, as alſo to the Dryneſs of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually ſweep the Air of this delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to ſee this Perſon, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Paſſages, which it would be too tedious for me to inſert in a Letter. Beſides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget thoſe things at one time, which I remember at another: But if thou art ſollicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with

all that I can call to mind of this *Traveller* in another Letter.

In the mean time, make a right Uſe of theſe Hints, and weigh one thing with another; examine all things without Prejudice or Partiality. Truſt no Man's Reaſon but thy own in Matters of a diſputable Nature, ſince thou haſt as much right to decide the Controverſy, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become a *Bankrupt* in *Religion*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER V.

To Mohammed Hadgi, Dervich, Eremite *of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia, *the* Happy.

AS I think, this is the laſt of my Hours in this World, and the Firſt of a New Life, which I ſhall commence in Immortality. I perceive, That the *Fatal Period*, the *Moment* of *Tranſmigration*, ſet by *Deſtiny*, is approaching. The *Craſis* of my *Blood* is diſſolving apace, my *Spirit* haſtens to get looſe from theſe *Mortal* Chains: I feel my Soul trying and ſtretching her Wings, preparing to take her Eternal Flight to the *Region* aſſign'd her by *God* and *Nature*.

I have not Preſumption enough to hope for *Paradiſe*, nor am I ſo abandon'd to Deſpair, as to conclude I ſhall go to *Hell*. I rather believe, *Aaraf*, or the *Place* of *Priſons*, will be my Portion; in Regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of, are not over-balanc'd by my Good Actions. 'Tis well if Vertue has counterpois'd Vice in the Courſe of this Mortal Life. However, I am reſign'd, and commit my ſelf to the *Indulgent Creator* of *all Things*, who will not fail to diſpoſe of me according to the Order which he has eſtabliſh'd in the *Univerſe*.

Methinks were I even in *Hell*, I cou'd not forbear praiſing that *Fountain of all Things*. I wou'd teach the *Devils* and *Damn'd* a new Leſſon of Patience and Contentedneſs, of Humility and Devotion, of Generoſity and Love, amidſt their Tremendous Torments. I wou'd ſurvey with an Indifference becoming a *True Believer*, the Horrid *Abyſs*, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments. I wou'd conſider the Wonderful Architecture of thoſe Infernal Priſons, the Inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their Prodigious Thickneſs and Unmoveable Faſtneſs; I wou'd contemplate every Thing with the Reaſon of a *Philoſopher*, and the Piety of a *Muſſulman*, not giving my ſelf up to the Paſſions of a Fool, and an *Infidel*.

All this I imagine were eaſy to perform in thoſe Fatal Caverns and much more, but *God* knows how the Experience of ſuch an Intolerable Anguiſh and Reſtraint, might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it *Medicinal* to think of the laſt and worſt Things, to be always prepar'd for Death, and whatſoever ſhall follow it; For, Surprizes are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reaſon. I was in the Height of a violent Fever, when I begun this Letter; yet now 'tis abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life. This is owing, in my Judgment, to the real Belief I had, that my laſt Hour was come, which I have ſo long expected. And I cou'd almoſt perſwade my

ſelf,

ſelf, That I ſhall diſperſe a Thouſand *Maladies*, recover out of the moſt dangerous *Paroxyſms*, and prolong my Days to old Age, by the mere Force of theſe Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For, I have often found, That to be arm'd againſt Calamities with an even Mind, is either a ſure Way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the Seaſon of their Arrival. And, if there were nothing elſe in't, but the rendring 'em more eaſy when they come, 'twere worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtleſs, there is no Terrour in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. 'Tis as pleaſant for a Thinking Man to die as to live, if it be only for this Reaſon; that in his Paſſage from the Life he has lead before, he ſhall not have bare naked *Idea's* for his Contemplation; but Matter of Fact, and the moſt Important, that ever employ'd the Souls of Men.

O Admirable *Sylvan*, conſider with thy ſelf, whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languiſhing Soul, when thou ſhalt perceive demonſtratively, by the Infallible *Enthymema's* of thy trembling Pulſe, that thou art juſt ready to be releas'd from the deceitful Sophiſtry of Humane Life! That thou art near eſcaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the Ample Fields of Beauty, Light and Endleſs Happineſs: Reflect alſo at the ſame

Time, O Holy *Eremite*, that I ſhou'd think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a ſtinking Neſt of *Infidels*.

But why ſhou'd I give them that Reproachful Epithet, when for ought I know, I am a greater *Infidel* my ſelf? 'Tis true indeed, I am of the Lineage of *Ibrahim*, *Iſmael*, and the Holy Race; I bear in my Body the *Seal* of a *Divine League* or *Covenant* between *God* and Man; I was *circumcis'd* in due Time, and gave Supreme Glory to *One God*, and Honour to *Mahomet* his *Meſſenger*. I pronounc'd the *Seven Myſterious Words*, whoſe Sound excites the *Harmony* of the *Spheres*, ſets the *Angels* a dancing, puts all *Nature* into Motion, and makes the *Devil* as deaf as a Beetle. Nay, as our *Holy Doctors* teach, the very Breath with which that Sacred Confeſſion is utter'd, blows the Aſhes of *Hell* into the Eyes of the *Damn'd*, and ſtrikes 'em blind. In a Word, I have faſted, pray'd, given Alms, and perform'd all the External Duties of a *True Believer*; yet I have Reaſon to fear, that the beſt of my pious Actions are not ſufficient to cancel my Sins. My Practice runs counter to my Faith; there ſeems to be a double Spirit in me, one inclining me to Good, and the other forcing me to Evil. For, whilſt I really in my Heart believe the *Alcoran* and obey *Mahomet*, our *Holy Lawgiver*, I am compell'd to deny both, to profeſs the Life and Manners of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an *Infidel*, and do a Thouſand other

other ill things, to pleaſe the *Grand Signior* and his Slaves. Thus I play faſt and looſe with *God Almighty*; and turn *Religion* into *Croſs Purpoſes*. Yet *Heaven* knows, and I obteſt all the Elements to Witneſs, that I wou'd fain be Innocent, and live in unblemiſh'd Vertue: But the Fatal Neceſſities I lie under, conſtrain me to a perpetual Courſe of Vice. Which makes me ſometimes cry out in the Agonies of my Soul, O *God! I pray thee, either to alter my Circumſtances, and reform my Nature, or make new Laws more eaſy to be kept.*

Venerable and Patient *Solitary*, bear with my importunate Complaints; and remember that though thou art as an *Angel* for thy Perfections, yet *Mahmut* is but a *Man*, ſubject to a Thouſand Frailties. Pity him and continue to afford him thy Sage Counſel; reſt alſo aſſur'd, that amongſt all his Infirmities, he ſtill retains an Inviolable Affection, and Dutiful Regard for the Tenant of *God*'s Prophet.

Paris, *the* 22d. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1666.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimachan.

THou mayſt report it to the *Divan* for a Certainty, That *Mirammud* the Son of the *Xariph* of *Salle*, is taken Priſoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long rov'd the Seas uncontroul'd; has done many Injuries to the *Chriſtians*, fill'd *Salle* with *Slaves*: Now he himſelf is become a *Captive*. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; to Day Triumphant and Victorious, to Morrow Vanquiſh'd and in Chains.

Yet he loſt not his *Honour* with his *Liberty*, having bravely defended his Veſſel, and ſtrew'd the Decks with ſlaughter'd *French*; till overpower'd with Numbers, he was compell'd to yield. His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Mind, which would not ſink under the Preſſure of this Misfortune. He ſeem'd to have the Command of himſelf, (which is the moſt Glorious Victory) and ſuffer'd not his Free-born Soul, to be led Captive by his Paſſions; but behav'd himſelf with ſuch an even Temper, as plac'd him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the *Court*, where he is entertain'd as a *Gueſt*, rather

rather than as a *Priſoner*: Being invited to their Banquets, Masks, Plays, and other Divertiſements. Neither is he debarr'd the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the faireſt Opportunity to eſcape. But he is ignorant of the *Language* of this Country; and few of the *French* underſtand *Moreſco*: So that it is almoſt impoſſible for him to make any Party, or conſult his Flight, unleſs the King's Interpreter ſhould aſſiſt him. Beſides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generoſity, than to apprehend ſuch an Ingrateful Return of the *Royal* Uſage he finds in this *Court*.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himſelf known to this Brave *Captive*. But if the *Miniſters* of the *Divan* ſhall think it the Intereſt or Honour of the *Sublime Port* to engage in this Affair, I want but a *Commiſſion* to ſet *Mirammud* ſafe aſhore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my *Superiours*. When their Pleaſure is once known, the Execution ſhall be ſwift. I wait for thy Commands, as for a *Decree* of *Deſtiny*, which cannot be repeal'd.

The *God* of our *Fathers*, who multiply'd the *Seed* of *Iſmael* as the Graſs of the Field, and gave them the Sovereignty over many *Nations*; grant that the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Nurſery* of the *Faithful*, may always

always take ſuch Meaſures as ſhall advance the Intereſt of the *Muſſulman Empire*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1666.

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xariph *of* Salle.

THY Son is no longer a *Captive*, but a *Conquerour*: His firſt Appearance before the Ladies of this *Court*, was an Equivalent to his Ranſom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he rang'd the Seas. His Beauty may do more Miſchief in *France*, than all thy *Ships* of *War*; ſince it has already created ſuch Rivalſhips and Factions among the *Fair Sex*, as engages the *French* Gallants on many unhappy Rencounters; and in a little time it will be difficult for the Intereſſed Sparks, to meet and part with unſheath'd Swords. Libels and Panegyricks, divide the Studies of the Wits; while one flatters, another lampoons the Amorous Females; and *Mirammud* the *Illuſtrious Slave*, is all the Talk. In a word, he finds Royal Uſage, having the Liberty of the *Court*;

Court; and all are pleas'd with his graceful Deportment, and undiſguiz'd Converſation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the *Fate* of *Princes*, *Never to be alone*. His Skill in riding, and throwing the Lance, has enflam'd the Noble Youth with Martial Emulations: They eſteem *Mirammud* the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon of this Age.

Canſt thou now repine at thy Son's Glorious Thraldom? A Captivity, that loads him with ſo many Honours? That lays his Conquerours at his Feet? And ſubdues all Hearts to his Matchleſs Perfections? His Followers find Friendſhip among the *Infidels* for his ſake: 'Twere to be wiſh'd, that equal Humanity were ſhew'd to the *Chriſtian Slaves* in *Barbary*. I tell thee, thy Son is ſo admir'd and lov'd, that all thy Treaſure will not redeem him. The *French* are generous, and ſcorn to ſell the Brave for Gold. They will ſooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude, a Recompence ſurpaſſing the Value of Money; that is, an Inviolable obſerving the *Conditions* of *Peace*, which they ſay, thou haſt ſo often broke. Thy *Embaſſadors* are expected here, to conſummate a laſting Friendſhip. When that is done, thou wilt quickly ſee thy Son return, attended by a numerous Train of *French*, who have vow'd to follow his Fortune through the World, ſo long as he draws not his Cymetar againſt their *King*.

I have diſpatch'd an Account of this Adventure to the *Kaimachan*, that ſo the *Sub-*

lime

lime Port, which gives the *Law* to all the *Kings* on the *Earth*, may intereſs it ſelf on thy Behalf. The *French* ſeem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman Empire*: Whether it proceeds not more from Fear, and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Muſſulmans*, I will not determine. They ſpeak reverently of the *Grand Signior*, covet his Friendſhip, and applaud the Victorious Enterprizes of the *True Believers*. Indeed they are Naturally a Martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Reſolutions. They have this particular Reaſon alſo to bear Friendſhip to the *Invincible Oſmans*, becauſe we are almoſt continually in Wars with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, the Old Enemy of *France*. The *Germans* are wont to ſay, That the *Dragons Head* and *Tail* are in *Conjunction*, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the *Empire* at the ſame time. Theſe are numbred among the *Conſtellations* by *Aſtrologers*, to which the *Germans* allude in this *Proverb*; being ever Jealous of ſome private *Treaty* between the *Sultan* and the *French Court*.

God, who is the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſeſt*, inſtruct thee to adjuſt thy Differences Happily with this Noble *Nation*, that ſo thou mayſt ſee thy Son again in Peace at *Salle*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1666.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the* Cuſtoms, *at* Conſtantinople.

UPon my Word, thy Letter came in a Critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Miſchief than could have been repair'd again all the Days of my Life. I have but juſt taken my Eyes off from it, and ſet Pen to Paper, to expreſs my Thanks to thee for the Care thou tak'ſt of thy Exil'd Brother; for the *Poſt* goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the *Jew* with ſome *Armenians* within theſe few Minutes. It had been an Unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy *Diſpatch* come ſo opportunely to give me Warning of our Couſin *Solyman's* Perfidy: For theſe *Furr'd-Caps* are his Spies and Confidents. The Back-Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil*, be upon him and them. What have I done to that Ungrateful Villain, to merit ſuch ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of *God*, the Favours of his *Prophet*, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the *Tutelar Genius* of my Life, my good *Dæmon* in time of Danger.

We

We had deſign'd this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou knoweſt, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the moſt reſerv'd Man in the World too Talkative and Open.

I keep as great a Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps, as another; but *God* knows how far I might have been tempted by ſuch good Company, to let it looſe for the ſake of Diſcourſe: For theſe Fellows are ſoft as the Air in their Addreſs and Converſation; they appear as Innocent as *Santones*; ſincere as *Hadgi's*; Loyal and Courtly as the *Pages* of the *Seraill*. They would wheedle Ninety Nine of *Argus*'s Eyes out of his Head ſucceſſively, before he miſs'd One.

They came firſt to *Paris*, as *Merchants*; and no doubt, but *Solyman* had given 'em Inſtructions how to inſinuate into *Eliachim*'s Acquaintance, and ſo by Degrees into mine. For that honeſt *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember, the very Words which thou inſerteſt in thy Letter, were ſpoken by me in Company with theſe *Infidels*. But I ſhall find a way to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they'll dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it ſhall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril; *Deſtiny* or *Chance*, *Providence* or *Fate*

Fate may raiſe ſome Friend to give thee a Caution; and that thou may'ſt not with the Unhappy *Cæſar*, neglect to read it in time.

I'm now going to encounter theſe *Giafers*; perhaps I ſhall catch 'em in their own Snares. If not, I'll ſecure they ſhall not catch me.

Dear *Peſteli*, may thy *Soul* repoſe under the Protection of *God*.

Paris, *the* 1ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Dignet Oglou.

TO whom ſhould I complain in my Adverſity, but to my Friend? I have been more embaraſs'd within theſe Two *Moons*, than through all the former Courſe of my Life. Troubles of divers kinds throng in upon me. I ſeem like a Butt or Mark whereat every *Species* of Misfortune, like a skilful Archer, directs the Fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near overwhelm'd with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are ſet againſt me, and all the Elements conſpire my Ruine. Yet no Perſecution appears ſo terrible as that of Men, nor any Affliction ſo poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own *Country-men*, Perſons related to me by *Blood*.

Age and much Sickneſs have confin'd me to my Bed for a conſiderable time, which is no ſmall Alloy to Humane Happineſs. But to render me perfectly miſerable, the *Miniſters* of the *Port* are angry with me for being Old and Infirm, and for not continuing to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, with the ſame Vigor and Strength as formerly: Elſe what mean the frequent Reproaches they ſend me, whilſt I am not in a Condition to anſwer them, or make an Apology for my ſelf?

Would

Would they have me Immortal, and Proof againſt the ſtrokes of Deſtiny and Death, which thou know'ſt are Unavoidable? Whilſt I were in my Prime, Healthy and Strong as an Eagle, they encourag'd me with the faireſt Promiſes in the World, telling me I ſhould never want for Money, or the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. Yet even then I receiv'd not my *Penſion* without Murmurs and obſcure Menaces. So hard a thing it is for *Courtiers* to be touch'd with any Man's Neceſſities. But now they threaten plainly to ſtop all farther Supplies, unleſs I will grow Young again, and do Buſineſs as briskly as when I'd number'd but Thirty *Summers*. Thus they ſerve poor *Mahmut*, as we uſe Oranges and Limons, whoſe vital Spirit when we have ſuck'd out, we throw the reſt away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the leaſt to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, ſent me a ſtrange *Chymical* Liquor, with the Celebrated *Confection El Razi*, ſome *Bezoar*, and the moſt precious *Balm* of *Gilead:* All prepar'd to my Hand, with Directions, and ſeal'd with an Authentick *Signet*.

Theſe indeed had a marvellous Operation on me. I tried them but Yeſterday, and find my ſelf ſuddenly reſtor'd to ſome Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vaſt Eſteem I have for that Excellent *Phyſician*, with the Confidence I repoſe in his Skill and Judgment, has had

ſome

ſome Influence on me, or what elſe I know not; (yet, we uſe to obſerve, that the *Patient*'s good Opinion of his *Phyſicians* is half a Cure:) However, theſe Sovereign Medicines have inſpir'd me with a new Energy. And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I cou'd almoſt promiſe my ſelf to reach the Age of *Neſtor*. But my *Unfortunate Stars* will have it otherwiſe, and I am reſign'd to *Deſtiny*.

Thou know'ſt my Couſin *Solyman*, the *Turbant*-Maker, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune: What an unſetled Man he has been in the whole Courſe of his Life: That no Employment cou'd ever pleaſe him, nor he be long fix'd in any Place. How he has rambl'd from *Conſtantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, *&c.* Always murmuring againſt *Heaven*, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a Courtier, a Student, a Soldier or any Thing but what he really is. Thou art acquainted alſo with ſome of his Religious Caprices, how he is addicted to *doing the Book*, making the *Triple Knot*, and to a Thouſand other fooliſh Superſtitions; by which whilſt he aſpires at the Character of a Sage, or a Cunning Man, he renders himſelf more Contemptible than an Idiot; forfeiting the Eſteem of all wiſe and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noiſy Character among the Empty, Giddy Multitude.

But,

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his Secret Malice, and the Rancour with which he perſecuted me, his poor Exil'd Uncle. I my ſelf was deceiv'd by the Subtle Apology he made ſome Years ago for the Slanders his Tongue had utter'd; when he transferr'd all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, *Maſter* of the *Pages*. But now I'm convinc'd he's a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith or Honeſty.

I receiv'd a Letter from him within theſe ſeven Days, full of Tender and Inſinuating Expreſſions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my ſeaſonable Counſel in ſeveral Caſes. Profeſſing alſo at the ſame time an Inviolable Friendſhip, and that he would make it his Study to do me ſome Effectual Service. Yet the next *Poſt* brought me a *Diſpatch* from my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; aſſuring me that he had good Reaſon to ſuſpect, that *Couſin* of mine had ſome ill Deſign upon me. This is certain, ſays my Brother, *Solyman* boaſts to his Familiars not without ſome Inſult, that there is not a Word or Action eſcapes his Uncle *Mahmut* at *Paris*, but he is ſoon inform'd of it at *Conſtantinople*. And that which confirms me in the ſame Jealouſy with *Peſteli* is, That he inſerts in his Letter to me, ſome Paſſages and Diſcourſes *Verbatim*, which I muſt needs own to have been between

tween me and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our moſt private Meetings at *Eliachim*'s Houſe or my Chamber. Theſe he learnt from ſome of *Solyman*'s moſt Intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this, but that theſe *Armenians* are of *Solyman*'s Council, his *Privado's*, his *Chronee's*, &c. whom having Buſineſs of their own at *Paris*, that perfidious Wretch has engag'd to pry into my Secrets; to give him a conſtant Account of what Diſcoveries they make, and if poſſible to trepan me into ſome Irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that ſo he may finally ruine me.

O *Mahomet!* What is become of the Reverence due to thy *Sacred Name*, to thy *Law*, and to the *Book*, penn'd in *Heaven?* Where is the *Muſſulman Faith* and *Integrity?* The Religious Faſtneſs of Friendſhip, with which our Fathers prop'd up one another in the Service of *God* and the *Empire* of *True believers?* But there is no need of exclaiming againſt *Faith* and *Piety* on this Account: Humane Nature it ſelf is Reſponſible for the Baſeneſs and Ingratitude of my Kinſman. He no longer deſerves the Character of a Man. I adviſe thee to ſhun his Company as a Peſt, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a word, dear *Gnet*, let not thou and I ſuffer our ſelves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tenderneſs for any Man, tho' he be the Son of a Mother's Siſter; ſince there is no

no Truſt in Fleſh and Blood: But let us learn the Maxims of *French Wiſdom*, which teach Men to lay the Foundation of their own Happineſs, in ſmiling at the Misfortunes of others.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1666.

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

BEſides the General Characters of *Countries*, and the *People* Inhabiting there, it is neceſſary for thee to be inform'd of Particular Emergencies, and ſuch Events, as deſerve a Place in the Eternal *Records* of the *Ottoman Monarchy*, the Fifth and Laſt in the World. That ſo the *Miniſters* of the *Auguſt Divan*, the deſtin'd *Arbitrators* of the *Univerſe*, *Judges* of all *Humane Affairs*, and *Counſellors* of the *Great Sultan*, may in the *Sacred Code*, as in a Mirrour, behold whatever happens in the diſtant *Climates*, worthy of Remark.

After the Salutations, therefore, proceeding from profound Humility, entire Reſpect, and perfect Friendſhip; know that a devouring *Peſtilence* has lately made a Fatal Decimation in the *Engliſh* Territories, eſpecially in *London*, the *Capital City* of that *Iſland*, where above a Hundred Thouſand *Souls*, ſtruck with *Inviſible Darts* from *God*, went off the *Stage* of *Humane Life*, in leſs than Six *Moons* Revolution.

The dire Contagion by Degrees ſpread farther through the Adjacent *Provinces*, and reach'd the moſt remote and ſolitary Corners of the Land: *Death* ſet his *Standard* up, proclaiming Open War againſt the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of Mortal *Plagues*, he ravaged o'er the *Iſle*, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and Lamentations: The *Cæmeteries* were not large enough to hold the Carkaſſes of ſuch as fell before the dreadful *Conquerour:* But open Fields were turn'd to Sepulchers, and cramm'd with Spoils of Humane Race: An Univerſal Deſolation reign'd: *Death* celebrated Cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to *Aſtrology* and hidden *Sciences*, will have this to be an Effect of the late *Comet* which appear'd at the End of the Year 1664. whilſt others attribute it to nearer Natural Cauſes; and ſome conclude it is a Judgment ſent from *Heaven*, on that *Rebellious People*, who a few Years before had involv'd the *Nation* in a *Civil War*, and barbarouſly Maſſacr'd their *King*.

God

God only knows the Truth that is conceal'd from Man.

Thou mayſt Regiſter alſo, That the *Queen-Mother* of *France* is newly dead, and the Crook-back'd *Prince* of *Conti*. On which Account, this *Court* is now in *Mourning*, and the *Churches* hung with Black, whilſt Melancholy *Bells*, perpetually invite the *Living* to pray for the deceaſed *Royal Souls*; and deep baſs'd Organ Pipes breathe out Inceſſant doleful Aſpirations, ſounding like Inarticulate *Prayers*, and *Funeral Sighs*, for the departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the *Faith* of *True Believers*. They give *Alms* alſo, as we do, and ſettle *Stipends* on certain *Prieſts* and *Derviches*, to mumble over daily *Maſſes* for the *Dead*; which is an evident Sign, That they have Hopes of *Immortality*, and look for the *Reſurrection*. Doubtleſs, there's ſomething Good at the Bottom of all *Religions*, tho' it be overlaid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which Humane Frailty involves us in; and grant every *Muſſulman* a *Particular Chart* and *Compaſs*, whereby to ſteer his Courſe through the uncertain *Tracts* of *Mortal Life*; that he may at laſt arrive in *Paradiſe*. For we ſhall never find the Way thither by *General* Rules.

Illuſtrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may at a deſtin'd Hour, encounter one another in the *Walks* of *Eden*, there to converſe under Immortal Shades near to ſome warbling Stream of matchleſs Wine or Water; to revolve our paſt Fatigues on Earth, and to careſs our ſelves in the Security of *Endleſs Bliſs*.

Paris, *the* 15th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THou and thy feign'd *Meſſias* be damn'd together for Company! Muſt I be baulkt of my Money, for the Sake of your New *Superſtition?* How many *Meſſias's* have ye had, Twenty Five at leaſt, beſides the *Son* of *Mary*, who is acknowledg'd and bleſs'd for ever? Muſt all the World be bubbl'd to Eternity by the *Fables* of your *Nation?* Curſe upon your *Rabbi's* and *Cochams*, thoſe Pimps to the more Religious Debauchery of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However, if thou art a Sworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi*, the new *Sham-King* of the *Jews*, I have nothing to ſay to it: Do as thou wilt. But, I dare be a *Prophet* ſo far as to tell thee, thou wilt be curſedly left in the Lurch, with the Reſt of the Fools, thy Bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honeſt Man to tranſmit the Bills that are entruſted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joſeph* or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected *Meſſias*, I wou'd not have *Ben Saddi* degenerate. Continue thou Faith-

ful, and the few others that are entruſted with the *Sublime Affairs*; and let all the Reſt of the Common *Jews* go to *Gehenna*, or to the *Vale* of *Tophet*, which you pleaſe. But I wou'd fain have thee in the Number of the *Righteous*, who ſhall poſſeſs *Paradiſe*. Some of thy Letters have encourag'd me to hope for this, but thy laſt makes me almoſt deſpair of ſeeing thee happy either in *This* World or the *Next*: For, thou writeſt like one in a Phrenſy, raving on *Chimæra's* of ſtrange Honour, Glory and Power which thou ſhalt ſhortly enjoy in the *Kingdom* of thy *Phantaſtick Meſſias*; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For *God's* Sake, *Nathan*, wean thy ſelf from theſe Religious Fondneſſes: Awaken thy Reaſon, which is the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this New Deluſion; ſearch into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbati Sevi*, and thou wilt find him to deſcend of an Obſcure and Baſe Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of Mungrel *Jew*, and by Profeſſion an *Uſurer*, which is forbid by the *Written Law* of *Moſes*, and in the Great *Alcoran* it is accounted Execrable: His Mother a Woman of the *Curds*, ſuſpected for a *Witch*, in Regard, moſt of that Infidel Nation practiſe Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And 'tis not altogether improbable, that your Counterfeit *Meſſias* was educated privately by her in the ſame Studies, whence he learn'd the Methods

Methods of Enchantments and Illuſions, to deceive the Sences and impoſe on the Reaſon of Mankind.

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions, than he is aware of; and I my ſelf at this Diſtance have receiv'd a particular Relation of his Life, from ſuch as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accus'd of many Vices and Extravagances during his early Years. His Converſation was wild and diſſolute, being a noted *Inamorato* or *Stallion* over all that City. For which and ſome other Crimes, he was expelled the *Synagogue*, and baniſh'd from *Smyrna*, by the Mutual Conſent of the *Muſſulman Cadi*, and your own *Rulers*. He was alſo excommunicated by the *Rabbi's* as a *Heretick*, for broaching certain *Doctrines* repugnant to your *Law*, and the General *Faith* of the *Jews*. All which cannot but be a prevailing Recommendation of him to the Office of *Meſſias* or *King* of *Iſrael*.

From hence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other *Provinces* of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of Infamy, where-ever he ſet his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till thoſe Countries grew weary of him, and threaten'd to chaſtiſe his Wickedneſs. Then he paſs'd over into *Syria* and *Paleſtine*, beginning to ſet up for a Reformer of your

Law, and at *Jeruſalem* openly profeſſing himſelf to be the *Meſſias*; whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunaticks and Frantick People after him. But as for the *Seniors* and *Governours*, they have rejected him as an *Impoſtor*.

Conſider, *Nathan*, the Fate that befel *Ben Cochab*, as he call'd himſelf, that is, the *Son* of a *Star*, who pretended to be the *Meſſias* in the Days of *Adrian*, *Emperour* of the *Romans*; Reflect on the Calamities which overwhelm'd him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thouſand *Jews*; who all fell with their *Falſe Prophet*, Sacrifices to the juſt Revenge and Fury of that Incens'd *Monarch*: For they had impudently boaſted that by ſuch a prefix'd time, he ſhould be taken Captive and depos'd from his Throne by the *Meſſias*, who ſhould aſſume the *Imperial* Dignity, and all the World ſhould obey him. But when thoſe who ſurviv'd the Slaughter of their Brethren, reflected on the Author of ſo Tragical a *Cataſtrophe*, they chang'd his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the *Son* of a *Star*, but *Bar Cuziba*, the *Son* of a *Lye*, a *Falſe Prophet*, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou haſt all the Reaſon in the World, to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sevi*, ſince he is rejected by the Wiſer Sort of *Jews*, and has not perform'd one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended *Meſſias-ſhip*.

ſhip. Neither has any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happen'd before or ſince he aſſum'd this Dignity. Whereas all your *Rabbi's* teach, that no leſs than Ten Eminent and Remarkable Prodigies ſhall precede the Coming of your *Meſſias*. And I remember, thou thy ſelf about Ten Years ago ſenteſt me a Letter much to the ſame Effect, telling me that certain Monſtrous Sorts of Men ſhould come from the Ends of the Earth, whoſe Eyes ſhall be as Venomous as *Baſiliſks*, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Haſt thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou ſo far infatuated with the bold Impoſtures of this Impudent *Deceiver*, as for his ſake, to deny thy former *Faith*, reverſe thy own Sentiments, and diſannul the *Traditions* of thy *Doctors*? For ſhame rowze up thy Intellectual Faculties, and ſuffer not thy Reaſon to be lull'd aſleep by the Preſtigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have but Patience at leaſt, till thou ſee thoſe Signs accompliſh'd which are to uſher in your *Meſſias*, before thou give up thy ſelf to ſo dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun firſt emitt thoſe Peſtilential Vapours, which ſhall kill a Million of the *Koprim* or *Infidels* every Day, as your *Traditions* threaten. Let that Luminary be alſo totally eclips'd for the ſpace of Thirty

Days. In a word, let all the other Prodigies come to paſs, which thou thy ſelf didſt once ſo paſſionately believe: And then I promiſe thee on the Word of a *Muſſulman*, that I will be thy *Proſelyte*, and embrace thy *Law*, and adore thy *Meſſias*; on condition, that otherwiſe thou wilt be my *Convert*, believe the *Alcoran*, and obey the *Meſſenger* of *God*, the Laſt and Seal of the *Prophets*.

Paris, *the* 11th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1666.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the *Divan* will be oblig'd to ſend another *Agent* to *Vienna*, to ſupply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the New *Meſſias* of the *Jews*. There is no doubt but thou and the other Happy *Miniſters*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Port*, have heard of a certain *Impoſtor* at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of *Hebrew Race*, who calls himſelf *the Only begotten Son of God*, *Meſſias* and *Redeemer* of *Iſrael*; and what Multitudes of doting Credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a *Schiſm* broke out between them, and they are divided into Two contrary Factions both in *Smyrna*, and all over the *Levant*. It is Impoſſible that theſe things ſhould be conceal'd from the *Reſplendent Seat* of *Fame*, ſince they have reach'd even our Ears who dwell at this Diſtance: Nay there is hardly a *Province* or *City* in all the *Weſt*, which has not receiv'd Intelligence of ſo Remarkable a Novelty.

I have receiv'd a Diſpatch from *Zeidi Alamanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informs me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to viſit the *Holy Land*, and to ſee the Face of their long expected *Meſſias*, who they now believe

believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi*, at *Smyrna*. They are ſettling their Affairs, as faſt as they can, acquitting themſelves from all Worldly Engagements, and thoſe who are devout, give themſelves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilſt others ſpend their time in Feaſting, Dancing, and all manner of Mirth. He ſays, ſome of them will ſit or ſtand up to the Noſe in Water, for Four and Twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam*'s Penance, according to their *Tradition:* For they are taught, that the *Firſt Father* of Mortals, after he was baniſh'd from *Paradiſe*, as a Puniſhment for his Sin, ſtood a Hundred and Thirty Years together in Water thus reaching to his Noſtrils.

Others of theſe Superſtitious People, will ſit naked many Hours together on a Heap of *Piſmires*, till they're almoſt ſtung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and going down into them, cauſe themſelves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie till they are almoſt famiſh'd.

In the mean while, they ſend Circular Letters from all Parts, congratuling each others approaching Happineſs and Deliverance from the Oppreſſion of the *Gentiles:* For ſo they term all that are not of their own *Nation*. And in theſe mutual Addreſſes, they fail not to Propheſy, That their *Meſſias* ſhall in ſuch a *Moon*, go to the *Great Tyrant*, *King* of the *Iſmaelites*, and *Lord* of all the *Children* of *Moab*

Moab and *Edom*; (So they blaſpheme our Glorious *Sultan.*) That he ſhall depoſe him from his *Throne*, and lead him away Captive; after which he ſhall have the Dominions of the whole Earth laid at his Feet.

With ſuch kind of wild Stuff, do theſe deluded People flatter one another and themſelves, as if in a little time they were to be *Lords* of *all Things*. So that no Trading or Commerce goes forward among them: An Univerſal Stop is put to all Buſineſs; it being eſteem'd an Inexpiable Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Meſſias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all *Nations*.

Strange Rumours are ſpread abroad, of the Return of the *Ten Tribes*, over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanaſſer King* of *Aſſyria*, and never were heard of ſince, till now they diſcourſe of their being encamp'd in the *Deſart* of *Mount Sinai*, in their March to the *Holy Land*. 'Tis reported alſo, that a Mighty Fleet of Ships was ſeen at Sea, whoſe Sails were of *Satin*, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lyon, with this Inſcription, *The Lyon of the Tribe of Judah.*

The *Chriſtians* ſeem aſtoniſh'd at theſe things, yet ſome look on 'em only as Dreams. As for honeſt *Eliachim* here, he is no more mov'd at theſe things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the Credulous World, and curſes the *Jews*, for bringing ſuch Contempt on themſelves and their Poſterity. But *Nathan*

than is like one Hag-ridden, or defil'd by the *Lamiæ* of the Night. He has loſt all Reaſon, and 'twill be no leſs than a Miracle that muſt reſtore it again.

Sage *Miniſter*, whilſt theſe Execrable People thus loſe themſelves for the Sake of their *Counterfeit Meſſias*, let us continue to honour the *True One*, even *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, who is now in *Paradiſe*, and our *Holy Prophet* with him.

Paris, *the* 21ſt. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THis has been a Conſiderable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I ſent to the *Port* an Account of the Death of the *Queen-Mother* of *France*, and of the *Prince* of *Conti*: Now I will farther inform thee of a *War* that is broke out between this *Crown* and that of *England*. The Occaſion of it was this: The *Engliſh* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America*, had ſome Miſunderſtandings and Feuds about the Limits of their ſeveral Conqueſts in thoſe Remote Parts of the *World*. The *Hollanders* being the ſtrongeſt, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *Engliſh*, and domineer'd over them as their *Lords*. The *Engliſh* reſenting this very heinouſly, and grown weary of their Oppreſſions, ſent Complaints to their *King*. He to redreſs his *Subjects* order'd his Reſident at the *Hague*, to demand Satisfaction of the *States*. They refus'd to do him that Juſtice; upon which he was reſolv'd to have Recourſe to his Arms, and accordingly proclaim'd *War* againſt *Holland*, making all neceſſary Preparations to carry it on. The ſame did his Adverſaries. The *French King* in the mean time, was oblig'd by a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders*

landers concluded in the Year 1662. to eſpouſe their Quarrels; yet that he might not break with *England* raſhly, he firſt ſent an *Embaſſador* to that *Court* to mediate a *Peace*. But that proving Ineffectual, he proclaim'd a *War* againſt that *Nation*, and commanded the *Engliſh Embaſſador* to depart his *Kingdom*. The *Duke* of *Beaufort*, who is *Admiral* at *Sea*, was order'd to Equip a Gallant *Fleet*, and joyn the *Dutch-Navy*; Which he perform'd with all Imaginable Diligence and Expedition. There has been Two Combats between theſe Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worſt of it: Neither did the *French* eſcape without ſome Loſs, having Two of their Greateſt Ships ſeverely ſhatter'd, and a Third taken by the *Engliſh*.

The *Plague* ſtill rages in *England*, and has almoſt depopulated whole *Provinces*. Whilſt a milder Death has robb'd *France* of one of her Greateſt *Heroes*: The *Count d'Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the Triumphs due to his Valour and Fortune in another *World*.

The *Emperour* of *Germany* has at laſt married the *Infanta* of *Spain*, after abundance of Demurrs and Heſitations about that Buſineſs. Theſe *Nazarenes* can do nothing with Expedition. The *Spiritual Courts*, as they call them, have more Tricks and Cramp Words to amuze People with, than an *Indian Mountebank* or *Juggler*. Neither are *Sovereign Princes* more exempt from their Juriſdiction,

diction, than the meaneſt of their Subjects. Eſpecially the *Court* of *Rome*, can make or annul Marriages at Pleaſure. And they are ſure to be Excommunicated, who refuſe to ſubmit to their Orders. This *Holy Court* can alſo bind or releaſe *Sins*, open or ſhut the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*, make a *Devil* a *Saint*, or a *Saint* a *Devil*. In a word, they can do every thing if there be Gold in the Caſe. But if that be wanting they can do nothing but ſhrug their Shoulders.

Thou mayſt alſo inform the *Divan*, that the *French King* has given Permiſſion to ſome of his *Subjects*, to undertake a *Conqueſt* in *America*, and eſtabliſh a Commerce in that *Part* of the *World*. Many Veſſels are equipped in Order to this Expedition, and they that are concern'd in the Voyage, are as merry as *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the *Golden Fleece* from *Colchos*. That *Weſtern Continent* affords immenſe Riches, and tempts all the *Nations* in *Europe*, to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. 'Twere to be wiſh'd it lay nearer to the *Ottoman Empire*. No Record can diſcover the *Origin* of the *Inhabitants*, yet moſt *Authors* conjecture, that they paſs'd over from the *North-Eaſt Parts* of *Aſia*, where the *Streights* of *Anian* are very Narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to ſeek New Adventures. Beſides, by their being *Canibals* it appears very probable, That either they

they deſcended from the *Tartars*, or the *Tartars* from them. *God* alone knows how to adjuſt the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of *Hiſtory*.

Brave *Baſſa*, 'Tis no matter from what *Stock* we are deſcended, ſo long as we have Vertue. For that alone is the only True Nobility. *God* regale thee with his Favours.

Paris, *the* 30th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendent *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

WHen I hear of thy Proſperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet I am ſorry for the Diſgrace of the good Old Man, thy *Predeceſſor:* But we muſt not cenſure the Conduct of our *Superiours*. The Juſtice of their Actions is not to be call'd in Queſtion. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an Eſtabliſh'd *Maxim* in all *Monarchies*, eſpecially in that of the Renowned *Oſmans*.

As for what relates to thee, in this New Advance thou haſt made; thy own Experience acquir'd by many Years Travel and Obſervation in Foreign *Countries*, added to the Knowledge thou haſt in the Laws, Diſcipline and Cuſtoms of thy own, will be a ſufficient Guide, to conduct thee in the Management of thy Buſineſs. Yet deſpiſe not the Counſel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruine, than when he truſts too much to his own Wiſdom. Therefore the greateſt *Emperours* undertake nothing of Moment raſhly or without Advice. Temerity often blaſts the faireſt Deſigns. It

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a Tragical Event that has lately happen'd to *Rezan*, a Great City in *Ruſſia*, by the blowing up of the *Magazine*. This *Gunpowder* does more Miſchief than Good in the *World*. The *Ancients* fought as ſucceſſfully with Bows and Arrows, Swords, Spears and other Inſtruments of *War*, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air, in time of *Peace*. And they could undermine the ſtrongeſt Caſtles, even thoſe ſituated on Rocks, without the help of this *Infernal Duſt*. *Nature* taught 'em to be Induſtrious in defeating their Enemies, and they ſpared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our *Fore-Fathers* were hardy and ſtrong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on it, which they had Occaſion to beſiege. And as they hew'd away that Part of the Rock which ſupported the Walls, they underprop'd the Foundation with Wooden Pillars: And when they had finiſh'd their *Mine*, they ſet Fire to certain Combuſtible Matter, which conſuming theſe Supports, the Walls and Gates that reſted on them, ſunk down, and left the Fortreſs naked and open to the Beſiegers.

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan*, if their City had been only thus gently diſmantl'd, by ſome Enemy againſt whom they might have afterwards employ'd their Courage to defend themſelves, or make

Com-

Compoſition. But poor Unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock, an unmerciful Blow of *Fate*; their City being in a Minute's time, without the leaſt warning, ſtorm'd, plunder'd, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which gives no Quarter.

This Accident happen'd on the 15th. of the laſt *Moon*, about the Hour of *Ulanamiſi*. There were Five Hundred Barrels of Powder in the *Magazine*; and the Force the Blow was ſo violent, that beſides the Deſtruction of that City, or at leaſt the beſt Part of it, all the Neighbouring Villages round about it, felt its Fatal Effect, ſome of their Houſes ſhaking as in an Earthquake, others falling to Pieces.

Aſſuredly, *Heaven* is angry with theſe *Infidels*, and turns the very Inſtruments of their Defence and Safety, into Scourges for their Chaſtiſmenet. I formerly ſent *Saleh* the *Superintendent*, an Account of the like Miſfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of *Heaven* in the *Low-Countries*. One Diſaſter follows cloſe on the back of another; yet the *Infidels* are inſenſible and ſtupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the *Flood* came and ſurpris'd all the Inhabitants of the Country. That *Prophet* gave 'em warning of the approaching Danger. He was Three whole Years in cutting down *Indian Plane-Trees*, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins and other Neceſſaries, and Seven Years more in Building

that

that Wonderful *Ship*. The *Infidels* went by daily, and ſaw him at Work, but they derided the Patient *Apoſtle*, and taught their Children to mock him, ſaying, *Where is the Water this Ship is to ſail in?* After the *Ark* was finiſh'd, it lay on the Ground Seven *Moons*, till they had Thrice ſacrific'd ſome of *Noah*'s Followers to their *Idols*.

It was perfected in the *Moon* of *Rajeb*, and in the *Moon* of *Saphar* was the *Decree* of the Chaſtiſement ſign'd, which was to be executed on all of *Mortal Race*, ſave *Noah* and the Fourſcore that were with him, with the Two *Pairs* of every *Species*, which the *Four Winds*, by *God*'s Appointment, collected together and drove into the *Ark*, and the *Body* of *Adam*, which was enſhrin'd and brought to *Noah* by *Angels* out of the *Region* of *Mecca*. There was alſo *Philemon* the Good *Prieſt* of *Egypt*, with his whole *Family*.

Juſt as the determined Day and Hour of the *Flood* was come, the *Prince* of the *Country*, ſtimulated by his Evil Deſtiny, mounted his Horſe with ſome of his Retinue; and having ſacrific'd to their *Idols*, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were ſhut up in the *Ark*, with a Deſign to burn it to Aſhes. He call'd out aloud to the *Prophet*, with Scoffs, ſaying, *O* Noah, *where is the Water in which this Ship is to ſail? It will be with you incontinently*, replied the Holy Man, *before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou Dotard*, ſaid the proud *Infidel, otherwiſe I will burn*

burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miſerable Man, ſaid *Noah, Turn to* God, *for his Judgments are ready to burſt forth on you.*

The *Prince* Incens'd at this, commanded his *Slaves* to put Fire to the *Ark*. But while he was yet ſpeaking, he manifeſtly ſaw the Water guſhing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubl'd, and full of Anguiſh and Fear. He haſted to ſecure himſelf, with his *Family* and Goods, in the Caſtles which he had built, on the higheſt Mountains. But alas, the Earth open'd, and broke like a Spiders Web; ſo violent was the Force of the Waters which boyled up every where. The Clouds pour'd down vaſt Cataracts of Rain, mix'd with Dreadful and Inſupportable Thunder and Lightning. The Miſerable *Infidels* throng'd upon one another, curſing and blaſpheming their *Gods* who had deluded 'em. Great was the Confuſion and Cry every where; for ſuch a Calamity had never been known ſince the *Moon* gave her Light. If any were ſo nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not aſcend by Reaſon of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boyling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And ſuppoſe he had reach'd the top, it had been but a ſhort Delay of his Fate; for in a word, the Waters ſwell'd Forty Cubits above the Higheſt Mountains, and all the Living *Generations* periſh'd.

Son of my *Mother*, when thou readeſt this

Memoir

Memoir (for it is a *Fragment* of an Ancient *Arabick Writing*) think on the *Day* of *Judgment*, which ſhall ſurprize the *World*, even as the *Deluge* did. At that Hour, the greateſt Part of Men will not dream of any ſuch thing, till they ſee Flames and Rivers of Fire burſting forth from the Springs and Fountains which before yielded Water, and ſhowers of Fire deſcending from *Heaven*, inſtead of Rain. For the *Elements* will change their Courſes, to accompliſh the *Decrees* of *him* who made them, and to conſummate the Revenge of the *Omnipotent* againſt *Unbelievers*.

Paris, *the* 2d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

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LETTER XV.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

SUrely, the *Gods* of the *Engliſh* are angry with that *People*, and the *Guardian Spirits* of the *Iſle*, have forſook their *Charge*. I ſent a *Diſpatch* at the beginning of this Year to *Murat*, *Baſſa*; wherein I inform'd him of a Deſtructive *Plague*, raging at *London*, and in other Parts of the *Nation*. That *Peſtilence* continues ſtill, but under different Forms, to aſſault the Living, and augment the Number of the Dead.

God only knows the Origin of theſe *Epidemical* Contagions; whether they derive their Pedigree from *Heaven* or *Hell*; from the *Earth*, or any other *Element*. Perhaps ſome latent Poyſons in the Air, mix with the Breath of Mortals, and by their ſubtile Energy, ſoon diſſipate the vital Flame of Humane Bodies, like the Infectious Blaſts of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*, which in a Moment's time commit a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, ſcorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black, ſtiff Carcaſs of Jelli'd Fleſh, as tho' they had been Thunder-ſtruck: Or, perhaps ſome Venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below, tranſpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to

the Fatal Vapours in the *Cave* of *Death*, not far from *Virgil's Grot'* in *Italy:* Or, who can tell, but that ſome hidden *Meteors* above, or ſome Malignant *Stars*, may ſend down whole Battallions of empoyſon'd *Atomes*, to invade this *Region* of *Mortality*; and in *Death's* Name, *King* of the *World Inviſible*, to claim and carry away a certain Number of *Ghoſts*, prick'd down by *Deſtiny*, a *Tribute* ſet by *Fate*. However it be, that whole *Iſland* may well be call'd at this time the *Grand Infirmary* of *Europe*, where Baneful Sickneſs makes its Publick Reſidence. The timorous *Giafers* run from Place to Place, thinking to eſcape from *Heaven's* all-ſearching *Purſuivants*. They fly from Populous Towns to Villages; and from theſe again to unfrequented Deſarts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with 'em, and all the Subſtance of their Houſes. The Roads are cover'd with the Caravans of doubtful Paſſengers, who dread to think of going back, to the Contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be receiv'd anew. So general is the Conſternation, ſo ſtrong the Fear of thoſe who yet ſurvive, leſt they ſhould alſo catch the Infection and die.

Beſides this, they have felt the ſtrokes of another ſurprizing Calamity; *London*, the *Capital* City of *England*, being newly conſum'd by Fire. It is not certain, whether *Deſign* or *Chance* firſt kindled the devouring *Element*. But it fell out at an unlucky Sea-

ſon,

ſon, when the Wind was high, and from its Eaſtern Quarter, blew the Flames full Weſt, which ſpreading North and South, demoliſh'd all before them, laying the greateſt Part of that Rich and Famous City in Aſhes.

Some aſcribe this to a *Plot* of the *French*; others term it, a Judgment of *God*, for their Rebellion, Pride and other crying Sins. Whilſt with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, T'was contriv'd and put in Execution by a Cabal of *Carpenters* and *Maſons*, who wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themſelves, diſdaining alſo the Inartificial and Obſolete Form of Buildings, reſolved to put this City into a New Figure, and raiſe it according to the Models of Foreign *Architecture*. Every one gueſſes as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byaſs of his Intereſt. Men are always partial to themſelves and the Cauſe they have eſpous'd. *God* only knows the Truth.

The Superſtitious among the *Roman Catholicks*, take Occaſion from the timing of this Horrible Conflagration, to inſult o'er the *Engliſh Proteſtants*; who from ſome obſcure Paſſages in the *Book* of their *Goſpel*, uſed to foretel in a *Prophetick* Manner, That the Final Ruine and *Cataſtrophe* of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666. Whereas by Fatal Experience, more ſure than vain Predictions, they find the *Metropolis* of their own Nation, reduc'd to Aſhes.

Whoever are the Inſtruments in theſe *Tragedies*, 'tis certain the Deſigns of *Fate* are ſtill perform'd. Every *Kingdom*, *State* and *Community*, has its Critical Periods and Climacters, wherein it ſuffers Detriment, * —— —— ——

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I Am melancholy, beyond the Deſcription of *Painters*, *Poets*, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks, I'm ſome Exotick *Being*; a perfect Foreigner on Earth; a Stranger to its Laws and Maxims. I appear to other Mortals like a *Giaſer* or *Frank* in his *Weſtern*-Dreſs at *Morocco*, *Babylon*, or *Conſtantinople*. I mean not for my outward Habit, (for in that I'm Conformable enough to the *Mode* of the *Region* where I reſide) but I'm all Unfaſhionable within; Ridiculous in my Sentiments and Converſation. When others laugh, I ſigh, and find a Reaſon to be ſad, in the midſt of merry Company. Even Wine it ſelf that exhilarates all the World beſide, does but encreaſe my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It ſublimates my Spirits up to Sacred Phrenſies. I am all Lunatick at ſuch a Time. Each Glaſs creates new Dreams, more wild than the ſtrange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibel*, belches forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long ſmothering in its ſpongy Caverns; theſe quickly ſpread, and cover all the *Horizon* of my

Soul, rendring it Dark and Gloomy, as the *Cymmerian* Solitudes, or the more dismal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where surly *Charon* waits to Ferry o'er the *Caravans* of trembling *Ghosts*, and land 'em in *Elyzium*.

Oh! that those *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets* were but true! Or that I knew but something certain of our *Future State!* Whether the *Soul* survives or no, when Death has stopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becomes of that *Immortal Substance*, after its parting from the *Body?* Whether it pass by Transmigration into the *Embryo* of some other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, swallowed up and lost in the *Universal Soul* of the *World*, as *Plato* did believe? Or if some other *Magnet* does attract its Presence; and hidden Sympathies of *Nature* teach it to form its self a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps, some *Souls* unite with Air, whilst others mix with Water, Earth or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in Mortal State, may be by the *Eternal Nemesis* sunk down into the Fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Strombolo*, or *Vesuvius*; there to Incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur and other Minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful Cracking, Rumbling, and loud Thunders of those Infernal Vaults; to be without Intermission annoy'd with the Eternal Stench of melted Mines, whose poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every moment, that it may be confin'd to an endless Circle of Miseries: To feel the

the Excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilſt the Inceſſant Rapid Motion of thoſe Exalted and moſt Violent Fires, with which it is embodyed by Decree of *Fate*, rob it of the very Poſſibility of the leaſt eaſy Thought or quiet Minute; and at the ſame time rack it with Infinite Tortures.

Think not, my Dear *Phyſician*, that it is Impoſſible a Separate *Spirit*, can thus be ſenſible of Pains. There's no ſuch thing as a Separate *Spirit*, ſave *God* who made all *Bodies*, and therefore was before them. The *Angels* themſelves are partly Corporeal; ſo are the Devils. Do not believe then that Mortal Man, who is in a middle State between theſe Two, ſhall by Dying, gain a Privilege above the moſt Illuſtrious *Spirits* in *Heaven*. As ſoon as Death has diſlodg'd us from One *Body*; *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*, provides us Another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations and Merits. We may as well by *Metempſychoſis*, become the *Spirit* or *Soul* of a flaming Sulphur-Mine, or at leaſt of ſome Part of it, as of a Horſe, an Eagle, or a Dove: For ſuch, for ought we know, may be the Diſpoſition of Divine Wiſdom, Juſtice and Omnipotence.

By the very ſame Reaſon another *Soul* may be tranſported to the Open, Happy Skies, where it may either range in boundleſs, free, and ſerene Tracts of *Bliſs*; or be Enfranchis'd in the Corporations of the *Stars*, to dwell in *Palaces* of *Azure*, *Topazes*, and *Diamonds*; to poſſeſs *Provinces* more Rich

than in *Peru*, or *Guinea*, where the Rusticks plow up Gold; more beautiful and pleasant, than the famous Fields of *Thessaly*. *God* knows what will become of us after our Dissolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth, occasions all my Melancholy.

Death is not formidable of it self, nor all the dolorous Circumstances that precede it: 'Tis only what comes after, raises all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Consumptions; or to be sooner posted off in high wrought Fevers, Pleurisies, or Pestilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Pistol, Sword or Poyson, or any other Kind of Slow or Sudden Death, allotted me from *Chance* or *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*: Should *Heaven* consume me in a Trice by Lightening; or this *Globe* with equal Swiftness, bury me in some surprizing Earthquake: 'Twould be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After-Claps, to which I am a Stranger. I tremble at the Hidden and Unsearchable Force of *Nature*: I dread the Irreversible Unknown *Decrees* of *Fate*, the *Secret Methods* of *Eternal Destiny*, the *Laws* and *Order* of the Other *World*, in Billetting the Troops of Humane *Souls*, that go to *Winter* there, after this Life's *Campagne* is finished.

Once in a Cold and Frosty Evening, as I was travelling o'er a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blasts of North-East-Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits also tyr'd with tedious

ous Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts were wholly taken up about a Reſting-Place that Night, and how to avoid the Aſſaults of Robbers, with a Thouſand other Perils, threatning a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanc'd to think of the Untry'd and Remote Voyage I muſt One Day make to Another World. It chill'd my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate Naked Circumſtances of a *Separate Soul*, which for ought I knew, might be bewilder'd, loſt, and forc'd to wander up and down through untrack'd Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the Inhoſpitable Element affords no Guides, nor *Carvanſera's* to comfortleſs, poor, ſtraggling *Ghoſts*; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciſtern and Chariot of Rain, Hail or Snow; there to Incorporate with the unwelcome *Meteors*, and be whirl'd round the *Globe*, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhal'd by the Sun, and mix with *Embryo's* of *Lightning*, *Fiery Dragons*, *Ignes Fatui*, or other Bodies hourly Flaming in the *Welkin*, and thus to circulate in Endleſs *Tranſmigrations*. Who knows the Circumſtances of departed *Souls*, or *Laws* of a *Separate State*? Let him declare what Uſage we ſhall find in that Inviſible and Dark Receſs from Life: He ſhall be then eſteem'd more than *Apollo*, by the penſive *Mahmut*. Not the old *Delphick Oracle* could receive greater Reverence from the Inquiſitive World; nor *Mecca* now from devout *Muſſulman* Pilgrims; or

Medina Talnabi, where the *Prophet* reſts in Peace, than ſuch an one ſhould have from me, who could with unfeign'd Truth diſcover how we ſhall be diſpos'd of, when we die. But I am cloy'd and nauſeated with the dull Romances of the *Prieſts* and *Derviches*.

My Friend, let thou and I learn to improve the Joys of preſent Life, and not by damn'd Miſtakes deprive our ſelves of double Happineſs. But let us ſo comport our ſelves, that our *Tranſmigration* may be but from the Pleaſures of *Earth* to thoſe of *Heaven*; from one *Paradiſe* to another.

Paris, *the* 6th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE Bleſſings of *God* and his *Prophet* chear thy Heart, as thou haſt exhilarated mine by thy laſt Letter; wherein thou encourageſt me with the Hopes of being remov'd from this diſagreeable Poſt, to one more Delightful and Happy, even to a Sweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wiſhes.

I have a Natural Averſion for Great and Populous Cities. They ſeem to be ſo many Magnificent *Sepulchres* of the *Living*, where Men are ſhut up, impriſon'd, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements; or they are like *Hoſpitals* and *Peſt-Houſes*, where People crowd, infect, and ſtink one another to Death with a Thouſand Pollutions. They hive together like *Bees*, and build their Apartments in Darkneſs. Like Neſts of *Piſmires*, they trudge up and down all the *Summer* of their *Youth*, to heap up Treaſures, that they may ſpend the *Winter* of their *Old Age* in loathſome Eaſe, and benumm'd Stupidity; not daring to venture out of the Purlieu of their naſty, ſmoaky Habitations, and yet there ready to be ſtifled with their own Breath. 'Tis

'Tis with Pleaſure I contemplate the Face of the *Infant* Earth, before it was deform'd by the unneceſſary Arts of the *Carpenter*, *Smith* and *Maſon*: When Men had no other Houſes, ſave what they made themſelves, every one for his Family, of the Branches and Boughs of trees, interwoven with Oziers, Reeds and Ivy; and cover'd thick with Leaves and Graſs to ſhelter them from Wind, Hail, Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or perhaps ſome had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the Hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in ſuch Caſes, where they repos'd in perfect Tranquillity, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehenſion of Robbers, or any Tragical Surprize. They went out and in, ſlept and wak'd, labour'd and reſted in ſafety and quiet. Avarice, Envy and Injuſtice had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn, Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gard'ner's Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of Innocent Refreſhments, and thoſe Primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were Generous as Wine. This *Globe* was a complete *Paradiſe*, and no miſtaken Zeal had taught Men Religiouſly to invade one anothers Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting *Heaven* hereafter. There was no ſuch thing as Bigottry or Superſtition to be found among any of Humane Race. The

Law

Law of *Nature* was in Universal Force: Every Man pursu'd the Dictates of Reason, without hearkning after *Religious Sophistry*, and *Sacred Fables*.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Men's Manners, and they not contented with the Riches and Sweets which they daily cropt from the Surface of the Earth, had found a way to descend into her Bowels, stung with an Insatiable Desire of hidden Treasures; then began Injustice, Oppression and Cruelty to take place. Men made Enclosures to themselves, and encompass'd a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches and Pales, to Fence them from the Invasions of others; For the Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations, fill'd them with Fears, and made them Jealous of one another. They built themselves strong Holds, Fortresses, Castles and Cities. And their Terrors encreasing with their Criminal Possessions, they perswaded themselves, that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Presents. Hence sprung the first Invention of *Altars* and *Sacrifices*, and from these vain Panick Fears of Mortals, the *Gods* deriv'd their Pedigree. For one built a *Temple* to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars* or the rest of the *Planets*. Some ador'd the *Fire*, others the *Water* or *Wind*. Every one set up to himself such a *God* as he phansied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated

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with Humane Nature, they created an Infinite Rabble of Imaginary *Deities*, paying to those *Idols*, the Supreme and Incommunicable Honours, due only to the *Eternal Essence*, *Father* and *Source* of all things.

Besides, they liv'd in Intolerable Pride and Luxury, in constant Wars and Strife, in Darkness, Ignorance and Confusion. I speak of such as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one Common Interest. For still there remain'd some who obey'd the Original *Laws* of *Nature*, and the *Traditions* of *Primitive Humanity*. These dwelt in Tents or other Moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day, with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They scorn'd to fasten themselves to the Earth, by possessing any Part of it in Propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in Common. They straggled whither they pleased.

This is the Life so emulated by me, or instead of that at least, a Retirement from Cities, that I may breathe out my last Hours in a free Air, remote from the stifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Desart Ground, o'er wild, unpolish'd Heaths; from thence insensibly to fall into some Venerable Solitude, where the dry, mossy Barks of Trees, in silent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whispers of the Winds, instruct the Methods of *Platonick* Love; inspire strange Passions, which

which we never felt before, and teach us to converſe with *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and other harmleſs *Tenants* of the *Shades*. How great is the Pleaſure to be then ſurpriz'd with ſome harmonious, warbling Stream, or ſilent, ſoft, deep, Cryſtal River? To ſpeak *Incognito* with *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, and the Sporting *Echo's*; To lie diſſolv'd in Looſe, yet Innocent Enjoyments on the Banks; To talk with *Nature*, with *Immortal Subſtances*, and with *Eternity* it ſelf? Oh *God!* Is not this raviſhing?

'Tis difficult to ſay, whether it would be Pleaſant or Painful to return from theſe Ineffable Parades of the *Soul*, to our Domeſtick Felicities, tho' even in a Rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the Happieſt on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidſt the High-grown Corn, and Graſs, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl o'er the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noſes to ſuck the Fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges and Limons, with Innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the Inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Sence to be tranſported, ſnatch'd away and loſt in Sacred Ecſtaſies; muſt needs be rank'd among the Higheſt Kinds of Earthly Pleaſures.

But to deſcend from theſe Enjoyments, to the Meaneſt and moſt Common Diverſions of a Country-Life; methinks there's ſomething peculiarly charming in the very Ellenge Situation of the Houſes; whether it be

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on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the Midſt of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in ſome Obſcure Corner of the Country. 'Tis agreeable, when waking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking and Crowing of Geeſe, Ducks, Cocks, and other Home-bred Animals; to hear the louder Winds, threatning to tear up Trees by the Roots, demoliſh Houſes, and remove the Globe it ſelf, if poſſible, from off its *Baſis*. This would be better Muſick to me for a Change, than a Conſort of *Dulcimers*, *Theorbo's*, *Tymbrels* and *Viols*. Humane Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain Audacious Curioſity in the *Soul*, which loves to venture on Extreams. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hoggs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other neceſſary Rural Beaſts, would pleaſe me better, than the conſtant tedious Eaſe, and Fulſom Sweets of *Court* or *City*. I ſweat whilſt thus ſhut up within theſe Walls: It cloys me to be daily walking in a Circle, to trample always o'er the ſame Ground, in a vaſt Labyrinth of Houſes, where my Sences meet no new refreſhing Objects, but my Ears are hourly nauſeated, vex'd and tyr'd with Ratling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harſh Voices of ſuch as ſell Fleſh, Fiſh, and other things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Proſpects, but daſh'd with ſurly rugged Looks of proud and wealthy *Infidels*; or with the ſly Satyrick

rick Smiles of well-ſhap'd People, who contemn me for my Bandy-Legs, and Crooked Back.

In a word, my dear *Baſſa*, I long to feel the gentle Breezes of the *Eaſt*, purifying my *Soul* and cleanſing it from ſo many Pollutions. I languiſh for the Sight of *Turbants* and *Creſcents*, for the devout Call of the *Muezins* on the lofty *Minarets:* I die in Contemplation of the Sacred *Faſts* and *Feaſts*, the Nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and Chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the Imperial *Dunalma's*. When I think of theſe things, my *Soul* burſts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty crys *Alla, Alla!*

May that *Divine* and *Immortal One* hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happineſs to ſee the Face of Noble *Kerker Haſſan*, in an *Horizon* pure and free from the Defilement of *Infidels*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I Sent a *Diſpatch* to thee in the Year 1664. wherein among other things, I recommended our Couſin *Solyman* to thy Friendſhip and Patronage, if ever he ſhould travel to *Aſtracan*, as I adviſ'd him. For thou know'ſt he has a Roming *Genius*, without the Wit to improve himſelf in any Foreign Country, unleſs he has a Friend to guide and take Care of him: And then 'twill be a difficult Task to make him ſenſible, where he is. He'll always think he is within the Verge of the *Grand Signior*'s Hunt, where he may Domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the *Sultan*. He's a ſtrange humour'd Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He's as Changeable as *Proteus*, or a *Chamelion:* Sometimes Religiouſly dull and Flegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Seaſon, you ſhall feel his Pulſe beating to the Tune of Youthful Pride, Ambition, Luſt, and other Vices. To Day he'd be a *Dervich*, *Santone*, or any thing that bears the Form of Holineſs: But when he's ſlept upon't, the vain Young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier,

Courtier, Profeſſor of the *Law*, or any Thing that makes a Figure in the Eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Vertue, to a *Soul* not well eſtabliſh'd in its *Principles*.

And yet, our Couſin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the *Muſſulman* of the *Muſſulmans*, as to his *Exterieur*. With Hand devoutly laid to Breaſt, and humbleſt Couch o'th' Head, he gives the *Salem* to his Friends and Neighbours: Soft, as the Signs of *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*: Humble, as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forc'd to imitate, when he is hector'd by the Rampant *Janizaries*.

But, Oh my Couſin *Iſouf*, 'tis Grief to ſay, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our *Blood*, is Baſe, Ungrateful, and Perfidious: That he ſhou'd be thus Unnatural, ſtudying the utmoſt Period of our Life; inſtead of Honeſt, Juſt, and Noble Preſents, to prolong it.

I had Reaſon, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate*; and if I had gone on, and ſcumm'd off all the moſt Enormous Crimes of Humane Race, 'twou'd be too little to expreſs his Enmity againſt *Mahmut*, the kindeſt Unkle, and the trueſt Friend, that e'er poor *Solyman* cou'd boaſt of.

But he is Degenerate, and that's too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increaſe the Aggravation of his Crime.

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In Fine, he's our Kinſman, and let us ſhew Mercy: He has been perfidious to me, and I wou'd retrench the Words I have ſpoken in his Diſgrace. If he comes to *Aſtracan*, do as thou pleaſeſt: But have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an *Angel*. He is ſtill but a *Turbant*-maker; a Frolickſom Blade; and a Merchant that makes a very ſmall Figure.

Couſin *Iſouf*, Forget not the *Maxims* thou haſt learn'd in thy Travels: Be true to thy Friends, and thy ſelf. Honour the Memory of thy deceaſed Parents. Love all Men, that are good. And be not remiſs in praying for the *Soul* of thy deceaſed Uncle, whenever *God* ſhall call for it.

Paris, *the* 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

The End of the Sixth Volume.